

THE WALLS OF SPYTE BOOK 5

DAVE MORRIS, OLIVER JOHNSON & JAMIE THOMSON

BLOOD SWORD



The first game book
series for both solo and
multi-player adventures



About the authors:

Dave Morris and Oliver Johnson are know worldwide for their many bestselling gamebook series. They also designed the role-playing game, *Dragon Warriors*, on which their Legend stories are based. They have collaborated on a range of fantasy projects and have contributed articles to rolegaming magazines as diverse as *White Dwarf*, *Imagine* and *The Tekumel Journal*.

Jamie Thomson assisted Dave and Oliver on this last *Blood Sword* book. Jamie is famous for his *Way of the Tiger* series (also available from Knight Books). With Dave, he has recently completed *Tetsubo*, an Oriental supplement to Games Workshop's *Warhammer* game.

BLOOD SWORD

THE WALLS OF SPYTE BOOK 5

DAVE MORRIS & OLIVER JOHNSON

Illustrated by Russ Nicholson

Maps by Geoff Wingate



KNIGHT BOOKS
Hodder and Stoughton

To Mike

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*First published in Great Britain
by Knight Books 1988*

British Library C.I.P.
Morris, Dave. 1957-
The Walls of Spyte.
I. Title II. Johnson, Oliver, 1957-
III. Thomson, Jamie
IV. Nicholson, Russ V. Series
823'.914[J]

ISBN 0-340-49168-X

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book are entirely imaginary and bear
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Ridgmount Street, London WC1E 7AA.

Printed and bound in Great Britain
for Hodder and Stoughton
Paperbacks, a division of Hodder and
Stoughton Ltd., Mill Road,
Dunton Green, Sevenoaks, Kent
TN132YA.
(Editorial Office: 47 Bedford Square,
London, WC1B3DP) by
Cox and Wyman Ltd.,
Cardiff Road, Reading.

It is Midwinter's Eve of the year 1000. The Great Fear sweeps across the civilised world. Everyone knows that the Day of Judgement is at hand. It is seven hours to Doomsday.

An arctic wind freezes your bones, but ahead of you lies a smoking chasm that goes right down to the glimmering fires of hell. You stand at the lip of the abyss which surrounds Spyte, the ruined fortress of the lords of Krarth. In the darkening sky above, five ominous stars have come into conjunction for the first time in two hundred years. Out of the vault of the sky they cast their baleful influence across the frozen landscape - unearthly objects, but far from heavenly ones. They are the disembodied spirits of the last of the Magi, seeking to return to the mortal world at midnight and usher in a new era of terror.

You wield the sole force in the world capable of destroying the Magi. The Sword of Life is mankind's only hope - but it is no guarantee of victory. The Magi have had two centuries of exile to plan their reincarnation. Their power has grown immeasurably since they last walked upon Middle-Earth. You will need greater courage and strength than ever before, but you are determined to succeed in your sworn quest. You will prevent the Magi from bringing their unholy force back into the world - even at the cost of your own life!

THE RULES OF THE GAME

You will adventure in this book by taking a character (or characters) to be your alter ego in the fantasy world of Legend. There are four possible character types, and each has unique skills. The Warrior believes that strength, courage and nobility of purpose are sufficient to achieve any goal. The Enchanter prefers to put his or her faith in a range of magical spells. The Sage, a learned ascetic, constantly seeks to hone the powers of the human mind. And the Trickster is a clever and dashing figure with an eye for the main chance. .

If you completed the previous book in the series, *Doomwalk*, you will carry over the same adventuring team to use in this book. Your character(s) will have the abilities, rank and equipment with which they ended their last adventure.

If this is your first adventure in the Blood Sword series, read on. You may take a single hero or put together a party of adventurers. If playing alone, you take a single hero of one of the four adventuring types (Warrior, Enchanter, Sage or Trickster). You will be on your own, but with the advantage that you are a higher *rank* - ie, individually more powerful - than you would be in a group of adventurers. A solitary adventurer created for this adventure will be 20th rank.

If there are two players, each takes the persona of a 12th rank adventurer. These two must belong to different adventuring classes. Ideally, these will be chosen so that one of the adventurer's strengths will make up for the other's weaknesses. An Enchanter is physically not very powerful, for example, while a Warrior has little resistance to sorcery, so a

combination of these two classes makes a strong team.

If the adventure is undertaken by three players each takes an 8th rank character, while in a team of four players each has a 6th rank character. Again, all characters must be of a different class.

To summarise:

<i>number of players</i>	<i>composition of adventuring party</i>
one	a single 20th rank character
two	two characters of 12th rank
three	three characters of 8th rank
four	four characters of 6th rank

This applies to a team generated specifically for this book. Player-characters who got through the previous book may or may not meet these requirements, depending on how well they did.

After reading the sections on Combat, Magic and Teamwork, you should decide how many players will be taking part and to which of the four adventuring types each player will belong. Each player should read only the special section appropriate to his or her own character.

TERMINOLOGY

The usual role-playing abbreviation is used- to indicate different Dice rolls. This uses the basic format of

X Dice+Y

meaning that X Dice are rolled and Y is added to the total.

As an example, '3 Dice+1' means 'roll three Dice and add 1 to the total' - giving a number from 4 to

19. Taking another case, '1 Die-2' means 'roll one Die and subtract two'; *negative numbers count as zero unless otherwise stated*, so this would give a score from 0 to 4.

FIGHTING PROWESS, etc.

Each character is described by four *attributes*. These are:

Fighting Prowess, which is a measure of how powerful a fighter the character is,

Psychic Ability, an indicator of the character's resistance to attack spells and (in the case of an Enchanter) his or her aptitude for magic,

Awareness, which encompasses quickness of thought, dexterity and general nous,

Endurance, the attribute measuring the character's state of health; wounds are deducted from Endurance, and if it reaches zero then the character dies.

COMBAT

Combat takes place in Rounds, each of which represents about ten seconds. Each Round, everyone who is taking part in the combat gets the opportunity to perform one action if they wish: to attack, cast a spell, or whatever. Actions are taken in sequence based on each combatant's Awareness score. The combatant with the highest Awareness acts first, then the combatant with the next highest Awareness, and so on. Combatants with equal Awareness scores act simultaneously. A combatant who is killed (reduced to zero Endurance) before his turn does not get to act!

The possible combat options and the circum-

stances in which they may be used are set out below. A character may choose any option for which he or she is eligible as his or her action for the Round:

MOVE

This action allows the character to close *and fight* an enemy, or to move to an exit (if any). If you take the *move*, option while an opponent is fighting you, then (unless your Awareness is higher than the opponent's) you take an automatic wound. Once all surviving characters in the party have *moved* to an exit, the party may *flee* at the start of the next Round.

FIGHT

The character must have previously chosen the *move* option in order to be close enough to an opponent *to fight*. (But there are exceptions to this rule; sometimes the tactical maps in the text will show that your opponents are directly adjacent to you at the start of the combat, in which case an immediate attack is possible.) To hit your opponent you must roll equal to or less than your Fighting Prowess on two Dice.

DEFEND

You cannot attack in the Round in which you choose this option, but it has the advantage of making you harder to hit - since your opponent must take his (or her, or its) *fight* rolls against you using three Dice instead of the usual two.

SHOOT

This is an option for Sages and Tricksters only. You loose off an arrow at any one opponent. Unlike the *fight* option you do not have to *move* first because

(of course) arrows are long-range weapons. You cannot choose to *shoot if* an opponent is striking at you in the same Round - that is, you must dispose of any opponents who have closed to attack you before picking off others with your bow.

FLEE

Sometimes the text will give your party the option to *flee* from a battle. All surviving adventurers must have made a *move* before the party can *flee*. When this option is taken, the entire party *flees* at the start of the Round, so their opponents get no chance to hack at them or cast spells as they run off.

CALL A SPELL TO MIND

This option applies only to Enchanters. It enables the Enchanter to prepare a spell ready for casting in the next or subsequent Rounds. It can be done at any time and the spell held in readiness indefinitely - except that each spell in mind temporarily reduces the Enchanter's Psychic Ability by one.

CAST A SPELL IN MIND

Another Enchanter-only option. The Enchanter must previously have called the spell to mind in order to cast it. The rules for spellcasting are in the Enchanter's special section (page 36).

You can perform ONE of these actions each Round.

The rules for combat are designed for ease-of-play but require a minimal explanation. When striking at an opponent (ie, when you take the *fight* option for a Round), you roll two Dice. A score of *equal to or lower than* your Fighting Prowess means that your blow has hit. If you hit, you roll 'damage Dice' to see how

much of an Endurance loss you have inflicted. If your opponent has an Armour Rating you must reduce your Dice roll for damage by this amount, and the result (if greater than zero) is deducted from the opponent's Endurance.

Take an example. You have a Fighting Prowess of 7 and a damage roll of 1 Die+1. You are attacking a Troll whose Fighting Prowess is 6 and which rolls 1 Die for damage. You have the higher Awareness, so you get first blow. Rolling two Dice, you score a 3; this is under your Fighting Prowess score, so you have succeeded in hitting it. Next you roll one Die and add 1 for the damage your blow inflicts. You roll a 6 (+1=7), but the Troll has an Armour Rating of 2 so only 5 points are deducted from its Endurance.

If still alive (that is, if it hasn't yet been reduced to 0 Endurance) the Troll now gets to hack back at you. It rolls a 6 on two Dice - equal to its Fighting Prowess, so good enough to hit you (though only just!). For its damage Die roll it scores a 1; because you have an Armour Rating of 2 this means that you lose no Endurance. The Troll's claws hit you, but scrape harmlessly off your studded leather jerkin. The battle rages on for another Round . . .

Two other factors need to be considered. If you *defend*, then your opponent must roll equal to or under his Fighting Prowess on *three* Dice in order to hit you. You do not get to strike a blow yourself in the Round you are *defending*.

The other point concerns the *move* option. If you have a high Awareness and can *move* away from an opponent before he gets his action for that Round, all well and good. If you try to *move* away from an opponent who has already attacked you earlier in the Round, however, then he immediately gets a second strike at you - *and this is an automatic hit*. For

this reason, it is usually best to dispose of one opponent before you *move* to engage another.

ARMOUR

You will start your adventure with a suit of armour. This gives an *Armour Rating* of 4 if you're a Warrior, or of 2 if you belong to one of the other adventuring types.

Your armour protects you in combat by absorbing its Armour Rating from any damage you would otherwise take. For instance, if a monster rolls 2 Dice+1 for damage and gets a total of 13, that is the number of Endurance points you would lose if you were unarmoured. If you are wearing armour with an Armour Rating of 2, you would take only 11 (ie, 13 minus 2) points of damage.

You *cannot* wear two suits of armour in combination. Thus, if you were to lose your armour and later come across two breastplates of Armour Rating 1, say, then you could put on one breastplate - but you could *not* put on both and claim a total Armour Rating of 2.

WEAPONS

If you lose your weapon, you must reduce your Fighting Prowess and damage Dice rolls by 2 until you find a replacement. An 8th rank Sage normally has a Fighting Prowess of 8 and rolls 3 Dice for damage when he hits an opponent. If he were to lose his sword and be forced to fight barehanded, he would have a Fighting Prowess of 6, and 3 Dice -2 for damage rolls. (This does *not* apply to a Warrior, though - see later.)

SPECIAL CHARACTER OPTIONS

With only one player, the adventure works just like a standard gamebook. With parties of two or more players, one player is the 'reader', and he/she reads aloud the sections from the book as the adventure progresses.

Sometimes there will be the option for a character of a given class to act. For example: 'If there is a Trickster in the party, turn to...' If such an option is taken, *only* the player concerned looks at the appropriate section. He/she will usually read out the section to the other players, but sometimes part of a 'restricted' section will be set in *[bracketed italics]*. This means that the player can if he wishes keep that part of the information to himself. For instance, there might be the option for a Sage to read an ancient piece of parchment. The book passes to the Sage player, who reads in his 'restricted' section:

'(SAGE) You decipher the faded runes on the parchment. *[It tells you that the Egg of the Roc lies beyond the jewelled trap door.]* Turn to 559.'

The player must tell his companions that he is reading the parchment, but he is not obliged to tell them what it says.

In a situation where two or more players are both given the chance for individual action (say, the Sage could speak to a jinni or the Trickster could shoot it with an arrow), the players roll Dice and the highest score decides who acts.

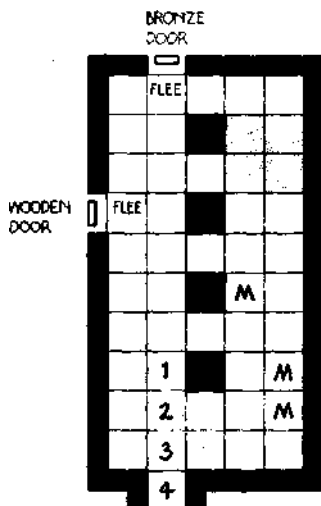
ENCOUNTERS

At all times players must specify their *battle order*. The best way is to prepare two, three or four card

counters labelled 'first player', 'second player', etc, and each player then holds the counter referring to him/her. Battle order may be changed (ie, the counters exchanged) any time except when in combat.

Obviously, battle order makes no difference when only one person is playing (he/she *must* be the 'first player'), but in parties of two or more it may be crucial. Generally (but *not* always!) the 'first player', being at the front, will be the one to get hit by surprise attacks and so on. If players cannot agree on a *battle order* then they must adopt the following standard arrangement: first Warrior, then Sage, then Enchanter, then Trickster.

Encounters (fights, that is) are almost always played out on a tactical display of the room, corridor or what-have-you. An example is shown here:

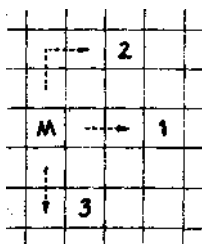


The numbers on this tactical map show where the adventurers are standing when the combat starts.

The Ms refer to the monsters' starting locations.

It is only possible to *fight* a monster in an adjacent square (NOT across a diagonal), and it is not possible to *move* on to a square already occupied by a monster or another player. You cannot *move* where there are no squares - nor on to a blacked-out square, which represents an obstacle such as (in the map above) a pillar or a large statue. Shaded squares can be *moved* through by monsters but not by players. (For example, in the map above, the shaded squares indicate a bed of coals which the monsters are immune to.)

Unless otherwise stated, a monster will always *move* to attack the nearest adventurer. To find out who the nearest adventurer is, count the number of squares the monster would have to pass through (using straight-line moves, not diagonals) to reach a position where it could *fight*. In the diagram below, Adventurer 1 is closer to the monster than Adventurer 2 and the same distance as Adventurer 3. (If several adventurers are equidistant from the monster, roll Dice to see which it goes for - the lowest roll is the unfortunate target of its attention! A similar roll must also be made when a monster is adjacent to more than one adventurer, to see which of them it will *fight*.)



Before starting the adventure, prepare a few card counters to represent adventurers and monsters.

You don't need many, as you will rarely encounter more than three or four monsters at a time.

Always make a note of a monster's remaining Endurance if *you flee* from it. Monsters sometimes give chase, and if they catch up with you then you'll need to know how many wounds you've already inflicted.

ENCUMBRANCE

There is a limit to how much you can carry. As shown on the Character Sheets, you can usually have *ten* items at a time. If you are fully encumbered and find another item you want, you must discard one of the items you're already carrying (or give it to another player) in order to make space for it in your backpack.

Two special points need to be made. A quiver (available to Sages and Tricksters) will hold up to six arrows. The quiver counts as one item for encumbrance purposes *regardless* of the number of arrows it contains. That is, if you have a quiver containing six arrows then it still only counts as 'one item' and not as 'seven items'.

Your money pouch counts as one item. As with the quiver, the contents are not relevant. The money pouch will hold a maximum of 100 coins (of any type), but whether it is full or empty it only counts as 'one item'.

MAGIC

Magic is the special province of Enchanters and (to a much lesser extent) Sages. The way in which magic functions for these classes is fully set out in their special sections, but there is one thing that *every* adventurer must know about magic.

There are two types of magic. *Blasting* spells simply inflict damage when they are cast, and if you happen to be the target there is not much you can do about it! You deduct the damage the spell does (less your Armour Rating) from your Endurance score. The other sort of spells are *Psychic* spells, and these you can try to resist. To resist a Psychic spell you must roll equal to or less than your Psychic Ability score on two Dice. If you make this roll, the spell fails to work against you.

You will always be told whether a spell is of the Psychic or Blasting variety.

THE BLOOD SWORD

You have just one magical item at the start of the adventure. However, it is as Aesop said: 'Only one, but a lion!' This item is the Sword of Life, known in folktales as the Blood Sword. It was created by the Archangel Abdiel and has extraordinary powers. The least of these powers is that it adds 3 to its wielder's Fighting Prowess and scores an extra two Dice damage when it hits. (A 6th rank Warrior using it, for example, would have an effective Fighting Prowess of 11 and would inflict 4 Dice +2 with each successful blow.)

More significantly, any undead creature struck by the Blood Sword must roll two Dice. If the creature fails to score equal to or less than its Psychic Ability it is instantly destroyed by the Blood Sword's holy power. The reincarnated Magi would count as undead, so you can see how important the Blood Sword will be to the outcome of your adventure.

It also has other properties. You may discover these in the course of your quest. For now, decide which player is to wield the Blood Sword. (A piece

of advice: if the party includes a Warrior, he or she is the one who's likely to make best use of it.)

GETTING KILLED

If you are playing the adventure solo and your character gets killed (reduced to 0 Endurance), you do the same thing you would with any other gamebook - get a new character and start again at the beginning. But what if you're playing as a team and one person gets killed?

The other players go on with the adventure, of course. Their party is now at reduced strength because of the loss of a character, but they still have a chance to win through. The player whose character was killed does not have to sit on the sidelines, however - *he now gets to roll the Dice for the monsters*. He can also change a monster's strategy if he wishes. (Though he cannot invent powers for it that are not listed in the description!) Getting 'killed' can thus be quite fun . . . you lose your character, but at least you get to give your former companions a hard time!

THE SOLO-TEAM OPTION

Normally the number of characters in the party will be equal to the number of players, the idea being that most people will have their hands full just running one adventurer with all his various special skills.

However, once you have gained some experience with the BLOOD SWORD system, you may like to try using the Solo-Team Option. Under this alternative system one reader takes, not a single character, but an entire team of four characters. In other

words, it is just the same as if there were four players, but all the characters are run by the same person. (They are still just 3rd rank, of course - you can't take a team of four 12th rank superheroes!)

SPECIAL SECTIONS

The following sections contain the detailed rules for each adventuring type. You should ideally read only the section that applies to your character - though, of course, if you are using the Solo-Team Option (see above) then you will need to know the powers of several different character types.

For convenience during play (ie, so that you don't need to keep flipping back here!) please feel free to make photocopies of these special sections and Character Sheets.

THE WARRIOR

You are the master of the fighting arts. You have better Fighting Prowess than any other adventuring type at the same rank, and when you strike a blow you inflict more damage. You also have chainmail Armour which provides an Armour Rating of 3 - better than the armour available to other characters.

These advantages give you a real edge in any fight, but you do not get things all your own way. You have none of the other characters' special skills - the Sage's ESP, for instance, or the Trickster's low devious cunning. Also, because you are of noble birth and follow the honourable traditions of your ancestors, you must be careful to stay true to the Code of Chivalry.

Your attributes at various ranks are these:

2nd rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 6 Endurance: 12	Damage: 1 Die+1 Awareness: 6
3rd rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 6 Endurance: 18	Damage: 1 Die+2 Awareness: 6
4th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 6 Endurance: 24	Damage: 2 Dice Awareness: 7
5th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 6 Endurance: 30	Damage: 2 Dice+1 Awareness: 7
6th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 6 Endurance: 36	Damage: 2 Dice+2 Awareness: 7
7th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 6 Endurance: 42	Damage: 3 Dice Awareness: 7
8th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 48	Damage: 3 Dice+1 Awareness: 7
9th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 54	Damage: 3 Dice+2 Awareness: 7
10th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 60	Damage: 4 Dice Awareness: 7
11th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 66	Damage: 4 Dice+1 Awareness: 7

12th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 72	Damage: 4 Dice+2 Awareness: 8
13th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 78	Damage: 5 Dice Awareness: 8
14th rank	Fighting Prowess: 10 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 84	Damage: 5 Dice+1 Awareness: 8
15th rank	Fighting Prowess: 10 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 90	Damage: 5 Dice+2 Awareness: 8
16th rank	Fighting Prowess: 10 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 96	Damage: 6 Dice Awareness: 8
17thrank	Fighting Prowess: 10 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 102	Damage: 6 Dice+1 Awareness: 8
	Fighting Prowess: 10 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 108	Damage: 6 Dice+2 Awareness: 8
18thrank	Fighting Prowess: 10 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 114	Damage: 7 Dice Awareness: 8
20th rank	Fighting Prowess: 11 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 120	Damage: 7 Dice+1 Awareness: 9

Fill in your rank and attributes on a Character Sheet.

If you are playing with a character from Book Four, you already know what equipment you have.

If you are taking a new character, you begin with

three items which you should now note down. These are:

- TWO SWORDS
- PLATE ARMOUR (Armour Rating 4)
- MONEY POUCH

The money pouch contains 35 gold pieces if you're 6th rank, 45 gold pieces if you're 8th rank, 70 gold pieces if you're 12th rank, and 140 gold pieces if you're 20th rank. Regardless of its contents, the pouch still counts as *one item* for encumbrance purposes.

Two special rules apply to you:

Ambidextrousness

You can wield two weapons (one in each hand) and make two strikes each Round. Any bonuses due to magical weapons should be figured separately - eg, if one of your swords gives +2 to Fighting Prowess, you only get the +2 bonus for the attack you make with that weapon.

Unarmed martial arts

When fighting without a weapon, you do *not* reduce your Fighting Prowess or damage rolls.

CHARACTER SHEET

NAME _____

CLASS _____

FIGHTING PROWESS
PSYCHIC ABILITY
AWARENESS

ENDURANCE

DAMAGE/ATTACK _____

ITEMS CARRIED [MAX 10]

CODEWORDS AND NOTES

THE TRICKSTER

Some adventurers are honest, chivalrous and honourable. Not you. You are basically a rogue - a likeable rogue, perhaps, but a rogue nonetheless. You live by your wits. If you can win a fight by trickery or by shooting someone in the back, you will. Cunning is your main weapon.

But when you *have* to face someone in a straight fight, you are no pushover. After the Warrior, you are perhaps the best fighter in any party.

Your attributes at various ranks are these:

2nd rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 6 Endurance: 12	Damage: 1 Die Awareness: 8
3rd rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 6 Endurance: 18	Damage: 1 Die+1 Awareness: 8
4th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 24	Damage: 1 Die+2 Awareness: 8
5th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 30	Damage: 2 Dice Awareness: 8
6th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 36	Damage: 2 Dice+1 Awareness: 8
7th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 42	Damage: 2 Dice+2 Awareness: 8
8th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 48	Damage: 3 Dice Awareness: 9

9th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 54	Damage: 3 Dice+1 Awareness: 9
10th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 60	Damage: 3 Dice+2 Awareness: 9
11th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 66	Damage: 4 Dice Awareness: 9
12th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 72	Damage: 4 Dice+1 Awareness: 9
13th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 78	Damage: 4 Dice+2 Awareness: 9
14th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 84	Damage: 5 Dice Awareness: 10
15th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 90	Damage: 5 Dice+1 Awareness: 10
16th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 96	Damage: 5 Dice+2 Awareness: 10
17thrank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 102	Damage: 6 Dice Awareness: 10
18thrank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 108	Damage: 6 Dice+1 Awareness: 10

19th rank Fighting Prowess: 9 Damage: 6 Dice+2
 Psychic Ability: 9 Awareness: 10
 Endurance: 114

20th rank Fighting Prowess: 10 Damage: 7 Dice
 Psychic Ability: 10 Awareness: 11
 Endurance: 120

Fill in your rank and attributes on a Character Sheet

If you are playing with a character from Book Four, you already know what equipment you have.

If you are taking a new character, you begin with five items which you should now note down. These are:

- SWORD
- STUDED LEATHER ARMOUR
 (Armour Rating 2)
- MONEY POUCH
- BOW
- QUIVER

The money pouch contains 35 gold pieces if you're 6th rank, 45 gold pieces if you're 8th rank, 70 gold pieces if you're 12th rank, and 140 gold pieces if you're 20th rank. Regardless of its contents, the pouch still counts as *one item* for encumbrance purposes. The quiver contains six arrows at the start of the adventure. Cross these off as you use them.

Two special rules apply to you:

Dodging technique

You are very adept at evading attacks. When an opponent makes a *fight* roll against you, he (or it) must roll *three* Dice (four Dice if you chose to *defend* for that Round).

Archery

As long as you have your bow and arrows, you can use the *shoot* option in combat. You do not have to be

in an adjacent square to your opponent in order to shoot. A shoot roll is just like a *fight* roll - that is, to hit you must roll equal to or less than your Fighting Prowess on two Dice.

Regardless of your rank, arrows inflict only one Die Endurance damage (less Armour Rating) on the target.

CHARACTER SHEET	
NAME _____	CLASS _____
FIGHTING PROWESS	ENDURANCE
PSYCHIC ABILITY	
AWARENESS	
DAMAGE/ATTACK _____	
ITEMS CARRIED [MAX 10]	
CODEWORDS AND NOTES	

THE SAGE

Your upbringing has been in the spartan Monastery of Illumination on the barren island of Kaxos. There you studied the Mystic Way- a series of demanding psionic disciplines and rigorous physical training.

Your attributes at various ranks are these:

2nd rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 10	Damage: 1 Die Awareness: 6
3rd rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 15	Damage: 1 Die+1 Awareness: 6
4th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 20	Damage: 1 Die+2 Awareness: 7
5th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 25	Damage: 2 Dice Awareness: 7
6th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 30	Damage: 2 Dice+1 Awareness: 7
7th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 35	Damage: 2 Dice+2 Awareness: 7
8th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 40	Damage: 3 Dice Awareness: 7
9th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 45	Damage: 3 Dice+1 Awareness: 7

10th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 50	Damage: 3 Dice+2 Awareness: 7
11th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 55	Damage: 4 Dice Awareness: 7
12th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 60	Damage: 4 Dice+1 Awareness: 8
13th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 65	Damage: 4 Dice+2 Awareness: 8
14th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 70	Damage: 5 Dice Awareness: 8
15th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 75	Damage: 5 Dice+1 Awareness: 8
16th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 10 Endurance: 80	Damage: 5 Dice+2 Awareness: 9
17th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 10 Endurance: 85	Damage: 6 Dice Awareness: 9
18th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 10 Endurance: 90	Damage: 6 Dice+1 Awareness: 9
19th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 10 Endurance: 95	Damage: 6 Dice+2 Awareness: 9

20th rank

Fighting Prowess: 10 Damage: 7 Dice
Psychic Ability: 10 Awareness: 10
Endurance: 100

Fill in your rank and attributes on a Character Sheet.

If you are playing with a character from Book Four, you already know what equipment you have.

If you are taking a new character, you begin with five items which you should now note down. These are:

- QUARTERSTAFF
- STUDDERED LEATHER ARMOUR
(Armour Rating 2)
- MONEypoUCH
- BOW
- QUIVER

The money pouch contains 35 gold pieces if you're 6th rank, 45 gold pieces if you're 8th rank, 70 gold pieces if you're 12th rank, and 140 gold pieces if you're 20th rank. Regardless of its contents, the pouch still counts as *one Hem* for encumbrance purposes. The quiver contains six arrows at the start of the adventure. Cross these off as you use them.

Several special rules apply to you:

Archery

As long as you have your bow and arrows, you can use the *shoot* option in combat. You do not have to be in an adjacent square to your opponent in order to *shoot*. A *shoot* roll is just like a *fight* roll - that is, to hit you must roll equal to or under your Fighting Prowess on 2 Dice.

Regardless of your rank, arrows inflict only 1 Die Endurance damage (less Armour Rating) on the target.

Quarterstaff technique

Your expertise in quarterstaff fighting includes a knowledge of critical nerve points. When attacking with the staff, you can elect to make *your fight* roll on three Dice instead of two. This is obviously more difficult, but it means that if you do hit you inflict one extra Die's worth of Endurance damage and knock your foe off balance, causing him to take his action at the end of the following Round (ie, as if he had an Awareness score of 1).

An example: Bede is a 12th rank Sage. Striking at a foe with his quarterstaff, he decides to go for a nerve point. This means he needs to roll 8 or less on three Dice. He scores a 4, so he hits and (because he was using his quarterstaff technique) he inflicts 5 Dice -1 damage on his opponent.

Healing

You can use this psionic ability at any time except during a combat. When you attempt to Heal, you decide how many points of Endurance you are going to use. You deduct these from your Endurance, then roll 1 Die —1 and multiply this by the number of points you expended. The result is the healing energy (in the form of Endurance points) that you are able to draw from the Cosmic Flux. These points may be distributed as you wish among the players (including yourself). No player can increase his or her Endurance above its initial score, ofcourse.

An example will show how this works. Alfric is a Sage who decides to expend 5 Endurance in a Healing attempt. He thus rolls 5 x (1 Die -1) - rolling a '4' on the Die, say, and thus getting a total of 15 Endurance points. He could restore his own Endurance to what it was before he tried the

Healing, and this would still leave him with 10 points to distribute to himself or his companions as he wishes.

Your power of Healing is always a slight gamble, because you might roll a 1 on the Die and thus get back no points from the Cosmic Flux.

Other psionic powers

Your other psionic powers will be explained in situations where you might need them. They include

ESP (the ability to detect thoughts)

Paranormal Sight (the ability to see through soft materials such as curtains, fog or water- though not stone or metal)

Levitation (the ability to negate the force of gravity on your body, allowing you to rise vertically into the air)

Exorcism (the ability to dispel ghosts and other wraiths by stifling the paranormal energies that sustain them).

CHARACTER SHEET

NAME _____

CLASS _____

FIGHTING PROWESS

PSYCHIC ABILITY

AWARENESS

ENDURANCE

DAMAGE/ATTACK _____

ITEMS CARRIED (MAX 10)

CODEWORDS AND NOTES

THE ENCHANTER

Forget the mundane arts of swordplay. You can use a sword if you have to, but your true forte is in the manipulation of occult powers of Sorcery.

Your attributes at various ranks are these:

2nd rank	Fighting Prowess: 6 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 10	Damage: 1 Die-1 Awareness: 6
3rd rank	Fighting Prowess: 6 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 15	Damage: 1 Die Awareness: 6
4th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 20	Damage: 1 Die+1 Awareness: 6
5th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 25	Damage: 1 Die+2 Awareness: 7
6th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 30	Damage: 1 Die+3 Awareness: 7
7th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 35	Damage: 2 Dice+1 Awareness: 7
8th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 40	Damage: 2 Dice+2 Awareness: 7
9th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 45	Damage: 2 Dice+3 Awareness: 7

10th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 50	Damage: 3 Dice Awareness: 7
11th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 55	Damage: 3 Dice+1 Awareness: 7
12th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 60	Damage: 3 Dice+2 Awareness: 8
13th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 65	Damage: 3 Dice+3 Awareness: 8
14th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 10 Endurance: 70	Damage: 4 Dice Awareness: 8
15th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 10 Endurance: 75	Damage: 4 Dice+1 Awareness: 8
16th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 10 Endurance: 80	Damage: 4 Dice+2 Awareness: 8
17th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 10 Endurance: 85	Damage: 4 Dice+3 Awareness: 8
18th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 10 Endurance: 90	Damage: 5 Dice Awareness: 9
19th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 10 Endurance: 95	Damage: 5 Dice+1 Awareness: 9

20th rank

Fighting Prowess: 9 Damage: 5 Dice+2
Psychic Ability: 11 Awareness: 9
Endurance: 100

Fill in your rank and attributes on a Character Sheet.

If you are playing with a character from Book Four, you already know what equipment you have. ,

If you are taking a new character, you begin with three items which you should now note down. These are:

- SWORD
- STUDED LEATHER ARMOUR
(Armour Rating 2)
- MONEY POUCH

The money pouch contains 35 gold pieces if you're 6th rank, 45 gold pieces if you're 8th rank, 70 gold pieces if you're 12th rank, and 140 gold pieces if you're 20th rank. Regardless of its contents, the pouch still counts as *one item* for encumbrance purposes.

Your special skills are more involved than those available to any other character because you have a host of useful and deadly spells at your command. The procedure for spellcasting is quite involved, so read the following stages carefully.

1 Before you can cast a spell, you must call it to mind. If done during a combat, this takes one Round. You can call spells to mind at any time - and keep them in mind without effort - so you may wish to have a few ready before encountering an enemy. (Rather like having a cocked and loaded crossbow.)

However, each spell that you have in mind temporarily reduces your Psychic Ability by 1 until it is cast. If you keep several spells in mind at all times,

you will therefore be adventuring with quite a low current Psychic Ability, and this makes you vulnerable to psychic attacks.

2 The attempt to cast a spell takes one Round. It does not happen automatically. In order to cast a spell successfully, you must roll equal to or less than your Psychic Ability on one Die. You must *add* the Complexity Level of the spell to the Die roll. If you fail to cast it, you can try again the next Round; this time the roll is easier, as you *subtract* 1 from the 1 Die + Complexity roll. If you fail again, you subtract 2 from your roll on the next Round. If the spellcasting process is interrupted (eg, you take a Round out to *dodge or fight*) then you have to go back to stage one.

An example will show how this works. Ragnarok is an Enchanter with a Psychic Ability of 9. He has called two spells into mind in case of trouble, so he currently has a reduced Psychic Ability score of 7. In an encounter with several Hobgoblins, he decides to use his *Sheet Lightning* spell. This is a Complexity Level Four spell, so the first Round he tries to *cast* it he must roll 7 or less on 1 Die+4. He fails this difficult roll but continues trying on the next Round, this time rolling 1 Die+3. He fails again, so on the third Round he needs to make his roll of 7 or less on 1 Die+2. This time he succeeds, and a crackling bolt scatters the Hobgoblins. If Ragnarok had stopped trying to *cast* the spell in order to *fight*, and then started trying again the Round after that, he would have had to start with a 1 Die+4 roll again.

All your spells except for *Ghastly Touch* are 'ranged' - that is to say, you do not have to be in an adjacent square to your opponent in order to cast the spell at him.

The combat spells available to you are as follows:

Volcano Spray Complexity Level One

Causes *all* enemies in the vicinity to lose 1 Die Endurance. This is a Blasting spell, so it cannot be resisted. The enemies' Armour Rating (if any) is deducted from the damage Die roll.

Nighthowl Complexity Level One

A Psychic spell which affects a single opponent. If the opponent fails to resist, he/she/it must make *fight* or *shoot* rolls using one Die more than usual (that is, on three Dice rather than two Dice) for the next four Rounds.

White Fire Complexity Level One

This Blasting spell strikes one opponent, causing the loss of 2 Dice+2 Endurance (less Armour Rating).

Swordthrust Complexity Level Two

A Blasting spell affecting one enemy, who loses 3 Dice+3 Endurance. Armour reduces the damage in the usual way.

Eye of the Tiger Complexity Level Two

When this spell is cast, you can *either* add +2 to your Fighting Prowess and damage rolls *or* add +1 to the Fighting Prowess and damage rolls of everyone in the party including yourself. This lasts for four Rounds of combat.

Immediate Deliverance Complexity Level Two

Used during a combat from which you wish *to flee*, this spell teleports everyone in the party to the exit (if there is one). You are then ready to beat a retreat in the next Round.

Mists of Death Complexity Level Three

All enemies in the vicinity lose two Dice Endurance if they fail to resist this Psychic spell. Armour gives no protection.

The Vampire Spell Complexity Level Three

This Psychic spell can be directed against a single foe, who loses 4 Dice Endurance if he fails to resist it. Some of the vital energy he loses is channelled into you: your own Endurance is *increased* by half the amount he loses (rounded down). Of course, your Endurance still cannot exceed its initial score.

Sheet Lightning Complexity Level Four

A powerful Blasting spell that inflicts 2 Dice+2 damage to all opponents in the vicinity. Armour protects from this as usual.

Ghastly Touch Complexity Level Four

This is the *only* spell that requires you to be in an adjacent square to your intended victim. It is a Psychic spell that affects one opponent, who loses 7 Dice Endurance if he fails to resist it - and 2 Dice even if he *does* resist it. Armour gives no protection.

Nemesis Bolt Complexity Level Five

This highly focused bolt of energy strikes one foe, who loses 7 Dice+7 Endurance. It is a Blasting spell, so armour will reduce the damage.

Servile Enthralment Complexity Level Five

This Psychic spell affects one enemy. If not resisted, it brings the enemy under your control. He (or she, or it) simply stops moving and in non-combat situations may respond to your questions. If you

order an Enthralled foe to fight for you (ie, against his own former companions), you must roll one Die: on a 6 he recovers his wits and attacks you. Enthralment lasts long enough for you to slay the enemy, so it effectively functions as an 'instant kill' spell.

You also have a number of non-combat spells. These include *Summon Faltyn*, which calls a sly, faerie creature to serve you for a time; *Prediction*, which grants a glimpse into possible futures; and *Detect Enchantment*, which informs you when magic is operating nearby. There is no need to make Dice rolls to cast such spells because it will not usually matter whether it takes several attempts to get them to work.

CHARACTER SHEET

NAME _____

CLASS _____

FIGHTING PROWESS

PSYCHIC ABILITY

AWARENESS

ENDURANCE

DAMAGE/ATTACK _____

ITEMS CARRIED [MAX 10]

CODEWORDS AND NOTES

INTRODUCTION

It has been many years since you were given your quest by a mysterious troubadour whom you met in the forests of southern Krarth. As he lay dying after a murderous attack, he told you of the entities known as the True Magi, sorcerers of ancient times who died in the cataclysm of the City of Spyte. They became the Five Stars, small luminous objects visible in the night sky, and since that far-off day they have laid plans for their return to earth at the end of the millennium. To the ruins of Spyte they will return - ruins that have stood dark and deserted these last two centuries - and from there they will spread their despotic rule over the lands of men, encircling the world in a sorcerous thrall that none can escape.

To help you in your quest to prevent this, the troubadour entrusted you with the holy relic known as the Sword of Life - the Blood Sword. Its power is the only thing that will be able to destroy the reincarnated Magi. Its power . . . and your own steadfast courage.

Now it is the year 1000. After many years of wandering across the world, you have returned to Krarth to fulfil your destiny. In all the lands you have travelled through, plague and famine have cut a swathe through people's lives. It is the time of the Great Fear. Everyone has become lethargic and terror-stricken, for it is known that the world will end at midnight on Midwinter's Eve. Then, as the clerics and theologians foretell, God will summon all the dead back to life for the Day of Judgement.

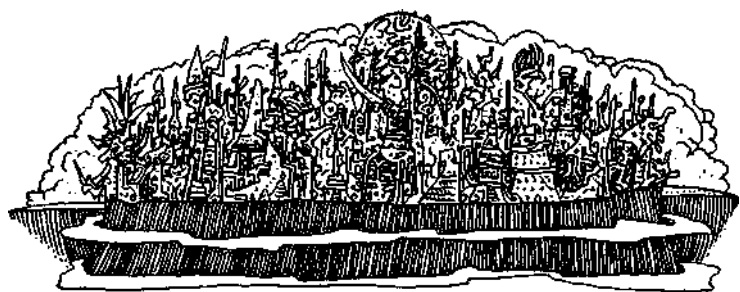
Only a week ago, you met a trader on the road who was frantically giving all his furs and silk gowns to the poor. *'Sic transit gloria mundi!'* he said

to you, eyes frantic with the thought of the judgement to come. 'By distributing my wealth now to these wretches, I make myself a pauper and secure a position in Paradise. At the same time, by enriching them I disqualify them from entry. This ensures that those of us who are admitted to Paradise will not have to tolerate the company of unworthy peasants.' His sentiments were typical of the venality and selfishness which many people are giving themselves in to in the extremity of their fear. You sense that God's judgement of such individuals has already begun.

However, you have also encountered good people. As you journeyed northwards across the ice-locked wastes of Krarth, many poor peasants have given you shelter and shared what little food they had. One told you of the Krarthian folk tales concerning the Magi: 'Since the Blasting of Spyte the world has been in a deep sleep. The dread gods are still there, and they will bring their Sacerdotes, the True Magi, back from the heavens. We will awaken then back into the nightmarish tyranny of reality. All this will happen at the midwinter festival of this year, which is the three thousand, one hundred and twenty-fifth year of the Old Calendar. So it is written.'

Another way of looking at things. The people of Krarth are not of your faith, but many of them live virtuous lives all the same. The details vary in their belief, but all are agreed on the final outcome: the world will end at midnight on Midwinter's Eve.

And that is tonight ...



1

There is no place more desolate in all Creation than where you stand now, before the ruins of the City of Spyte. And there could be no more inauspicious time to reach this place, for today is the eve of the midwinter solstice and the year is 1000 in the reckoning of your faith. A millennium ago, God came to earth in mortal form and sacrificed Himself for the sake of Man. Now He is about to return and pass judgement. If mankind has earned eternal Paradise, God will bring this blissful state about on earth. But if the canker of evil is found to be strongest in men's hearts, evil will be left to rule the world forever. The return of the True Magi would assuredly tip the scales towards evil, so you must prevent their reincarnation for the sake of all mankind.

Before you is a chasm that completely surrounds Spyte, like a moat which for two centuries has checked the spread of malevolent ghosts that must surely inhabit those baleful ruins. Men call it The Cauldron, and say that at its bottom it touches the very roots of the earth. From its entrails, choking yellow plumes of sulphurous smoke pour up into the slate-grey sky. A savage howling gale whips around you, blowing stinging snowflakes in your eyes and cracking your lips with the cold.

Your fingers close on the Blood Sword's hilt. If you are to win victory at all it will be only by the strength of this holy blade, forged by an archangel and tempered in the blood of the Saviour. The sword seems alive, singing with energy. Does it somehow sense the proximity of the Magi? Your eyes scan the heavens. The sun lingers low on the horizon, having climbed only half-heartedly into the sky during the day. Soon the Five Stars which

are the Magi's unearthly incarnations will rise above the northern hills. Dusk is just a few minutes off, leaving you with perhaps no more than seven hours to find your way into the city and locate the scene of the Magi's resurrection.

You have one other problem to think about. A group of hunters you met yesterday told you they had seen another party heading towards The Cauldron. These others were led by five wizards clad in the colours of the True Magi, and they carried with them strange instruments of sorcery. Even more sinister was the news that they had five slaves in chains whom they dragged behind them. You are sure those slaves are intended as sacrifices, and the wizards and their entourage are the mad 'disciples' of the Magi who are travelling to Spyte to be on hand for the return of their masters from the heavens. Now, as you approach closer to the dismal place, you see new-laid tracks in the snow. They seem to peter out before the edge of the chasm. Somehow the disciples found a way across to the ruins ahead of you. No doubt they have taken full advantage of their lead to lay traps for you there.

Your eyes sweep across the tundra. Curiously, some of the wretched animals that inhabit this arctic wasteland have made their way here. You see the huge Ice Bear, with its fierce porcupine quills of ice that can penetrate metal armour; the Basilisk, whose gaze freezes its prey to death; and the Razor Birds, whose wings and talons are honed to a perfection of sharpness that the finest Crescentium steel can hardly match. These and less formidable creatures - small rodents and birds - have all congregated at the lip of the Cauldron. Whether they have been drawn here by the simple need for

warmth or by the magic of the solstice, you cannot tell.

You turn to face the ruins. Spires and pinnacles rise beyond the walls of splintered basalt, perched atop a crag of fused rock in the midst of the smoking Cauldron. How will you get across? Even as you ponder the problem, you become aware of a preternatural blue haze that has permeated the fading daylight. The first of the Five Stars has risen: Blue Moon, the principle of unreality . . .

Turn to **505**.

2

At first you make an effort to memorise your route, but you soon have to admit that you're totally lost. Noticing an archway ahead, you march forward and enter a chamber where a creature with myriad eyes confronts you. At first you think you might be able to creep past it, but its eyes run all around its 'head' and in a row down its spine - it cannot fail to notice you. It emits a gurgling roar and flexes its daws.

If you wish to fight it, turn to **501**. If you would rather flee, turn to **249**. If you think you might have an item that would deal with it, turn to **394**.

3

You scream in terror as the fiery serpent buffets you over the edge of the walkway and you fall into the flames below. Terror engulfs your soul like an icy hand, and agony engulfs your body in a wave of flame. However, if you are a Sage you are able to Levitate your way back up to the walkway with only the loss of three Endurance, no armour (return to **93** and fight on.) If you are not a Sage, flame-demons

move to administer to you. You will lose one Die Endurance each Round until rescued. You can be pulled to safety only when all four of the fiery serpents have been slain.

If you are adventuring alone, then there is no escape for you. Once you have died, you will spend an age suffering the torment of the flames' infernal inhabitants. Your adventure ends here.

4

With lightning speed you take out the diamond dust and fling it at the icicle knight's face. You see it score deep marks into his helmet, but the clear ice of the visor shields his eyes. However, even though you have not succeeded in hurting him, his visor is useless now that it is too badly scratched for him to see through. He spends his next Round's action discarding the helmet.

Cataphract

Fighting Prowess: 8

Damage per blow: 6 Dice

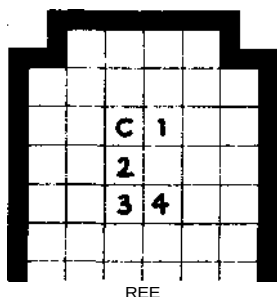
Psychic Ability: 8

Awareness: 8

Armour Rating: 4

Endurance: 90

If you flee back down the steps, turn to **278**. If you defeat him, turn to **48**.



5

'As you wish," shrugs the king. He looks somewhat disconsolate, and a shadow of sorrow passes over many of the faces of his guests, more so than could be reasonably expected under the circumstances, even out of extreme politeness. You go back up the stairs to the gallery and into the hall of portraits.

Turn to **402**.

6

You hastily toss the cloak over it. Some of the eyes are covered, but it has plenty more. Turn to **501** for the battle, but reduce the Argus' Fighting Prowess by one because its vision is partially impaired.

7

(PLAYER WITH SPELL) You cast the Flight spell and you and your companions (if any) soar back up to the cavern above. If any players were waiting here in the cavern, they can now rejoin you. Remember that the Flight spell was one-use only and cannot be used again. All the same, as you alight safely on the cavern floor you feel that you made good use of it.

Now turn to **276**.

8

(ENCHANTER) The faltyn appears and surveys the vast hall.

['You want me to find the enchanted items among all is chaff,' it remarks. 'This is no easy task.']

'Not for me. Child's play for you.'

['Quite so, but that is not a relevant point. In return for my services I will take one of the items for myself. Is it agreed?']

It seems to be a better deal than you are used to

getting from these faeries. At least you cannot lose. You agree to its terms, and it casts a simple spell to indicate which items are magical.

That was the Detect Enchantment spell!' you cry in outrage. 'I could have done it myself!'

['Then more fool you for engaging me to do it,' replies the Faltyn with a withering sneer. 'Now... which of these fine items shall I take for myself? Perhaps this ring ...?']

Turn to **53**.

9

(SAGE) Using Paranormal Sight you are able to see a group of strange spindly creatures that remind you of daddy-long-legs, except that they are the size of wolves. They are stepping angularly over the desiccated hedges that demarcate the garden paths. Just as your mystic senses penetrate their cloak of invisibility, one of them turns its proboscis towards you and emits a stream of spores. Because you had a split-second's warning that the attack was coming, you can dodge the spores by rolling your Awareness or less on two Dice. Any other players must make the roll on four Dice.

Players who fail to dodge the cloud of spores should turn to **138**. If all players dodge the spores, turn to **157**.

10

If you have the codeword ELEKTRA, turn to **211**. If not, turn to **205**.

11

(TRICKSTER) At last the time has come. Your former companions have accumulated considerable wealth and power - but will they share it with you? Of course not, so, as you have always done, you

must take what is rightfully yours, for none of these people will see justice done. If you act fast, you can catch them by surprise and kill them quickly.

Turn to **286**.

12

(PLAYER THROWING DAGGER) The weapon seems to leap eagerly from your hand. It has gone barely a metre before it veers around and shoots back to bury itself in your chest. You can only stare in shock and horror as you see your own heartblood gush from the wound. Within moments you are dead.

If there are any other players, they can now return to the entry they were on previously.



13

As you pull the gem out of the hollow, it emits a banshee-like scream that nearly splits your eardrums. Trickle of dust begin to fall from cracks in the hearth. An ominous rumble draws your attention to the room outside, where you can see blocks of masonry dropping down from the vaulted roof. The huge mahogany dining-tables splinter like matchwood beneath them.

If you drop the pulsating gem, turn to **490**. If you keep hold of it, turn to **277**.

14

Not far beyond the armoury you find a spiral staircase which goes deep down into the heart of the rock on which the city stands. Your eventual goal is the great citadel in the centre of the ruins, but the impression you have from various sources is that a network of underground passages spreads out from the citadel like a web. These passages are more likely to have remained intact after the cataclysm, and you should have more chance of finding a subterranean route into the citadel than by searching the partly collapsed corridors of surface buildings.

You make your way down the staircase. Turn to **376**.

15

You go to help Emeritus with the door. (If the Warrior is here, he or she would logically be the one to do this, being the strongest; otherwise it is the first player in the battle order.) This player should turn to **35**.

16

The Anarch

Fighting Prowess: 8	Damage per blow: 3 Dice
Psychic Ability: 6	Awareness: 12
Armour Rating: variable	
Endurance: 30	

Note: Every time you strike it, roll one Die. That is its Armour Rating - that is, what type of skin it happens to have in the area you hit at that time. When it attacks, roll one Die. This is the number of attacks it will make against its chosen target - that is, how many appendages it happens to have at that

time to attack with. It also regenerates. When it is its turn to act, roll one Die. That is the number of lost Endurance it regains. It can never have more than thirty Endurance. It is immune to Servile Enthralment (it has no mind as humans would understand it), but all other spells work as normal. Every time it does damage to someone, roll one Die:

1 or 2: Nothing.

3 or 4: Make a Psychic Ability check or be paralysed for three Rounds.

5 or 6: Lose one from Fighting Prowess (Enchanters lose one from Psychic Ability) for the duration of this combat.

You cannot flee. If you destroy it, turn to **423**.

		A		
		1	2	
	3	4		

17

Steam hisses from its nostrils as it rears up in rage. Trying to sneak off with some of my hoard, I'll be bound!' it thunders. 'Well, mortal avarice will earn you only a harrowing holocaust. You shall not carry my treasure from this cavern. You shall not even carry your own flesh, for now my breath shall sear it from your bones and leave them blackened sticks to serve as warning to other thieves!'

Before you can reach the tunnel leading out of the cave, it exhales a gout of incandescent flame towards you. Engulfed in fire, each player loses six Dice Endurance. Survivors can race from the cave before the dragon breathes again - turn to **433**.

18

If you take new shoes from the top of the pile, note them on your Character Sheet(s). They do not count towards your encumbrance limit if worn, though they would if you carried them. You throw the old shoes away and carry on up the path. Soon its surface becomes rather spongy, and you notice that the whole ground around you is rising and falling. Suddenly you are flung to one side as the whole surface of the hillside lifts up and the head of a giant rises in front of you, taller than two houses! You have been walking up a giant's body. He must have lain in this position for an incredible period of time by mortal reckoning, because grass covers his entire form and has even grown over portions of his face and hair in tangled knots.

Turn to 527.

19

As soon as you open the casket, it shoots out a host of sharpened blades like miniature bronze swords. The first player in the battle order loses five Dice Endurance; the second player (if it is a multi-player party) loses four Dice Endurance; the third player loses three Dice; and the fourth player loses two Dice.

Survivors can either open another casket (turn to 63 to choose which) or press on into the labyrinth (turn to 2).

20

Onaka

Fighting Prowess: 8

Damage per blow: 4 Dice
(spit for 2 Dice + 6)

Psychic Ability: 9

Awareness: 9

Armour Rating: 4

Endurance: 40

Note: Onaka will do one of three things each Round, depending on a Die roll:

1-2: Attacks nearest opponent, with two of four arms. This counts as two separate attacks against one target, each doing four Dice, if hit, each with a Fighting Prowess of eight.

3-4: Spits acid at randomly determined target; works as archery save doing 3d6+6 damage (armour counts).

5-6: Casts a spell - Onaka does not need any preparation time, and is considered to have whatever spell he likes already in mind. Roll a Die to determine the spell and then target (if applicable):

1: Nighthowl

2: Swordthrust

3: Mists of Death

4: Sheet Lightning

5: Nemesis Bolt

6: Servile Enthralment (order to attack comrades).

If you have a magic gold ring, and an Enchanter in the party, note the number of this entry and then turn to **454**.

Ebon Automaton

Fighting Prowess: 9

Damage per blow. 3 Dice

Psychic Ability: 12

Awareness: 12

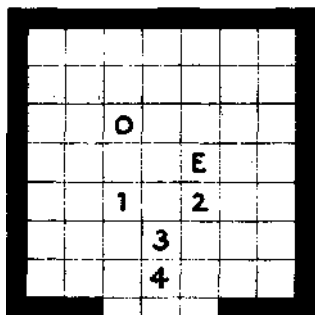
Armour Rating: 7

Endurance: 70

Note: Every other Round, instead of attacking, the automaton will release bolts of energy from its eyes at the character furthest from it. This works as for archery, save the automaton can (and will) shoot

even if in close combat. A bolt does two Dice damage (armour counts).

You cannot flee Onaka and his automaton. In any case, where would you go? If you win, turn to 120.



21

(SAGE) The demon is Tirikelu, one of the powerful other-dimensional beings which the Magi of old were able to petition. (Even they could not command so mighty a creature.) You hurriedly recite the arcane formula of dismissal: '*Chure! Jokalali tllum!*' Tirikelu acknowledges your words with a flourish of his hissing wands, then disappears back to his own other-worldly realm. You are able to proceed.

Turn to **520**.

22

You place the mask. Nothing happens. In fact, nothing happens no matter what you do with the masks. You rearrange them in all sorts of orders but it seems you have failed to activate any magic - it there was any to activate. Shrugging your shoulders, you turn and head through the door.

Turn to **188**.

23

You hold the Blood Sword up and point it in the direction of the dark rafters above. The end of the blade suddenly blossoms with magical energy, and a crackling light illuminates the furthest crannies of the ceiling. The bat-like creatures that were just about to launch themselves down towards you are blinded and disorientated. Many of them fly off into the darkness, but three of them are left. Cawing with rage, they fly down towards you.

'Angels of Death'

Fighting Prowess: 8 Damage per blow: 2 Dice

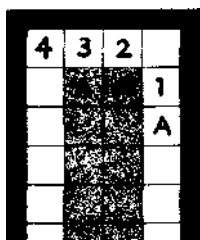
Psychic Ability: 8 Awareness: 10

Armour Rating: 0

Endurance: *first* 21 *third* 21

second 21

It would be pointless to try to flee. They would have dropped down on your back before you had gone a dozen paces. If you win, turn to **108**.



24

You decline to help him. He looks at you disbelievingly, and then starts to stamp and rage. 'What? Not help your old friend? You'd rather I triggered any naps than take the risk yourself, is that it? May all the flies of Krarth breakfast on the belly of your dead

body. How hurtful it is when one discovers one's old and trusted friends are merely selfish curs! Oh, what has become of loyalty and friendship in these lawless times . . . ?'

If you relent and help him, turn to **15**. If you still refuse to do so, turn to **365**.

25

Without warning, you attack the strange ebon being, but it reacts to defend itself as if it expected your response, and it releases a bolt of incandescent energy, of coruscating gold, from its eyes, narrowly missing you. You must fight on.

Turn to **370**.



26

You close your eyes in prayer. At least, dying now you can hope to enjoy eternal afterlife as the reward for your efforts.

The blast of searing pain you were expecting never comes. Instead there is a soft swishing sound and then the crack of something hitting the marble floor.

You open your eyes. It takes you a split second to take in what has happened. Zara's headless body sways and then topples forward. The Ta'ashim warrior wipes his sword on a square of silk and sheathes it. Zara's head is lying on the floor by his feet.

If you attack him immediately, turn to **343**. If you ask him why he killed Zara, turn to **371**.

27

You head on through the bewildering maze of passages. Suddenly you find yourself in a glass garden. Fountains, flowers, statues and hedges surround you, all of lightly coloured glass. You see that the labyrinth continues beyond this point, but as you head towards the passage leading on a voice calls out to you. You turn. Atop a glass sun-dial, a laughing maiden no more than twenty centimetres tall is speaking to you from inside a glass bell. As far as you can tell she is imprisoned there, being too small to lift the bell herself.

If you ignore her and press on, turn to **174**. If you use an item, turn to **134**.

28

There is a loud clicking sound and then a grinding, crushing noise. A section of the shrine springs open, but only to reveal crushed glass. Drops of liquid spatter on to the rocky ground. It seems you have pressed the wrong button. Shrugging, you decide to continue your barge journey upriver.

Turn to **282**.

29

The mural depicts a great warrior whom you recognise as Heimdall, guardian of Asgard. He is



standing on Bifrost, the rainbow-hued bridge that spans the clouded skies of the heavens and leads from Asgard to Doomstead, the home of the Fates. In one hand he holds the trumpet Gjall, the legendary horn of heroes. The colours of the bridge are vivid and almost seem to glow of their own accord in the dim light. The masks on the opposite wall all depict various snarling demon faces, but they are of the colours corresponding to the Magi stars: red, green, blue, white and yellow.

You also notice, at each corner of the mural, four blank alabaster faces, over which the masks would fit perfectly. If you wish to start putting the masks on the faces, turn to **225**. If you want to ignore all this and go through the door, turn to **188**.

30

You step on to the podium and inspect the fountain. In a pool of crystal-clear water you behold a copper amulet in the shape of a heart. Incredibly there are small wild flowers growing here, and clumps of green grass between the cracks in the stone rim of the fountain.

Your choice is clear. Do you reach in and take the amulet (turn to **480**) or leave it where it is and retrace your steps out of the garden (turn to **276**)?

31

The Cataphract reacts with a chilling howl of dismay as he sees what you plan to do. Before he can throw his spear you have scattered the salt all over the icy pattern that covers the bronze doors. The ice begins to melt at once, and as it does the outlines of the Cataphract also blur and fade. Within seconds he seems to have just evaporated away into empty air. You grin in sheer relief: you

have won an easy victory, but if you hadn't acted with instinctive speed and unerring judgement the result could have been very different.

Note the codeword GELID on your Character Sheet(s). You step up to the bronze doors. They are massive, but slowly swing open when you push against them.

Turn to **58**.

32

Even as you turn to run, you are enveloped in a cloud of poisonous spores. Choking and half-blinded by tears of pain, you stagger back out of the garden. Although you have now escaped your invisible attackers, you will continue to suffer the effects of the spores. Every time you turn to a new entry, deduct one from your Endurance. Write DISEASED across the top of your Character Sheet(s) in large letters so you will remember. There is no obvious way to stop the spread of this horrible ailment - not even magical healing potions will work. Your quest to prevent the Magi from returning to the world is now a race against your own mortality . . .

Turn to **276**.

33

With a fiendish caw, the creatures fling themselves down at you from the rafters. You catch a glimpse of ragged leathery wings, more like a bat or giant moth than a bird. Baleful lantern-bright eyes glare above their snuffling proboscises . . .

You turn as though to flee, provoking shrieks of malevolent glee from the bird-things. They rapidly descend. At the last moment before they attack, you use an adroit flick of the wrist to cast the diamond

dust in a wide arc before them. Their lidless eyes cannot avoid it. Blinded and screeching in pain, some caroom into the wall and fall broken-winged to the cavern floor hundreds of metres below. Others flap desperately off into the upper corners of the tower.

You continue on up the stairs to the final landing. Turn to **182**.

34

You run along the gallery to another flight of stairs that leads up to the roof of the tower. From above you hear the eerie sound of some pagan rite. The Magi's disciples have begun the ceremony of reincarnation!

You mount the steps to the roof, where a large area has been marked out for a mystic summoning. Your robes flutter in a fierce gale that thunders across the flat roof. The ground is many hundreds of metres below. In the centre of an inscribed pentacle you can see a group of terrified captives cowering inside a circle of many-coloured flame. At each point of the pentacle stands a robed wizard - these five are the supreme disciples of the Magi, and you can be sure that their occult powers are great. They glance at you with hatred in their eyes, but make no move to attack. 'You are too late to stop us,' screams one. 'It is the end of the world; the era of the Magi is at hand!'

They resume their chanting. Instantly the shrieking wind drops and the dead silence of night closes around you. Then you hear an eldritch melody joining the chant. It sounds to be coming from far off, but it is getting nearer. A flicker of rainbow light shines down on the area of summoning. You look up into the sky. The Five Stars hang right above the

tower, each aligned with one of the points of the pentacle. They seem so close you could almost reach up and touch them. The unearthly music comes from them - the music of the spheres, the celestial harmony, knowledge of which has turned the last of the Magi into gods!

Turn to **196**.

35

(PLAYER OPENING DOOR) Suddenly you feel a deathly chill run down your spine, as if your vitality is being sucked out of you. You must try to roll equal to or less than your Psychic Ability on two Dice. If you fail this roll, you lose seven Dice Endurance; if you succeed, you lose only two Dice Endurance. Armour will not protect you from this.

Surviving players turn to **240**.

36

The moment you touch the doors there is a sound like the crack of a thunderbolt. A weird coldness closes around you. A web of frost is spreading across the surface of the doors before your very eyes. It sketches a perspective of sparkling lines that seem to depict a long tunnel where a warrior stands guard. The patterns of frost shift and enlarge, making it seem that the warrior is coming closer. You know that it is just an ice drawing on the bronze surface of the door, but the sense of distance and solidity is uncanny. Not even the greatest artist of your era, the famous Buonarroti of Sistina, could achieve such a perfectly lifelike effect . . .

You are still marvelling at the realism of the ice picture, mesmerised by the effect, when the warrior reaches out from the door and staggers you with a mighty blow. This is no picture - the thing is real!

- The first player in the battle order has been struck for twenty points of damage. Armour protects as usual. If you survive, you see the warrior stepping out from the ice-coated bronze doorway.

Turn to **84**.

37

(ENCHANTER) You manage to control the turbulent flow of sorcerous energies which had swept your teleportation off course. Truly there is no greater mage in all the lands of middle-earth! You direct the flux towards a weak point in the inter-dimensional void, where you sense it will be possible to re-enter the mortal world.

Solidity, light and shape appear around you. You have rematerialised on a wide subterranean staircase. Since it is partially blocked by a cave-in further up, you are forced to descend deeper into the bowels of the earth.

Turn to **376**.

38

You watch the axe, staff and scroll slip into the lava with a loud, smoky hiss. They sink from view, as do your hopes. What a waste, you think to yourself. Suddenly the dais and pit of lava are gone, and in their place a pillar of crackling blue energy splits the cavern from floor to ceiling. Perhaps you made the right choice after all. In the blue light you notice an archway in the far wall of the cavern. There are no other exits, so you head towards it.

Turn to **432**.

39

There is a mad screech as the winged monsters launch themselves down towards you. Realising

you cannot run down the stairs faster than they can swoop, you spin around at the last moment to do battle with them.

Turn to **390**.

40

Make sure you have a note of the previous entry, as this entry will not direct you back there.

Like the Blood Sword, the Sword of Death confers bonuses of +3 to Fighting Prowess and +2 Dice to damage. If it wounds an undead creature, the creature is immediately subject to a Psychic attack which will destroy it if it fails to resist.

Additionally, if you are the Warrior and are also armed with the Blood Sword, the two together have a synergetic effect. While wielding both swords, you can add three to your Psychic Ability and *double* your Endurance score. If you strike an undead creature (including one of the Magi) with both swords in the same Round, the creature must roll equal to or under its Psychic Ability on *four* Dice or be instantly destroyed. These special powers, though, are gained only if you are the Warrior and are able to use both swords simultaneously.

Now turn back to the last entry you were reading.

41

(SAGE) An old legend comes to mind that you once heard from a Krarthian minstrel. He related how a giant slept in the foothills of a great mountain range in ancient times, just north of the ancient city of Spyte, his body spanning the entire gulf between two of the hills. Travellers were lured forward by a fake path that ran across his body, but he slept so soundly that only the tread of new-shod shoes on his back could wake him.

Turn to **69**.

42

If you have the codeword **CHIROGRAPH**, turn to **366**. If not, turn to **177**.

43

Because the bridge is so narrow, only the first player in the battle order is able to fight this strange creature. (However, if the Trickster is here and is the second player in the battle order, then he or she can leapfrog right over the first player and the creature so as to fight it from behind.)

Demon-Lord

Fighting Prowess: 12 Damage per blow: 3 Dice

Psychic Ability: 12 Awareness: 12

Armour Rating: 3

Endurance: 90 (less any wounds already inflicted)

Note: It strikes five times each Round (once with each of its wands). The wands are not ordinary weapons: they inflict damage by means of magical energy, and armour gives no protection.

If the Enchanter is here and tries casting a spell, he or she should turn to **155**. If you flee back the way you came, turn to **448**. If you overcome the apparition, turn to **438**.

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44

'It is futile to oppose me,' says the Magus. 'You have no hope of victory now.'

You spit. 'Victory or defeat are irrelevant. Opposing your evil is the only purpose. That long ago became the only thing that mattered.'

'I almost pity you,' he says with an icy laugh. 'Your

quest has transformed you into as much a creature of Fate as I.'

Magus Tor

Fighting Prowess: 12 Damage per blow: 8 Dice

Psychic Ability: 8 Awareness: 12

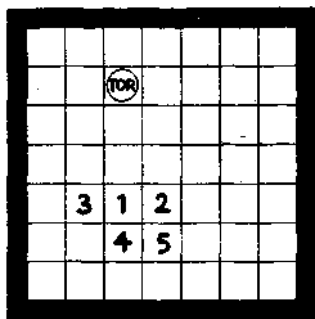
Armour Rating: 0 vs the Blood Sword
3 vs other weapons

Endurance: 50

He can hurl cyanic Mirage-Bolts that count as Blasting spells, inflicting seven Dice damage (less armour) on a single target. He does not have to roll to cast these. Naturally he will concentrate the Mirage-Bolts on a player holding the Blood Sword, but if this player is a Warrior he or she will take only half damage from the bolts.

Each Round, add one to Magus Tor's Psychic Ability and twenty-five to his Endurance.

If you win, turn to 550.



45

You compose your thoughts and hurry over to the edge of the roof. 'Allah is great!' cries Karunaz, and launches himself off into space. He falls without a sound until he is swallowed up in darkness.

Breathing a last prayer, you jump after him. Behind you, Magus Tor gives a long, low groan of despair. Ironical that in his final moment he desired above all else that you, his greatest foe, should not die.

The wind whistles up past you. You do not feel your impact with the ground. Your oblivion spells doom for the resurrected Magus, whose existence in reality is still just a flickering illusion. With no other mind to take root in, he is destroyed.

Your sleep of death does not last long. A trumpet note awakens you. Karunaz is beside you. 'We live again,' he says, sitting up. 'As do all the dead, for it is now the Day of Judgement and we are called by our Maker to stand before Him.'

Turn to **550**.

46

(TRICKSTER) An easy riddle for a clever wight like you to answer: the devil says his prison was 'not unsavoury' because it consisted of rock salt. You pick up a chunk of rock salt and stuff it into the folds of your cloak, certain that the devil wouldn't have mentioned it unless it was significant. (The chunk of salt counts as one item for encumbrance purposes.) Presumably this was the gift he had intended to give you - the gift 'more valuable than gold but as plentiful as the ocean brine'. Now perhaps you can get something else from him as well.

Turn to **323**.

47

A hasty search of the bodies turns up three phials of healing potion. Each of these can be drunk to restore 2-12 lost Endurance points (roll two Dice).

You can drink them at any time except in the middle of a combat.

You can also take the disciples' weapons if you want. They are not magical. Each of them had one sword.

Turn to **130**.

48

Record the codeword GELID on your Character Sheet(s).

Before you can search the Cataphract's body for items of interest, it begins to glitter with motes of light. A haze of frost rises from it, and the cold drives you back. Suddenly there is a burst of icy wind which takes your breath away. It is like facing directly into a blizzard. When it has passed, there is no sign of the body. You brush the snowflakes from your hair and go over to the bronze doors. You have to push them with all your strength, but slowly they swing open.

Turn to **58**.

49

'You fool,' he hisses. 'We should be allies against the common foe. By attacking me you are helping the Magi to achieve their objective. Is that what you want?'

Ta'ashim Swordsman

Fighting Prowess: 13

Psychic Ability: 10

Armour Rating: 0

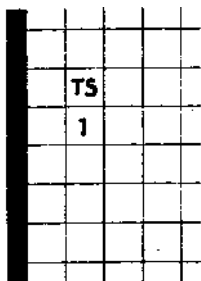
Endurance: 100

Damage per blow: 9 Dice

Awareness: 11

If you kill him, turn to **517**. If you surrender to him, turn to **528**. If you are still fighting after four

Rounds, note your positions on the tactical map and then turn to **482**.



50

Five of the globes set in front of the chairs still burn with sorcerous power. The phantom voice that you heard emanating from the stone face at the end of the hall seemed to imply that it was possible to draw magical sustenance from these globes. Doubtless they were intended for the original Magi, though - all wizards the like of which the world has not seen in two hundred years. There is no telling how the globes' power might affect you.

If you decide to sit in the chair with the bat-symbol on the back, turn to **380**. If you decide to sit in the chair with the blade-symbol, turn to **250**. If you wish to sit in the chair bearing the crescent-moon-symbol, turn to **118**. If you sit in the chair with the eye-symbol, turn to **254**. If you sit in the chair which has the lightning-symbol, turn to **10**. Once you have finished inspecting the chairs, turn to **460**.

51

You step out on to a thin walkway that spans a vision of hell itself - it is like walking into a solid wall of

heat, for blasts of heated air buffet you. The room you are in is a deep pit, across which a thin walkway of stone leads to a door at its other end. Looking down, you can see roaring flames that lick upwards as if reaching for you. Or are they? For as you examine the flames you can make out forms moving below you. Flame-demons gaze up longingly at you, and bright flaming serpents, winged and spouting flame through their nostrils, flap upwards. Then, to your horror, you notice men and women dressed in smouldering rags staggering about in terror, or lying huddled amid the fires of hell. The flames do not consume them, but it seems that nevertheless they feel the heat's searing touch, judging by their screams. The flame-demons and winged serpents seem to take an unholy delight in torturing their poor victims. You shudder in revulsion and hurry on to the other side, desperate to escape this vision of hell, this panorama of purgatory, before you too are claimed by its infernal incandescence.

Turn to 373.



52

In death, the creatures become partially visible. They are huge angular insectoid beings rather similar to daddy-long-legs. The spores they emitted

came from their thin snout-like proboscises. Under your gaze they collapse into a pile of matchstick-thin limbs and cobweb wings.

If you retreat out of the garden now, turn to **276**. If you push on deeper into the withered undergrowth, turn to **489**.

53

(ENCHANTER) Under the spell, the best items seem to glow with a violet aura. Only you can see this, so if you are in a multi-player party you get first pick of the items. You find the following:

A magic shield When you are hit while armed with this, roll a Die. On a roll of one, the full force of the blow is absorbed by the shield. This applies also to missile weapons and spells.

A ring of faerie persuasion This helps you to bargain with a Faltyn. When you need to make a deal, roll a Die. On a roll of four or less, the Faltyn is constrained to aid you as though you had agreed to its bargain, but you needn't actually part with anything. On a Die roll of five or more, however, it will snatch the ring and immediately depart.

The enchanted sword 'Silex' This legendary weapon adds one to the wielder's Fighting Prowess and damage rolls. It also has the Sheet Lightning spell, which it can use thrice a day at its owner's command. The spell activates immediately (that is, there is no need to make a roll to cast it) and causes all enemies in the vicinity to take two Dice +2 damage. This is a Blasting spell, so armour protects. You can use Silex's spell only three times in this adventure, so be sure to keep track of this on your Character Sheet.

A suit of electrum plate armour This has an Armour Rating of two and does not impede spellcasting. Additionally, after any combat in which the wearer takes at least one wound, the armour releases a burst of restorative energy, healing two Dice damage (assuming the wearer was not killed in the combat).

A magic javelin This can be used once in any combat and must then be retrieved afterwards. It can be thrown up to three squares and hits its target if the user scores his Fighting Prowess or less on two Dice. A successful hit inflicts three Dice damage less Armour Rating, if any.

A magic bow Arrows shot from this bow do two Dice damage (instead of the usual one Die).

If you enlisted the aid of a Faltyn to locate these items, roll a Die to see which one it will take as its payment.

After making a note of the powers of any items you are taking, turn to **14**.

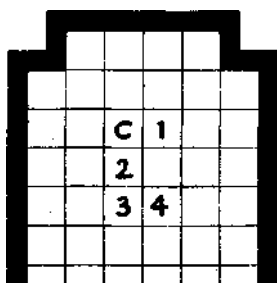
54

The Cataphract's eyes blaze with cold hatred as he sees the salt coat his armour. Within moments the armour begins to melt, falling away in frozen slabs with each blow you strike. Every time you hit the Cataphract, reduce his Armour Rating by one (to a minimum of zero).

Cataphract

Fighting Prowess: 8	Damage per blow: 6 Dice
Psychic Ability: 8	Awareness: 8
Armour Rating: 5	
Endurance: 90	

If you flee back down the steps, turn to **278**. If you defeat him, turn to **48**.



LEE

55

If you ask about the old man's quest, turn to **234**. If you back off down the corridor, turn to **302**.

56

You bluntly refuse to give it anything else. 'So be it,' it rumbles. The face fades from sight and the golden glow subsides to nothing. There is nothing you can do save ascend the stairs at the back.

Turn to **206**.

57

You place the mask. Nothing happens. In fact, nothing happens no matter what you do with the masks. You rearrange them in all sorts of orders, but it seems you have failed to activate any magic - if there was any to activate. Shrugging your shoulders, you turn and head through the door.

Turn to **188**.

58

Beyond the bronze doors you enter a windswept plaza surrounded by slender towers. When you

look up past the towers into the open night sky, it is like staring up through a forest of pines. You can make out the glowing orbs of the Five Magi where they hang in baleful conjunction above the city. The sight of them gives you a renewed sense of urgency, and you realise you must hurry if you are to prevent their return to the mortal world.

A circle of light illuminates a dais in the centre of the plaza. You cannot see the source of this light - if indeed it has a source. For some reason it makes you think of some kind of levitation or teleportation magic. If you want to step on to the dais, turn to **485**. If you retrace your route back to the cavern and try to find another way on from there, turn to **276**.

59

(FIRST PLAYER IN BATTLE ORDER) You drink the potion, hoping that once you have shrunk to only a few centimetres in height you will be able to escape the scrutiny of the bird-monsters' beady gaze. Unfortunately for you they have eyesight as sharp as a raven's. One swoops in and snatches you in its claws. Diminished in strength as well as stature, you cannot break free. As it soars back towards the rafters it tweaks off your head with its razor-edged beak and spits the bloody remains into the stairwell.

You are dead, and any equipment you were carrying is lost. Surviving players can try to use the Blood Sword's powers, if they have it (turn to **23**), or advance up the stairs to take on the flying creatures (turn to **390**).

60

You don't trust the look of the surly-looking villagers, and you give their village a wide berth. Soon you leave the edge of the forest and see a bleak

ridgeway with small foothills in front of it. On top of it is perched a sinister-looking castle just as Myorg of Farantar described it to you.

If the Sage is here, he or she should turn to 41. If not, turn to **69**.

61

It contains a black cloak. You can take this if you wish (record it on your Character Sheet). If you now want to open another casket, turn to **63**. If you are ready to carry on deeper into the labyrinth, turn to 2.

62

You lift the lid of the stone coffin - it comes away with remarkable ease. Inside is the body of a woman, long dead, a shrivelled husk of dry leathery skin drawn tight as a drum over ancient bones. Long black hair covers her torso. She is dressed in green and yellow raiment of fine construction. In her skeletal hands is a green rod with the number XX marked on it. You take the rod and step back, expectant, but nothing happens: no limbs twitch, no long-closed eyes flick open, no withered hands reach out to claim back its prize. Note you have the rod on your Character Sheet, *and make sure you note the correct number beside it.*

The character with the highest Awareness must roll two Dice and try to score equal to or under his or her Awareness. If successful, turn to **194**. If the roll fails, turn to **139**.

63

If you have not already done so you can open the iron casket (turn to **61**), the gold casket (turn to **187**), the silver casket (turn to **462**), the copper casket

(turn to **160**) or the bronze casket (turn to **19**).

If the Sage is here, he or she should turn to **191**. If you have finished with the caskets and want to press on through the labyrinth, turn to **2**.

64

'Drink that repulsive concoction?' you exclaim in disbelief. 'It is too obviously a deadly poison! Is that how you show your gratitude?'

'You wanted a speedy and satisfying conclusion to your quest,' he replies resentfully. 'Nothing acts more immediately than this devil's brew of snake venom, fermented nightshade berries and the pus from a lazar's sores. And as for satisfaction - my own satisfaction is certain whenever I see mortals writhing in their death-throes! Ah well, if you won't drink from my horn you'll have to meet death at the point of my claws instead.'

Devil

Fighting Prowess: 9

Damage per blow: 5 Dice+2

Psychic Ability: 9

Awareness: 7

Armour Rating: 1

Endurance: 105

If you flee back along the bridge, turn to **448**. If you fight and kill the evil creature, turn to **362**.

		3	
FLEE	4	1	0
		2	

65

No matter what you try, you cannot open the door to the chamber of Plague Star. Turn to **119** and choose again.

66

'White Light, keeper of knowledge! This I shall say - throw caution to the winds! Do not hesitate, leap and forget all else! Also, study closely the patterns and memorise them. That is all.'

Turn to **150**.

67

The king signals, and servants lean over you, pouring a sweet-smelling wine, golden coloured, into your goblets, heaping your plates with rich aromatic foods. Instantly your mouth waters in anticipation.

'Come, eat and drink your fill, and then you can tell us your tale,' says King Vorto.

Will you eat and drink (turn to **122**), leave the food alone and tell him about your adventure so far in Blackriden Castle (turn to **369**) or, if you feel something is wrong, attack the king and attempt to subdue him (turn to **544**)?

68

You leap forward to the attack. The ghost emits a shriek of fear that violates your eardrums, causing you to pull up short in momentary shock. The spectre immediately fades away with a hoarse, dry cackle. You search the room but find nothing of interest. The spectre does not return. You can do nothing but mount the stairs to the left.

Turn to **206**.

69

You set off up a steep path that leads over the low foothills towards the bleak fell in front of you. You struggle on upwards over the increasingly rocky path for an hour or so - hoping fervently that the

time you spend here will not also be passing back in Spyte.

At last you come to a spot where the path seems to peter out. A grey patch of moorland stretches between you and the next rise. Beside the end of the path there is a large pile of shoes. You see heavy travelling boots, clogs and armoured shoes. Although some have been here so long they have mouldered away in the open air, others at the top of the pile are almost new. Ruefully you look down at your own boots, which have become rather worn in the many months of adventuring on your way to Spyte.

If you exchange your old boots for a new pair, turn to **18**. If you are quite happy with your boots, worn and weatherbeaten though they may be, turn to **392**.

70

(PLAYER(S) WHO FAILED ROLL) As you plunge from the wreck of the barge to flounder helplessly, the Kraken plucks you out of the water like a toy. Your last memories are of its beaked mouth, which gapes before you like a chasm, and of the rush of fetid vapour that is its breath. It dismembers you with a single bite. Your adventure ends here.

Surviving players, if any, can turn to **332**.

71

As you pass through a dusty arbour, you hear a hissing sound. You react too late to prevent dozens of brown snakes dropping down on you from the petrified branches above. From one to six snakes (roll a Die) will strike each player. You must roll your Awareness or less on three Dice to dodge the snakes, rolling separately for each. Each snake you

fail to evade will bite you, inflicting one Die damage; armour does not protect because the snakes find unprotected areas of flesh in which to sink their fangs. Anyone wounded will also lose one point from Awareness because of the drowsiness caused by the snakes' venom (it doesn't matter how many times the player was bitten: the Awareness loss is always just one point).

After one attempt at a bite, the snakes slide off into the desiccated undergrowth on either side of the path. If you want to retrace your steps, turn to **276**. If you want to press on further towards the centre of the garden, turn to **357**.

72

The hut is close to collapse. Inside, a shrivelled cadaver lies on a rudimentary bed. A few pots and pans are stacked on some shelves along with the rest of the paraphernalia one would associate with the life of a hermit. There is nothing else of interest, save for an amulet around the corpse's neck. Three coins hang from it: silver, copper and gold. You may take it if you wish.

Will you now examine the shrine (turn to **459**) or go back to the barge and continue on upriver (turn to **282**)?

73

A band of riders has appeared to your right. They wear the colours of Plague Star, or Magus Kalugen in your own time, and they seem to have cornered someone in some bushes. The riders' faces are obscured in hangman's masks and they wield cruel-looking two-handed axes. As you watch, a man breaks cover, obviously a refugee. One of the riders comes after him and strikes him on the back

of the head with the flat of the axe. He dismounts and leads the dazed man back to a tree where some of the other masked raiders have already slung a noose over a branch.

Do you want to rush over and help the refugee? If so, turn to **270**. If you want to just sit and watch what happens, turn to **425**.

74

When the kaleidoscopic whirl stills you find yourself sitting on a greensward in gentle sunlight. You are on a rolling hill overlooking a huge fair city. Gaily coloured flags hang down from the turrets and walls of the city, and there seems to be something vaguely familiar about one or two of them. Then your eyes travel up the white, white walls of the city to the citadel on top of it... and your heart stops: for standing there is what you recognise to be the last remaining citadel of Spyte, the fire-blackened stump atop the basalt tooth around which the sulphur gales of the Cauldron howl! And surely those flags and pennants are those of the True Magi! Some of them you recognise from the Battlepits tournament at Krarth many years ago. Your head still seems to spin slightly, but now with amazement: how is it that you have travelled back all these centuries to a time before the Blasting, when the True Magi still ruled Krarth? As you ruminate on this, a strangled yell distracts you.

Turn to **73**.

75

(ENCHANTER) Motivated as usual by empty-headed whimsy, the faltyn appears wearing a cloak and head-dress of white feathers. 'Ah, you have extended the scope of your interests to include the



ingenious mechanical devices of the ancients, it says with apparent delight. 'Pray explain to me the operation of this one.'

'That is precisely what I require of you!'

The faltyn looks at the metal bird dubiously, but when it replies it manages to contrive a tone of complete confidence: 'Of course, when I spoke just now it was in jest. This device is no more than a child's toy to an intellect like mine.' It pauses. 'I may need to fetch my manual on the working of mechanical contrivances - in case I need to refresh my memory, you understand.'

'Just so, you murmur. 'Let's get the haggling out of the way first.'

'Haggling? Haggling?' It raises an eyebrow. 'Wherefore should we haggle? I shall suggest an absurdly small recompense, and you will take advantage of me by immediately accepting. Where is the haggling in that?'

'Propose your bargain. We shall see if there is need then for negotiation.'

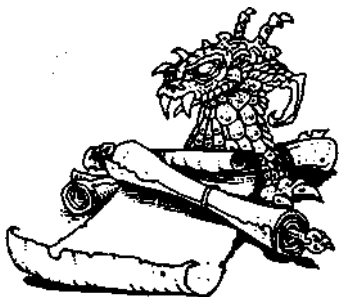
In the past, some of my kind may have tried to force you into vexatious deals, says the faltyn. 'The payments they have extracted have all too often been exorbitant, and the services rendered but trifles. Perhaps you have even felt yourself cheated at times? On this occasion, however, you have been lucky enough to summon a faltyn with an almost mortal sense of equity. I shall not try to cheat you, nor . . .'

'By the Ancient of Days, propose your bargain! The stars will not halt in their course through the heavens while you prattle away the hours to Doomsday!'

It affects an expression of studied tolerance at what it obviously considers your bad manners. 'I

will accept one of the crimson bat's gems, it says after a moment's thought.

If you have one of these gems and wish to give it to the faltyn, turn to **239**. If not, you can dismiss the faltyn and either try operating the bird yourself (turn to **502**) or choose another means of getting across to the ruins (turn to **448**).



76

(TRICKSTER) 'Now listen to me, castellan, you say imperiously. 'We have been summoned here by the lord of this castle with a mission of some importance. He will not take kindly to our being delayed by the likes of you! Take us to him immediately!' The strange ebon being seems to consider your words for a second or two and then, much to your relief, says: 'Of course, my lords. Please follow me.'

Turn to **491**.

77

(PLAYER SITTING) You feel a slight pressure in the middle of your back the moment you sit down. Curiously, it extends right through you to your chest. You look down. A gilded steel sword now

protrudes from your chest, slick with your own blood. You stare at it in disbelief as the life ebbs from you. Your last thoughts are of the magnificent workmanship of the blade, then everything goes dark . . .

Surviving players, if any, can retrieve items from the body. They can also take the sword if they wish. Although it appeared from thin air, it seems real enough- A player who takes it should note it on his or her Character Sheet as 'the Gift Star's Blade'.

Survivors should turn to **50**.

78

You are surrounded by the disciples as soon as you land. They seem to be from all walks of life: fur-cloaked traders, masked Sacerdotes and Krarthian peasants as well as the occasional demented knight. You even see one man who, judging by his gown, is obviously a scholar from one of the Coradian universities. They are chanting madly as they hack at you with their swords: '*Fide et armis!*' - by faith and by force!

Disciples of the Magi

Fighting Prowess: 6 Damage per blow: 1 Die

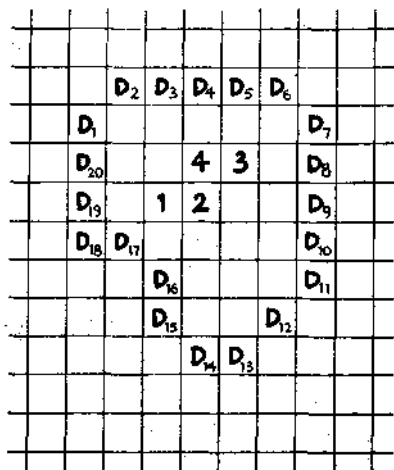
Psychic Ability: 6 Awareness: 6

Armour Rating: 0

Endurance:	<i>first</i>	10	<i>eleventh</i>	10
	<i>second</i>	10	<i>twelfth</i>	10
	<i>third</i>	10	<i>thirteenth</i>	10
	<i>fourth</i>	10	<i>fourteenth</i>	10
	<i>fifth</i>	10	<i>fifteenth</i>	10
	<i>sixth</i>	10	<i>sixteenth</i>	10
	<i>seventh</i>	10	<i>seventeenth</i>	10
	<i>eighth</i>	10	<i>eighteenth</i>	10

<i>ninth</i>	10	<i>nineteenth</i>	10
<i>tenth</i>	10	<i>twentieth</i>	10

If you win, turn to **88**.



79

The door reveals a large chamber of white stone, with a corridor leading off it at the far end. A lever of white steel lies in the wall beside this portal. However, it is the strange being in the centre of the room which draws your attention. It is man-shaped but difficult to make out. Its body is black, flecked with white dots - as if it were a window, fashioned in the shape of man, that opened out on to the limitless night sky before you. But this window moves. It seems to absorb the light from your torches, even your very thoughts, and confuses your brain when you look too closely at it.

If you have a Sage in the party, turn to **419**. Otherwise, you must fight - turn to **410**.

80

You slay the last serpent, which falls, fluttering feebly, into the flames below. Hurriedly you make your way out of this hellish pit to the chamber of doors.

Turn to **119**.

81

The liquefied remains of your friend(s) ooze rapidly along the passages behind you. As you reach the chest cavity you turn to see a thick spongy foam erupting into the passage you have just left. What is particularly strange is the way the foam does not just spread out like an ordinary fluid, seeking the lowest point, but seems to be *growing* in specific patterns. It is like something alive. You retch in disgust.

There is an opening to the outside from this chamber. Rather than remain in the carcass a moment longer, you squeeze through and cling to the exoskeleton. Perched precariously on the swaying 'bridge' formed by the dead titan, you see now that you are almost midway across the chasm.

Or is it dead . . . ? You skip a few heartbeats as you feel a tremor run through the body. The armoured fingers twitch spasmodically. There is a low whine as air is drawn into the breathing sacs.

You have to move quickly or you will be thrown off into the chasm when the titan returns to life. If you scramble back to the outer edge of the Cauldron, turn to **500**. If you try to make it the rest of the way across to the ruins, turn to **334**. If the Enchanter is here and wants to try the spell of Immediate Deliverance, turn to **431**.

82

You take out the vial containing the homunculus

you found while on Myorg's quest. 'Ah, noble and munificent lord, wondrous purveyor of sublime majesty, your face shines with beauty beyond compare, the jewel of the sky cannot match your divine refulgence, may your . . .'

'Shut up, wretch!' you cry, exasperated. 'Tell about these doors and what lie beyond them.'

'Hmm, muses the homunculus, 'I know what lies beyond each, but I am bound by certain laws to reveal the contents of only one. If you agree to release me from this watery cage afterwards, I shall enlighten you, O marvellous ones. How say you?'

If you agree to his terms, turn to **311**. If you do not, turn to **189**.

83

They crouch on the corpse(s) for a minute, twitching their tails menacingly. Then, with a dry rustling sound, they slowly shrivel up like chrysalises.

If a Sage is here, he or she should turn to **397**. If not, turn to **424**.

84

The warrior you face is at least six metres tall. He has blue-white skin like one who is on the verge of freezing to death, but he moves with energy and vigour. His armour consists of great slabs of ice which form his greaves, vambraces and pauldrons. Under this he wears a coat of hoarfrost mail. His spear is a spike of iron-hard black ice over four metres long.

If you want to use an item against him, turn to **381**. If you fight him, turn to **513**. If you flee back down the steps, turn to **278**.

85

As cautiously as you can, you steal out on to the

slab. A surge of adrenalin courses through you as the slab shifts, and there is a loud click beneath your feet. Will you leap forward headlong (turn to **481**) or drop to the floor (turn to **331**)?

86

You take the item he calls the Specular Diadem. It seems to be an ordinary bronze headband with runic symbols scratched into it. You can put the diadem on at any time during the adventure (except when you're in the middle of a fight). If and when you do, turn to **529** to find out what happens. Write down the number of the entry you're reading at the time first, though, as **529** will not guide you back there. Record on your Character Sheet: 'Specular Diadem - see **529** for effect when donned'.

After giving you the item, the devil vanishes in a flash of brimstone fire. Turn to **362**.

87

You step through the double doors. You come into a large baronial hall, its walls hung with emblazoned shields and crossed weapons. At the far end of the hall is a huge iron throne, on which sits a hideous black-robed figure. Its hood is thrown back revealing a twisted demonic visage of Stygian horror, a nightmare face of glowing eyes and glistening fangs. From its robes four chitinous arms extend out, and as it stands you notice hooved feet. Behind the throne, in an alcove set into the wall, you notice the refulgent glow of the statuette of Our Lady of Time. Beside the throne stands another strange being, presumably the servitor of that which sits on the throne. It is ebon in colour, inlaid with a thin gold tracery, as if of marble, but this is no statue. As its head moves to track your progress, its black skin

glitters in your torches like metal. Its face is uniformly perfect, an uncanny beauty that is unnerving in its unnaturalness. The eyes are twin orbs of shimmering gold.

The apparition on the throne whispers, in a voice like the whistling wind: 'Ah, guests. I am Onaka, Lord of the Timeless Wastes, and I have been set here by the True Magi to guard this idol. You have come to wrest it from me, as your thoughts, so easily rifled, tell me.' He laughs horribly. 'Prepare to die, then! Destroy them!' he says, gesturing at the black automaton at his side. Its head moves to inspect you, and then it strides forward, Onaka close behind. You must fight them.

Turn to **20**.

88

You search the bodies of the disciples you have killed. Each of them carried a sword, and you also find two bows and twenty arrows. Roll a Die: the number you roll is the number of phials of healing potion that you find on the bodies. Each phial contains one dose of healing potion which will restore 2-12 lost Endurance points. Remember to note down any items you take on your Character Sheet.

Now you must find a way into the inner citadel that dominates the centre of the ruins. You start to investigate the nearby buildings for a way in. Most of the porticoes have fallen in long ago, but you find one whose entrance you are able to clear of rubble. Inside there is a wide stairway leading underground. Reasoning that there ought to be subterranean passages linking with the inner citadel, you descend.

Turn to **376**.

89

He deliberately makes no move to draw his sword, instead folding his arms across his chest. 'I did not kill the witch in order to fight you myself, he says, speaking in Angate with but the faintest trace of a Middle Eastern accent. 'We should be allies.'

If you run him through while he's defenceless, turn to **517**. If you ask him what he means, turn to **371**.

90

You make your way up through several rooms and passages until finally you enter a large domed chamber. A spiral staircase winds up from the mosaic floor into the centre of the dome. As you ascend, you notice that the dome is painted with astrological symbols. Did the architects of Spyte foresee this fateful day when the dome was built, even though that was many centuries in the past? It would seem so.

If you have the codeword ROUT accompanied by a number greater than zero, turn to **478**. If not, turn to **130**.

91

'We come with messages, my lord,' you begin.

'Silence!' screams Onaka. 'Your minds have revealed to me your true purpose! I have been set here by the True Magi themselves to guard against such as you, and I will destroy you and scatter your shattered souls across the Timeless Wastes!'

You must fight Onaka and his servant.

Turn to **20**.

92

You step forward, saying: 'Hail, brothers! We have

just returned from a patrol of the lower levels.' They eye you suspiciously. 'Seen any sign of the intruders?' you ask.

'Actually, we thought that's who you were!' laughs one of the peasants, obviously a man of little brain. One of the others glares at him.

'Ho ho!' you laugh. 'An amusing jest - us, the intruders!' Suddenly, you turn on them and attack, taking them by surprise. Turn to **152** and fight them, but note that they cannot act in the first Round.

93

You make your way back. As you negotiate the walkway above the infernal, fiery pit, four winged serpents, with eyes like molten lava and skin of flaming orange, rise up to attack you.

Fiery Serpents

Fighting Prowess: 7

Damage: 3 Dice+3

Psychic Ability: 7

Awareness: 8

Armour Rating: 3

Endurance: *first* 21 *third* 21

second 21 *fourth* 21

Anyone who is struck by a blow of fifteen or more points (regardless of armour) and still lives must turn to 3. You cannot flee for, as they can fly, they are too fast for you. If you defeat them, turn to **80**.

	F				
	F	1	2	3	4
	F			F	

94

A stream of fine spores shoots out of thin air to envelop you. Taken by surprise, you cannot avoid breathing some in. Immediately you are racked by uncontrollable coughing that feels as though it might burst your lungs apart. Spitting, you see traces of blood and greyish fungus in your saliva. The spores are eating at you from within!

Every time you turn to a new entry, deduct one from your Endurance. Write DISEASED across the top of your Character Sheet(s) in large letters so you will remember. There is no obvious way to stop the spread of this horrible ailment - not even magical healing potions will work. Your quest to prevent the Magi from returning to the world is now a race against your own mortality ...

Turn to **359**.

95

You are confronted by a floating apparition: a coldly smiling golden mask, such as is used in classical theatre. Its eyes and mouth are blank gulfs of green light. From behind the mask sprout five thick tentacles which are armoured with rings of jade. Each tentacle holds a jade wand which crackles with searing gold flame.

If the Sage is here, he or she should turn to **21**. If not, but the Enchanter is here and wants to try teleporting past this demon, turn to **155**. Otherwise, you will have to fight it - turn to **43**.

96

Intent on completing the ritual that will call down their unearthly lords, the wizards cannot fight back or even defend.

Disciples of the Magi

Psychic Ability: 9

Armour Rating: 5

Endurance: *first* 15 *fourth* 15
 second 15 *fifth* 15
 third 15

(They are not really so heavily armoured as the Rating given here suggests, but the defensive spells they have prepared beforehand have the effect of armour.)

After three Rounds, note your positions and current wounds and then turn to **543**. If you kill them all before three Rounds are up, turn to **190**.

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D ₅			2			D ₂
		1		3		
			4	5		
	D ₄				D ₃	

97

(PLAYER SITTING) As soon as you rest yourself in the chair, the globe in front of you gives a wan flicker of reddish light. Suddenly you feel as though sharp steel bands were constricting your limbs. You glance down to see that a network of red sparks covers your body, paralysing you and preventing you from getting up out of the chair. An unseen implement pierces your jugular vein. There is a ghastly sucking sound . . .

Within seconds you are completely sucked dry of

blood. It is a quick death, but far from painless. Surviving players, if any, can retrieve items from the corpse and then turn to **50**.

98

You remember the words of the homunculus and know the words that are whispering in your brain are just lies - a sorcerous snare set to trap you. You are not fooled!

Turn to **294**.

99

Do you have a blue rod? If so, turn to **241**. If not, you open the door - turn to **473**.

100

The door opens on to a low featureless room of moss-covered stone. There are no other doors, but at the far end two fountains spill water into wide drains just below their spouts, and in the right-hand corner a stairway leads upwards. Moving closer, you notice that the fountains are carved to represent the snarling faces of some demon, liquid gushing from their mouths into bowls that they hold. They are both of carved marble. In between the two fountains a short verse has been etched into the stone wall:

All must drink
To reach the brink
Of the chasm of weal or woe.

If you are going to drink, everyone must drink of a fountain. Will you drink from the left-hand fountain (turn to **344**), the right-hand fountain (turn to **339**) or go up the stairway and ignore them (turn to **206**)?

101

(PLAYER WIELDING THE STONE MALLET) You swing wide, missing the Hundred-Eyed Beast and hitting the wall instead. The mallet breaks off in your hand; it was much too brittle to use as a melee weapon. Delete it from your Character Sheet. You lose one Round's action because of the shock of suddenly finding yourself without a weapon. If you want to prepare another weapon, that will take you a further Round.

Now turn back to **324** to continue the battle.

102

Make sure you have a note of the previous entry, as this entry will not direct you back there.

(FIRST PLAYER) You take a pinch of the snuff. It has a strong spicy scent and immediately generates a powerful sneeze. Obviously, it contains some kind of narcotic, as everything around you now looks intensely vivid and yet somehow unreal. You feel dizzy and slightly sick, but this soon gives way to a curious sense of relaxation. Danger no longer holds any meaning. Under other circumstances such an outlook could be useful, but any advantage is more than offset by the feeling of disorientation and lethargy. Reduce your Fighting Prowess and Awareness by four, but increase your Psychic Ability by one. The effects will last until the end of this adventure.

There must have been a healing preparation mixed in with the snuff. Any wounds you were suffering from are healed. There is sufficient snuff for each player to take a dose if they wish.

Now, you had quite an urgent quest. What was it? Oh yes - to deal with the Magi. Fighting off the urge to just sit down and relax, you decide you may

as well get on with it. Turn back to the last entry you were reading.

103

You sprint forward and jump as hard and as far as you can. Your feet leave the edge of the bridge just as it cracks and crumbles into the Stygian blackness below. You scream in fear as the other edge of the chasm rushes towards you. You strike it with bone-crushing force, and it is all you can do to cling on with your fingers. After a few moments, during which you try to master the pain, you heave yourself out on the far lip of the chasm. You have made it! Ahead of you a corridor widens into a chamber. You head towards it.

Turn to 107.

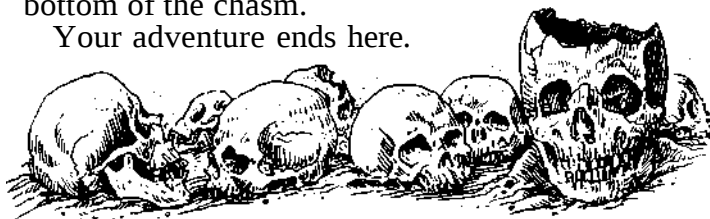
104

Gingerly you edge out on to the slab. A thrill of horror seizes you as the slab shifts beneath your weight. There is a loud snapping click in the ceiling above you. Will you leap into the air (turn to 453) or step smartly to one side (turn to 507)?

105

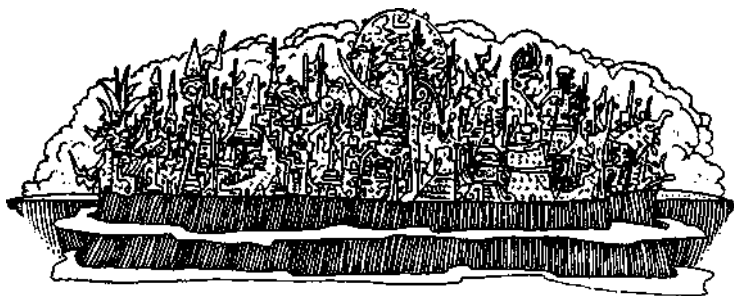
You are unlucky enough to turn the knob that de-activates the bird. It plummets like a stone. You twist the knob frantically, but for some reason cannot get the thing to start flapping its wings again. Before you can do anything else you are overcome by the fumes belching up out of the bottom of the chasm.

Your adventure ends here.



106

Do you have the codeword WONDERLAND? If so, turn to **128**. If not, turn to **514**.



107

The chamber's far wall is a huge archway, around which an ornate frieze has been carved. Beyond the arch is a bluish haze. The carvings are of many things: heads, geometric patterns and other seemingly meaningless symbols. The frieze directly above the arch is odd, for it seems to depict some kind of game akin to chess, save that there are only nine squares. It appears that some of the squares automatically destroy any piece that moves on them. There is nothing else of interest here, and no way out save to step into the blue haze. Shrugging your shoulders, you do so.

Turn to **149**.

108

Amid a flurry of swart musty plumage, the last of the monsters drops down into the darkness below. If any player(s) died because of looking into a Death Angel's eyes, turn to **487**. If not, you can now continue on to the top of the stairs - turn to **182**.

109

In your dreams the adventure continues - but only in your dreams. Under the nymph's spell you will sleep a thousand years. You will miss the millenium and the return of the True Magi to middle-earth. The world into which you awaken will be a very different one from the world you left. It will be a world in which the Five Magi have extended their dominion across all the lands of men, a world of infinite damnation: hell itself. Your quest has failed.



110

You notice some tracks in the dust of the cellar floor which end at the face of one of the large barrels. Closer inspection reveals a hidden lever that opens the front of the barrel. Beyond is a short corridor.

If you want to go down it, turn to **523**. If you want to leave the cellar, turn to **255**.

111

You hurl yourself flat on the floor as a volley of small javelins flies from the wall to your left, whistling overhead to clatter harmlessly against the far wall. Heaving a sigh of relief, you get to your feet. Will you step on the slab directly in front of you, still close to the left wall (turn to **337**), step on the slab to your right, still on the front row (turn to **548**), or step diagonally to the right, on to the centre-most slab of the nine (turn to **542**)?

112

The thing you thought was Emeritus lunges forward on thick, quivering legs that remind you of a snail's foot. Even more disturbing is the way it presents snatches of image or sound from your own memory as it fights you, so that at one moment you might look into the faces of your parents, the next you hear the voice of Icon or smell the perfumed scent of Fatima's garden. All players except the Warrior must reduce their Fighting Prowess and Awareness by one for the duration of this combat because of the distraction caused by the monster's illusions.

Mirage Monster

Fighting Prowess: 8

Damage per blow: 3 Dice

Psychic Ability: 9

Awareness: 12

Armour Rating: 0

Endurance: 56

Note: As well as striking with its horny beak, it also knows four spells that it might use. Roll a Die each Round to decide what it does:

1-2: fights with its beak.

4-6: calls to mind or casts a spell.

The spells it knows are Servile Enthrallment, Ghastly Touch, Sheet Lightning and The Vampire.

If you kill it, turn to **483**.

			M		
		1			
		2	3		
				4	



113

You whirl, cursing the momentary lapse of concentration that allowed this newcomer to take you unawares. Backed up against the weathered parapet, you could hardly imagine a worse place to make a stand. Facing you are two figures: a sinisterly smiling woman whose body is covered with intricate tattoos, and a tall robed swordsman of the Ta'ashim race.

It was the woman who spoke. How did she know -

' - what you were thinking?' She gives a deep laugh. 'I am Zara the Mantis, Reader of Minds.'

You have heard of her: an Emphidian enchantress of awesome repute. Some say her tattoos contain bound demons which she can call forth to slay her foes.

She nods. 'You will never know that for certain, though. I have a much better plan in mind for dealing with you: the Incantation of Fulminant Death. In seconds you will be but a pile of smouldering ashes, a form in which you'll pose no further threat to my masters' re-embodiment.'

She raises her hands. Flickering grey-white occult energy gives her gloating face an unholy cast. There is no way you can reach her before she unleashes the spell. Behind her, the man is drawing his sword - but from what you know of Fulminant Death there will be nothing left of you for him to fight . . .

Turn to **26**.

114

The door will not open no matter what you try. Return to **119** and choose again.

115

You gaze up the shaft to the cavern far above. Dust

swirls up around you in mad eddies created by the turbulent air current, and your cloak snaps to and fro.

If you have some phials of the Potion of Diminution, turn to **145**. If you have access to a spell called Flight, turn to **164**. If you are a Sage, you can rise up the shaft by means of Levitation - turn to **288**. If none of these options is open to you, turn to **158**.

116

'You guard a magnificent hoard,' you say in admiring tones. 'It seems a shame to secrete it here in this dismal cavern, though. Wouldn't it be better displayed on a mountain peak, safe from thieving mortal hands yet open to the envious gaze of mortal eyes?'

The dragon watches you with eyes like hot coals. 'I have little choice in the matter,' it says at last. 'Once I was Fafnir, a mortal man myself, but now I am punished for my greed.' It slides its coils around on the treasure-pile, and you see that its back leg is secured to the wall of the cave by a stout iron chain. A mighty padlock holds the chain fast around the dragon's talon.

If you have a key, you could unlock the chain - turn to **178**. Otherwise, you could attack (turn to **524**) or leave (turn to **17**).

117

The hut is close to collapse. Inside, a shrivelled corpse lies on a rudimentary bed. A few pots and pans are stacked on some shelves along with the rest of the paraphernalia one would associate with the life of an obvious hermit. There is nothing else of interest, save an amulet around the corpse's neck.

Three coins hang from it: silver, copper and gold. You may take it if you wish.

Will you go back to the shrine and examine it in more detail (turn to **408**) or go back to the barge and continue on upriver (turn to **282**)?

118

If you have the codeword SELENE, turn to **290**. If not, turn to **156**.

119

Which door will you go through now? The red door, the door of Red Death (turn to **203**)? The blue door of Blue Moon (turn to **99**)? The green door of Plague Star (turn to **264**)? The gold door of Gift Star (turn to **354**)? The white door of White Light (turn to **330**)? Alternatively, if you have a homunculus with you and wish to consult it (if you have not done so already), turn to **82**. However, if you have all five rods, coloured blue, red, white, green and gold, turn to **541**.

120

On the instant that Onaka falls, his body and all traces of his presence fade from reality. Nothing remains. You approach the alcove containing the statuette. Just above, hung on the wall, is a fine yew longbow with an ivory handle inscribed with runes of power. Beside it in an enamelled quiver are five arrows, of equal workmanship and power. They have magical qualities. The bow adds one to Fighting Prowess when using archery, and the arrows do one Die +3 damage when they hit. Much pleased, you reach for the statuette.

Turn to **539**.

121

You immediately think of the vials of magic potion you found on the cadaver. If any player wants to drink one of these, cross it off your Character Sheet and turn to **383**. If not, the only way to descend the air shaft is by jumping - turn to **213**.

If you do not wish to descend the shaft but you are waiting here for companions who have already descended, turn to **546**. If you are ready to be on your way, turn to **276**.

122

You eat the food of the Banquet of Eternal Dreams. After a moment of delicious pleasure, it turns to ashes in your mouth. Triumphant laughter rings in your ears, and your mind slips into timelessness. Some of the guests get up and leave, but you are trapped in limbo for all eternity until you too can lure unsuspecting travellers to eat of this enchanted fare and take your place. All memory and volition leave your beguiled soul. Your adventure ends here.



123

Just where you have landed is a small crack in the floor through which a fierce air current is blowing upward with a noise like a banshee's howl. You step away from it, and head towards the back of the huge hall in which you find yourself standing. The floor seems to heave from the force of the howling gale

striking it from beneath, and sulphurous wreaths of steam occasionally break through small holes in the masonry walls. At the end of the hall you can see the outlines of a gargantuan lone face set into the back wall. A long table stands before it. As you approach you hear a dim voice emitting from the stone mouth: you can just make out what it is saying: "Greetings, masters. I have long waited for you to resume the banquet that was so rudely interrupted. Pray sit at the places designated you and eat as of old - not food to furnish mortal power, but that sustenance which feeds the forces of planetary influence and necromantic sorcery."

You inspect the emblems carved on the backs of the various chairs arranged around the table. There are some fifty in all representing each of the original Magi of Krarth. On the table in front of each of them is a small crystal ball, some of which shine faintly like glow worms, others which are pitch dark. There are only five that are left fully alight but these do not seem to correspond to the Five Stars that you know of: the carved chairs have the following symbols carved on them.



Turn to 50.

124

The forces of illusion and of delusion are seeking to unhinge your minds!

If you have the codeword BILE, turn to 98. If not,

read on. Each character must make a Psychic Ability roll. Those who succeed, turn to **294**. Those who fail, turn to **446**.

125

After slaughtering the bat to make sure it doesn't attack you while you're on the walkway, you make your way across. Spyte looms ahead of you.

Turn to **530**.

126

(ENCHANTER) 'You don't want to land after all, then?' says the faltyn.

'Not immediately, you tell it, having to shout to make yourself heard over the clanking of the bird's metal wings. 'Hover here for a few minutes while I throw down spells of Sheet Lightning on the Magi's disciples.'

You are still descending towards the plaza. The disciples are baying for your blood. Some of them are preparing arrows, while the rest have drawn their swords to attack as soon as you land. 'Death to the enemies of our heavenly masters!' shouts one.

The faltyn glances down and then turns to you with a sly smile. 'Our bargain was originally a sheer matter of transportation from the lip of the chasm to the ruins, it says. 'Now you want me to make the device hover. That is a more complicated procedure than flight. I must consult my book - further payment must be made.'

'What is it you want?' If you didn't know the damned faltyn was ethereal, you would strike the grin off its face.

'What do I want?' it murmurs. 'I want the Blood Sword.'

If you just let it go ahead and land you as

originally agreed, turn to **308**. If you hand it the Blood Sword, turn to **127**. If you dismiss it and try to operate the bird yourself, turn to **521**.

127

Reluctantly you give up the Blood Sword (cross it off your Character Sheet). Without the fabled weapon your eventual battle with the Magi will be much harder - but if you're torn apart by their disciples there would be no battle.

The faltyn touches one of the levers and the mechanical bird settles to hovering in mid-air. 'Turn this knob when you are ready to descend, it says, chuckling softly as it fades back to its faerie home with the Blood Sword.

Turn to **197**.

128

You look down at the decayed remnants of the cloaked cadaver and finally decide against inspecting it a second time. You are sure you searched it thoroughly before, anyway.

Turn to **276**.

129

'You grotesque and mendacious fiend!' you snarl at the devil. 'The brew you offered was poisonous. Is that how you show your gratitude?'

'In all you have said, I count only the word "gratitude" as potentially insulting, he replies. 'I cheerfully admit to ugliness, untruths and inhumanity. You wanted a speedy and satisfying conclusion to your quest, and since you won't drink the devil's brew I shall derive great satisfaction from slitting you open with my claws . . .'

Devil

Fighting Prowess: 9

Damage per blow: 5 Dice+2

Psychic Ability: 9

Awareness: 7

Armour Rating: 1

Endurance: 105

If you flee back along the bridge, turn to **448**. If you fight and kill the evil creature, turn to **362**.

		3	
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130

The stairs go up to a polygonal room with faces in high relief glowering from the walls. There are several exits from here. Selecting one at random, you pass along a curving passage and enter a gallery that runs around the outside of the tower.

Claustral windows overlook the city. You go over and take a breath of cold night air. Looking down at the ruins, you find them stark and unreal amid a jumble of five-fold shadows. You have the sudden impression that the Five Stars are now lower in the sky. They are descending to earth! Have you lost track of the time? Midnight is barely fifteen minutes off - you must hurry to find the chamber prepared for their reincarnation. You know that for just a few seconds, when they first return to human form, the Magi will be disorientated and vulnerable to attack. If you are not on hand to take advantage of that moment, all will be lost.

'All is lost anyway,' says a husky voice from behind you.

Turn to **113**.

131

You peer over the edge of the shaft. Through a shimmering heat-haze you see that the floor below is shuddering, and yellow smoke is belching upwards between cracks in the flagstones. The entire room might cave in or plummet into the Cauldron at any moment. You decide against descending again.

Turn to **276**.

132

You can only gape in horror as you see the flesh of your companion(s) turning to evil-smelling liquid. The liquid spreads slowly, like a pool of tar, bubbling with yellow fumes as it expands to fill the chamber.

Your companions are gone forever - not dead exactly, but certainly no longer human. Any equipment they were carrying is also lost, as you do not care to wade into the deliquesced flesh. Overcome by horror and the ghastly smell of the fumes, you flee towards the thorax.

Turn to **81**.

133

All the scorpions shrivel up like dead leaves when you kill them. If any player was stung at least once, he or she should turn to **192**. If not, you can now either search the armoury for useful weapons (turn to **363**) or leave and proceed deeper into the ruins (turn to **14**).

134

Which of these will you try? A stone mallet (turn to **333**), a faceted jewel (turn to **198**) or a black cloak (turn to **269**)? If you don't have any of these, or cannot see how they might help, turn to **174**.

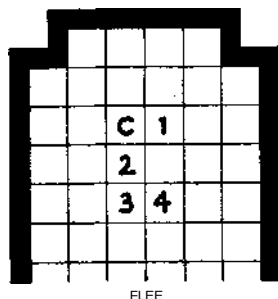
135

The Cataphract gives vent to a voiceless snarl as you fling the salt on to his spear's tip. He swings the spear down at you, but in his cold fury he aims wide and it smashes instead against the stone steps. Already the spear has begun to melt, and in its weakened state the blow is enough to snap it. The Cataphract hurls the fragments aside and lunges forward to strike at you with his bare blue hands.

Cataphract

Fighting Prowess: 6 Damage per blow: 6 Dice -2
 Psychic Ability: 8 Awareness: 8
 Armour Rating: 5
 Endurance: 90

If you flee back down the steps, turn to **278**. If you defeat him, turn to **48**.



136

You walk down the corridor towards the old man. He looks up and smiles when he sees you coming. 'Hail to you! It seems that I have sat here for an aeon waiting for such as you to come to release me from my imprisonment at the hands of the Magi. My wife and domestics must have given up all hope of seeing me again, but I am resolved now that before I

return to them in my home city of Farantar I will destroy this city of Spyte, thus ending their despotic rule once and for all.' He speaks as if he thinks that the True Magi still rule the lands of Legend, but you allow him to continue. 'My name is Myorg of Farantar, imprisoned here for vying with the Magi themselves in sorcerous power. They ordained that my release could be obtained only when the five quests they laid down had been accomplished, and hence I have been waiting in this corridor. Will you accept the final quest that will mean that I am released from this cell forever?'

Turn to **55**.

137

You take the item he describes as the Trefoil Dagger. It is a weapon the size of an ordinary dagger, balanced for throwing but with three blades instead of just one. You can throw it any time you are in combat. If and when you do, turn to **12** to see what it does. Be sure to note down the number of the entry you're reading at the time, though, as **12** will not guide you back there. You will need to record on your Character Sheet: 'Trefoil Dagger - see **12** when thrown'.

After giving you the item, the devil vanishes in a flash of brimstone fire. Turn to **362**.

138

(PLAYER(S) WHO INHALED SPORES) You are racked by a cough that feels as though it might split your lungs apart. Spitting, you see traces of grey fungus in your saliva. The spores are eating at you from within!

Every time you turn to a new entry, deduct one from your Endurance. Write DISEASED across the

top of your Character Sheet(s) in large letters so you will remember. There is no obvious way to stop the spread of this horrible ailment - not even magical healing potions will work. Your quest to prevent the Magi from returning to the world is now a race against your own mortality ...

Turn to **157**.

139

You turn to leave. After a few steps a scraping sound sends a shiver of fear up your spine. You turn to see the corpse levering itself out of the coffin, taloned hands reaching for you, eyes lambent with an unnatural green glow. The pectoral across its shoulders is, you now notice, engraved with stars. It scintillates with magical energy.

Undead Queen

Fighting Prowess: 8

Damage per blow: 4 Dice

Psychic Ability: 6

Awareness: 12

Armour Rating: 3

Endurance: 60

Note: Her eyes have the power to hypnotise. Anyone who tries to make a fight roll against her must first try to resist a Psychic attack. If this fails, the player is unable to take any action until the following Round.

If you flee, turn to **374**. If you win, turn to **318**.

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140

The door opens into a dusty chamber, littered with furniture of times past. In the centre of the room is a clean dust-free table, and in the left-hand wall a stairway leads upwards. As you step forward, a ghostly apparition forms beside the table, a spectre of a robed man. Its diaphanous form beckons to you, and a voice, a hoarse whisper, as if across a great distance, a gulf of space and time, speaks: 'Come, gamble with me, travellers, as I was wont to do in my span of life.' You notice a set of knucklebones on the table that you could have sworn were not there a moment ago.

You can attack the spectre (turn to **68**) or agree to play its game (turn to **538**). If there is a Sage in the party who wishes to try to Exorcise it, turn to **247**.

141

(PLAYER DRINKING) You drop dead. Certainly the potion cured you of all ailments, as promised. Since life itself is the major cause of human suffering, it also purged your body of life at the same time.

If there are any surviving players, they can remove items from the stiffening corpse and then return to the entry they were on previously.



You escape through the dimensional gateway in the nick of time. To your astonishment, however, you find that when you rematerialise within the walls of Spyte you are stark naked! Every item of equipment you had a moment ago has been lost - with the single exception of the Blood Sword, which remains with you by virtue of its legendary magic.

You are standing in a high-roofed hall, one side of which has fallen out into the chasm. Looking back towards the lip of the chasm, you can see the titan stomping around, confused and enraged by your escape. The shimmering of the dimensional portal is clearly visible in the evening air. Beside it lies the equipment you were carrying which failed to teleport across with you. The rationale behind creating a dimensional portal that does not transport one's clothing and weaponry escapes you for a moment. Perhaps the passage of time has caused it to malfunction. Or perhaps the Magi intended it that way to ensure that any foeman taking this easy route into Spyte would find himself suddenly disarmed ...

No matter. At least you have managed to get away from the resurrected titan - and to cross over to the ruins in doing so. Now your first priority must be to get some new arms and armour. (Remember that non-Warriors who have to fight bare-handed deduct two from damage rolls and Fighting Prowess.) An archway leads off the far end of the hall. Passing through it, you head along a straight tunnel with no side passages and soon find yourself at the beginning of a maze. In an alcove to one side of the maze entrance are five caskets - of copper, silver, bronze, gold and iron.

If you want to open one of these caskets, turn to

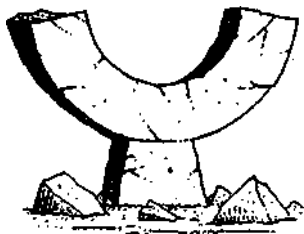
63. If you press on through the maze, turn to **2**.

143

You reach the end of the labyrinth. There, in a white marble hall which must once have been the city's armoury, you come across a host of weapons. There are spears, swords and axes arranged in decorative patterns along the walls. All have a common theme in their design in that the blades are leaf-shaped. The suits of armour here are of an antique style with up-curving pauldrons, fluted cuirasses and visors that depict grinning demon faces.

If you wish to investigate the contents of the armoury, turn to **363**.

There is only one route on from here. When you are ready to leave, turn to **14**.



144

You reach the tunnel safely. Ahead you notice that the river is ringed by a strange light. The current forces you on towards it. Inexorably you draw closer, until you resign yourselves to plunging into the refulgent golden glow ahead. As you do so, you feel a gut-wrenching sense of dislocation - you are being teleported again. You find yourself in a round

chamber with windows on to a fell night sky. You recognise the portentous conjunctions of the stars and the shattered city beyond the windows. It seems you have been transported further up the tower of Spyte. A spiral staircase leads upwards.

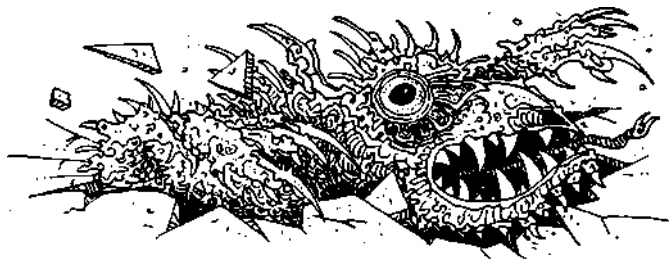
Turn to **90**.

145

Each player who proposes to return back up the shaft will have to drink *two* doses of the Potion of Diminution. Reduced by just one dose, your body would still be too big for the air current to lift. Anyone who wishes to ascend that way should cross off two phials of the potion and turn to **435**. If you decide against using the potion (or don't have enough left), turn back to **115** and choose again.

146

(SAGE) Do you want to help out your old comrade? Perhaps if you used your Paranormal Sight on the curtains in front of the alcove you would be able to spot any further traps. If you try it, turn to **378**. If you leave Emeritus to deal with things in his own way, turn to **346**.



147

No matter how you try, you cannot open the door a second time. Return to **119** and choose again.

148

Note the codeword **CHIROGRAPH** on your Character Sheet(s).

The bat's body flops off the platform and tumbles down through the steam until you can no longer see it. You can take as many of the gems as you want. Each counts as one item for encumbrance purposes and must be worth around a thousand crowns.

Now you can go to the dimensional portal (turn to **532**), to the gold bridge (turn to **420**), to the giant's cadaver (turn to **417**) or to the white metal bird (turn to **262**).

149

As soon as you enter the haze, you feel a surge of nausea and everything goes black. Suddenly you find yourself back in the room of many doors. Some kind of teleport, obviously.

Turn to **119**.

150

'Well, omnipotent one, I have performed as we agreed. Now release me!'

You remove the lid of the bottle and the little creature flutters upwards and away.

'Goodbye, you peasant scum,' it shrieks. 'May you rot in hell, you mound of walking filth!'

Faithless creature, you muse. You hurl stones at it as it flies away.

Cross the homunculus off your Character Sheet, turn to **119** and choose again.

151

The titan stares down at you through its huge compound eyes. For a moment you suppose you must seem too small to be significant. Perhaps it cannot even see you in the thickening shadows of dusk? But no - it is reaching down with one of its massive pincers to seize you. Fleeing for dear life, you blunder into the shimmering dimensional portal. As you dematerialise, you see the titan's pincer swing down. It snaps shut on thin air ...

Turn to **142**.

152

From the look in their eyes you can tell they are as beyond reason as all zealots. They will fight until you or they are dead.

Disciples

Fighting Prowess: 7 Damage per blow: 3 Dice

Psychic Ability: 6

Armour Rating: 3

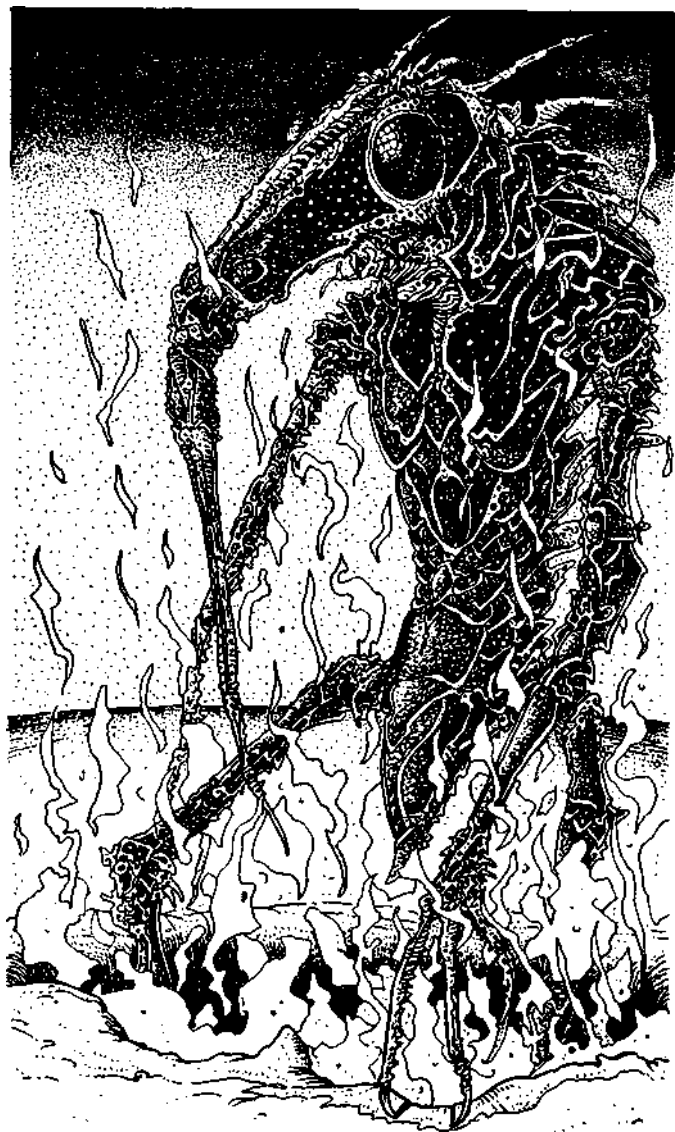
Endurance: *First Disciple* 15 *Fourth Disciple* 15

Second Disciple 15 *Fifth Disciple* 15

Third Disciple 15 *Sixth Disciple* 15

You cannot flee. If you defeat them, turn to **409**.

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	3		D ₃		
				D ₆	



153

The stairs are built on such a grand scale that you almost feel they were intended for a race of super-humans. Clambering up them, your hair stands on end at the sight of a strange demon glyph worked into the surface of the bronze doors. It gives you a sense of dire foreboding. Do you want to continue up to the top and open the doors? If so, turn to 36. If you decide to return to the cavern floor and choose another route, turn to 276.

154

You begin to search the armoury. After a few minutes you come across an enchanted shield. It is made of adamantium, a metal which is all but indestructible. If you are hit while carrying the shield, roll a Die. On a roll of one, it absorbs the full force of the blow. This applies also to missile weapons and spells.

Quite a find. If you go on searching for other items, turn to 497. If you think enough time has been wasted and it is now time to start making your way towards the heart of the city, turn to 14.

155

(ENCHANTER) Nothing happens! You are dumb-founded, but soon guess the truth. This demon, Tirikelu, is the very embodiment of imagination and sorcery. He is using his own sovereignty over such things to suppress your magical powers. You cannot cast *any* spells until the combat is over - assuming you live that long.

Turn to 43.

156

All players should note the codeword SELENE on their Character Sheets.

(PLAYER SITTING) The globe in front of the chair gives a flare of light, then goes dark. *[You feel some of its energy pass into you. You now have a single use of a spell called Magical Enhancement. This spell, which you can cast instantaneously at any time, has no effect on its own. It must be applied to a regular spell cast either by you or, if you are not an Enchanter, by someone else. The Magical Enhancement spell intensifies the spell it is cast in conjunction with, causing that spell to be released instantly - that is, without the need for a CAST SPELL roll - and causing it to do full damage to the target. For example, a Nemesis Bolt intensified with Magical Enhancement would do 49 points of damage - the maximum possible roll on seven Dice +7. Note the effect of Magical Enhancement on your Character Sheet, or note the number of this entry so you can refer back when you decide to cast it. Remember that you have only a single use of this special spell.]*

Now turn back to **50**.

157

If you want to make a run for it, turn to **32**. If you are willing to stand your ground, turn to **359**.

158

If the party has split, with some players here in the Magi's banqueting-hall and others in the chamber above, the latter player(s) will need to note the number **276** on their Character Sheet(s). If the players in the banqueting-hall should be killed or unable to return up the air shaft, the players above can continue the adventure by turning to **276**.

For now, though, players still down in the banqueting-hall should turn to **228**.

159

You press the copper button and then the gold one.

A panel springs up in the side of the shrine, revealing a small cubby-hole. Inside is a vial of clear liquid. There is enough for every person in the party to have one sip each, and only one. It is an elixir of health and will cure any disease you may have or restore any Endurance permanently lost as the result of disease or poison. It does not cure ordinary wounds.

You can place an offering on the shrine if you haven't done so already (turn to **449**) or carry on upriver in the barge (turn to **282**).

160

Lifting the lid, you discover a heavy stone mallet. Its weight and poor balance make it quite useless as a weapon, but you can take it if you want. (One player should note it down on his or her Character Sheet if so.) You can now either open another of the caskets (turn to **63**) or carry on into the labyrinth (turn to **2**).

161

The music emanating from the Five Stars builds to a crescendo, becoming so high-pitched that it is as though a knife were being driven into your brain. You grit your teeth to stifle a cry of fear and pain.

Suddenly the noise is gone. You look around you. Tall beings who were once of this earth stand at the five points of the pentacle. Each wears robes that give off a halo of scintillant colour, but at the heart of their forms is an impenetrable blackness.

'Ye gods!' you whisper.

'Precisely, vexatious mortals,' they say in unison. 'Your interference in our plans is at an end. Eternity is ours!'

They lift their arms triumphantly, spreading their

febrile colours across heaven and earth. Oblivion overwhelms you. It is the End.



162

Your roll is higher than its. Perhaps it did not cheat. The spectre groans, a hideous wailing moan that chills your bones. Then it fades from view, as do the knucklebones. In their place is a scroll. Reading it, you discover it is a Sheet Lightning spell which can be used once only in combat. Anyone can read it, and it will cast the spell as if by an Enchanter with a Psychic Ability of eight. It need not be prepared or held in the caster's mind; it comes from the scroll. There is nothing else of interest here, so you go up the stairs to your left.

Turn to **206**.

163

(ENCHANTER) You think the ruins might just be within range of Immediate Deliverance now. If you try it, turn to **279**. If you don't want to risk casting the spell until you are sure you're close enough, turn to **496**.

164

(PLAYER WITH SPELL) You cast the Flight spell and you and your companions (if any) soar back up to the cavern above. If any players were waiting here in the cavern, they can now rejoin you. Remember

that the Flight spell was one-use only and cannot be used again. All the same, as you alight safely on the cavern floor you feel that you made good use of it.

Now turn to **276**.

165

As you step through the doors, there is a flash of bright light and you all feel a sense of timeless dislocation. When you recover, moments later, you find you are standing at an underground wharf. A river flows from a low rock tunnel to your left, into a wide stone corridor ahead. A cool blast of air accompanies the icy black water on its journey. Bobbing beside you on the water is a barge of copper, finely crafted, easily large enough to take half a dozen passengers. The magical defences of the tower have teleported you either deep underground or to some unknown part of the world. There appears to be no other way to go, so you climb aboard and pole your way into the corridor ahead. After a while it widens to the size of a small lake, at the centre of which lies an island of dark rock. At the far end you can just see the river flowing into another tunnel.

Will you moor the boat and investigate the island (turn to **235**) or carry on up the river (turn to **282**)?

166

You find an inscription you can read: 'The Bride of Pestilence. May she rest in peace. The stars rule her.'

If you decide to open the tomb, turn to **62**. If you return to the chamber of doors, turn to **119**.

167

There are five wooden doorways behind the cur-

tains. You open each in turn. All give on to long corridors, the furthest ends of which are shrouded in darkness. At about the half-way point of your vision down each corridor there is a small ornately carved table and a chair blocking the passageway. The first four chairs from left to right are empty, and in each of these corridors you can dimly make out a white-robed figure walking away from you into the darkness at the end of the corridor. As you watch they seem to fade from view altogether. In the fifth corridor you see an old man wearing an antique white cloak and a circlet of white silver over his brow. He seems to be waiting for someone to come down the corridor.

Do you want to take one of the four empty corridors? If so, turn to **509**. If you want to take the corridor with the old man, turn to **136**.

168

If you break open a pod using the Blood Sword, turn to **232**. If you use some other implement, turn to **267**.

169

The bird swoops in towards the ruins. It seems to be set to touch down on a wide plaza in front of the central citadel. You have no reason to tamper with the controls until you see a crowd of people surging across the plaza below. They are disciples of the Magi - crazed fanatics who have journeyed here so as to be on hand for the conjunction of the Five Stars. And you are about to land right in their midst!

If you try to alter the controls to stop your descent, turn to **521**. If you just want to land and fight them, turn to **78**.

170

As soon as you reach the dais, it and the pool of lava disappear as if they had not existed - in fact, they did not, for you have fallen prey to an illusory snare of Blue Moon. Instead, you find yourself standing in a pillar of crackling blue light that splits the centre of the cavern from ceiling to floor. The coruscating energy burns you, and seeks to overcome your mind and hold you rigid. You lose three Endurance, no armour. Everyone must make a Psychic Ability roll. Those who are successful have fought off the numbing effects of the blue energy and can turn to **321**. Those who fail take another three Endurance, no armour, and must roll again to escape. Keep rolling until you have escaped or are dead.

171

You hurl the item at the Oracle, where it disappears in a flash of incandescent red light. The Oracle speaks:

'Before tomorrow is today,
Before the sand grains slip away,
When dark disciples chant the rite,
When terror grips the bravest heart,
Deliver then a mighty blow,
These fearsome followers, overthrow.'

Then it fades and the golden light subsides to a glow. You can do nothing else but mount the stairs at the back.

Turn to **206**.

172

You jump backwards, but a volley of small javelins flies from the whole length of the wall. Each

character is hit by three javelins that do one Die +2 damage, *armour* counts. If you still live, you press on. Will you step on the slab directly in front of you, still close to the right wall (turn to **104**), step on the slab to your left, still on the front row (turn to **548**), or step diagonally to the left, on to the centre-most slab of the nine (turn to **542**)?

173

(PLAYER(S) WHO DRANK THE POTION) You shrink to minute size. Once you are no bigger than an ant, the air current sweeps you aloft. It feels as though you are borne up in the hand of a giant. Almost as soon as you alight in the chamber above, you begin to grow back to your normal size. This is quite a relief - you wouldn't want to encounter any monsters while ant-sized!

You glance down into the hall. There is a deep rumbling as the walls there shudder, and steam shrieks through vents in the flagstones.

If other players are still in the hall waiting to ascend, they should turn to **396** and decide quickly what they are going to do. Once all players have ascended the shaft, turn to **276**.

174

The trees lean forward and lash at you with razor-sharp boughs, responding like living creatures to the nymph's commands.

'Strike!' she sings in a tinkling voice. 'Cut! Kill!'

Each player loses five Dice Endurance. If you survive, you flee from the garden and painfully remove splinters of glass foliage from your flesh as you proceed. Turn to **305**.

175

It rips at you with long thin claws, screeching horribly all the time.

Nightshrieker

Fighting Prowess: 9

Damage per blow: 4 Dice

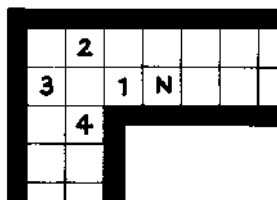
Psychic Ability: 7

Awareness: 9

Armour Rating: 0

Endurance: 50

If you kill it, turn to **143**.



176

The dragon gives a derisory snort as you brandish the mallet. 'You attack me with a hammer?' it says. 'Do you seek to emulate Tor the Thunderer, you witless mortal? My breath will boil your brain-pan, my flames will flense your flesh! In all the Nine . . . Owww!'

You have given it a painful rap on the snout with the mallet. While it is distracted, you are able to race for the tunnel that leads out of the cavern. Unfortunately, you dropped the mallet in your rush: cross it off your Character Sheet. Just as you reach the tunnel, the dragon gives vent to a mighty roar and there is a whoosh of fiery breath in the air behind you. The last two players in the battle order each lose two Dice Endurance. Survivors can scramble to safety—turn to **433**.

You step out on to the platform to get the gems. You try not to glance down into the Cauldron - the platform is only attached to the edge of the chasm along one side, with no other support.

As you are about to pick up one of the huge gems, a startling cry from above makes you look up. A crimson bat is flying out of the mist towards you, eyes flashing in fury as it sees you rifling its hoard. It has a wingspan of twenty metres, and each of its talons is as long as a sickle blade.

Giant Bat

Fighting Prowess: 10 Damage per blow: 2 Dice+2

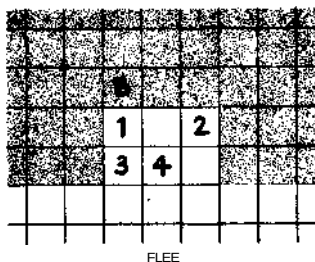
Psychic Ability: 6 Awareness: 8

Armour Rating: 0

Endurance: 77 (less any wounds previously inflicted)

Note: If it scores six or less on a fight roll, turn to **518**.

If you flee from the platform, turn to **313**. If you kill it, turn to **148**.



'I owe you a debt of gratitude,' says the dragon, flexing its hind leg as you remove the shackle. 'I can hardly begin to contemplate how I could repay you.' Noticing a single gold coin that has rolled

away from the heap, it retrieves this and settles it daintily back in place. Then it stretches out comfortably across the hoard once more.

'What are you going to do now you're free?' you ask.

It half-closes its eyes. 'I'll still go on guarding my treasure, of course. It's just that I prefer to have a choice in the matter.'

'About that business you mentioned . . .'

'What business?' it says, stifling a yawn.

'Gratitude.'

'Oh, yes. Gratitude. Obviously, if you should ever need my help . . .'

'Actually,' you say, turning a covetous eye across the various weapons scattered amid its treasure, 'there is a way you could help. You seem almost to have a surfeit of weaponry here. Since this is a treasure-hoard rather than an arsenal, perhaps you wouldn't object to handing over a few of the more martial items? One or two swords, that sort of thing?'

It mulls this over for a while. 'Maybe *one* sword. Let's not over-estimate what you've done for me. I probably could have broken the chain myself if I'd really wanted to.'

You nod, not liking to disagree with a creature that could incinerate you in an instant if it chose to. 'And perhaps a suit of armour?'

'I *thought* you were somewhat under-dressed for adventuring,' it replies urbanely. 'Obviously, I cannot afford to let any of these antique harnesses go; they're much too valuable. But you can take a few strips of leather or silk for modesty's sake, if you wish.'

You manage a strained 'Thank you' as you select a sword from the pile. Fate guides your hand: you

pick up an enchanted blade that adds two to the wielder's Fighting Prowess and one to damage scores. Under the pretence of finding strips of cloth to cover your nakedness, you manage to filch a leather pouch. The dragon does not notice.

Later, in the tunnel off the cavern, you open the pouch and discover it contains a handful of diamond dust. Record these items on your Character Sheet and turn to **433**.

179

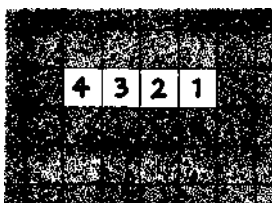
Whatever vile heathen god the shrine was dedicated to has been insulted by your meagre offering! The water begins to seethe and boil in front of you. You rear back in alarm as a gargantuan form erupts out of the water, a mass of threshing tentacles. The barge is tossed to and fro so you can barely keep your balance, although it seems sturdy enough to withstand the battering. A huge form surges up, towering over you. It is the Kraken, as carved on the island shrine. It has several eyes above a snapping beak lined with vicious teeth. Strange man-like arms grab for you, as do several sinewy tentacles. Black water runs from it in rivers, and an overpowering stench of rotting fish overwhelms you. The Kraken gives a screeching cry of rage and obvious hunger as it lashes out. You must fight.

Kraken

Fighting Prowess: 8	Damage per blow: 6 Dice
Psychic Ability: 6	Awareness: 8
Armour Rating: 4	
Endurance: 50	

You cannot flee this combat. Each Round, roll a Die for the Kraken. On a one, it decides to attack the barge instead of a player. Make its fight roll as

normal and, if it hits the barge, turn to **418**. If you win, turn to **444**.



180

Suspecting some kind of trap, you carefully edge your way on to the left-hand slab nearest the left wall. Suddenly you feel the slab shift under your feet and there is a sharp click in the wall on your left. You have a split second in which to act. Will you leap backwards (turn to **515**) or drop to the floor (turn to **111**)?

181

(AFFECTED PLAYER) You are now under magical control, and will fight with the masked riders against your former companion(s). If the riders win, you will die along with your friend(s). If they lose, the spell will be broken and you will come to your senses.

Turn to **270** to continue the battle. Your comrade(s) can still flee, but in doing so they will be abandoning you to your doom.

182

You reach the topmost landing. Looking down, you can see the cavern floor all but swallowed in gloom a hundred metres below.

There is one exit from here: a glass doorway with no obvious handle. To reach it you have to pass

along a narrow walkway which has no handrail. Given no alternative, you edge carefully along it. As you do, you glance once more down into the depths below. A dizzying drop - it would not do to slip now!

Reaching the door, you begin to run your fingers over the glass surface searching for a catch or hidden lever that would open it. Then you notice a flicker of movement from beyond the door. You peer through. It is difficult to see - the surface is scratched and dirty, but through the glass darkly you discern an approaching figure. As it gets nearer you can make some sense out of the distorted jumble of images - it looks as though a massive minotaur is thundering straight towards you, its horned head lowered to smash the glass. You are rooted to the spot for an instant, watching it hurtle closer. The glass pane must be quite thick because the minotaur's charge is eerily silent. All the same, you do not suppose it is thick enough to break the force of the charge.

If you get ready to dodge the minotaur when it bursts through the glass door, turn to **416**. If you stand your ground and get ready to meet its attack blow for blow, turn to **399**.

183

Moving on to the slab, you are relieved to find you have not set off any trap. You step off the stone grid in front of the dais.

Turn to **303**.

184

Each player who proposes to return back up the shaft will have to drink *two* doses of the Potion of Diminution. Reduced by just one dose, your body

would still be too big for the air current to lift.

Anyone who wishes to ascend that way should cross off two phials of the potion and turn to **173**. If you decide against using the potion (or don't have enough left), turn back to **396** and choose again.

185

Your senses reel - not as though you were drugged, but simply from the glorious heady draught you have tasted. As you watch, the greyness of the garden begins to take on colour. It becomes almost dazzlingly green, and flowers bloom in the until-now desolate beds. Birds sing from the trees in the distance, and far away you glimpse a beautiful golden pavilion set amid a stand of willow trees. It seems beyond belief, but you know somehow that this is no mere illusion of the sort perpetrated by Blue Moon. It is a purer vision than that. A holy vision.

Figures approach from the pavilion. They are radiant maidens clad in white samite, walking barefoot across the moist greensward towards you. They are leading someone with them. You gasp as you recognise your former companion(s), whom you thought dead and gone forever.

Slowly the vision fades. The smiling maidens evaporate like the dew, the living plants give way to sere grass and stony boughs, but you waste no time on regrets. Your comrade(s), having been restored to life by a miracle, are now able to rejoin you. (Players restored to life are clad in white samite tunics and gold sandals; they are without arms or armour unless someone else in the party is able to give them any.)

You cut your joyous reunion short. The urgency

of your quest grows ever greater as the hour of midnight approaches. Turn to **429**.

186

You know that having slain the demon's material form once, it will not return to threaten you a second time. In a matter of minutes you have reached the far end of the bridge.

Turn to **520**.

187

It contains a large key half as long as a man's forearm. Record this on your Character Sheet if you take it. If you now want to open another casket, turn to **63**. If you are ready to carry on deeper into the labyrinth, turn to **2**.

188

The door opens on to a wide corridor that leads away into darkness. After a while it opens out into a large chamber.

Turn to **456**.



189

'Foul being, screeches the homunculus. 'Pus-ridden son of diseased maggots! Vile heap of heaving slime! Breath of an open grave! Release me,

you dung-smeared spawn of a leprous tapeworm! You carrion! You...*mmmph!* It subsides into silence as you wrap it in cloth, stashing it deep within your backpack where you cannot hear it.

If you decide to agree to its terms after all, turn to **311**. Otherwise, turn to **119** and choose again.

190

There is insufficient power in the Summoning spell for the Magi to manifest themselves. The unearthly music from the Five Stars becomes a cacophony, building in pitch until it is audible only as an ethereal shriek. Suddenly the Stars explode in a shower of prismatic sparks. For a moment you fancy you glimpsed the faces of giants against the sky - faces contorted in expressions of ultimate horror. Then there is only silence and the stillness of the night. You watch the glowing debris from the Five Stars fall and go out in the darkness like dying embers.

You turn to go, but as you reach the staircase a blue radiance flares up behind you. *'You are quick to write off your oldest foe . . .'* whispers an unearthly voice.

You spin around, chilled to the marrow of your bones. *'Blue Moon . . .'*

'Magus Tor, corrects the manifestation before you. It is like a tall robed shadow, glowing with pallid blue light around a core of cold blackness. 'By dint of your efforts, my brethren have been destroyed. No matter. I remain, and now the millennium that is to come will be ushered in by me alone.'

For a moment you are too stunned to do anything. *'How did you survive?'* you gasp. *'The spell of reincarnation was disrupted. We saw the Stars explode . . .'*

7 shall delight in explaining my victory,' replies Magus Tor, 'as my explanation will be the last thing you hear in this life.' His voice, you notice, is getting stronger, and the blue light radiating from his shadowy form is getting brighter. 'In truth I was destroyed with the others. But I was able to create this virtual self, this phantasm you see before you. Momentarily I exist only as an illusion - but mine is the power to turn illusion into reality!'

If Karunaz is here and still alive, turn to **364**. If not, turn to **44**.



191

(SAGE) You know that bronze is the only alloy among these five metals. The others all occur in their natural form.

Now turn back to **63**.

192

(PLAYER(S) STUNG BY SCORPION) The scorpions' venom is in your bloodstream. You feel a momentary wave of dizziness and have to steady yourself against a spear-rack. The venom is continuing to

sap your strength: each time you turn to a new paragraph, lose one more Endurance point. Write **POISONED** across the top of your Character Sheet(s) to remind you of this. The only way to cure the poison is to get magical healing of some kind; a healing potion would do, or the Sage's healing power. If you cannot get magical healing in time, you are doomed to a slow death.

If you now want to spend time searching for useful weapons - or in the hope of finding a healing potion - turn to **363**. If you decide to leave the armoury, turn to **14**.

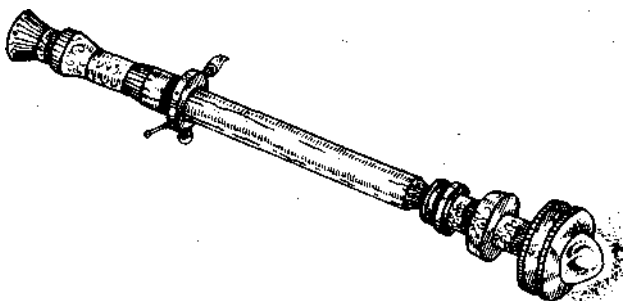
193

The courtyard is littered with dead and dying ores, but you have no sympathy for the black-hearted creatures. A large black-stone keep rises up from the centre of the courtyard. Its gates are open, so you enter.

Turn to **484**.

194

You notice a thin copper pectoral or torque hidden under her hair. It is covered in star symbols. Will you take it (turn to **257**) or leave it there and head back to the door (turn to **139**)?

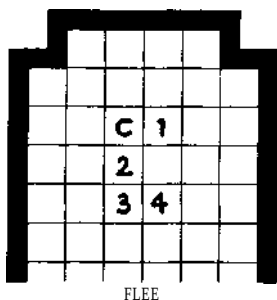


Each player who drank a phial of the Potion of Diminution immediately shrinks to a height of only a few centimetres. While this size, you can still cast spells as usual, but you will not be able to harm the Cataphract any other way. To hit a player who has been reduced in size, the Cataphract will need to make his fight roll on four Dice (five Dice if the player is defending). However, one blow should be enough to kill the player, as you have only one-tenth your normal Endurance while shrunk. The effect of the Potion of Diminution lasts six Rounds - if you can stay alive that long, you'll resume your normal size and strength and can fight the Cataphract normally.

Cataphract

Fighting Prowess: 8	Damage per blow: 6 Dice
Psychic Ability: 8	Awareness: 8
Armour Rating: 5	
Endurance: 90	

If you flee back down the steps, turn to **278**. If you defeat him, turn to **48**.



196

If you wish to use an item, turn to **411**. If your first thought is to free the captives intended for sacrifice, turn to **329**. If you leap forward to attack the disciples, turn to **96**.

197

On the plaza below, the disciples have gathered to shake their fists at you. 'Craven scum!' you hear one of them shout. 'Your ancestors were all cowards and you are the most cowardly of your line! Descend and fight, you craven scum.'

You sneer down at them. Their insults are too inept even to anger you. You feel only scorn and faint pity for such brainless zealots.

You can attack them with arrows and/or spells. After six Rounds they will have had time to disperse into the cover of nearby buildings, so resolve your attacks for these six Rounds. Note down on your Character Sheet(s) how many of the disciples are left alive after this time, along with the codeword ROUT. (For instance, if three disciples escape you would write ROUT 3 on your Character Sheet.)

Disciples of the Magi

Psychic Ability: 6

Armour Rating: 0

Endurance:	<i>first</i>	10	<i>eleventh</i>	10
	<i>second</i>	10	<i>twelfth</i>	10
	<i>third</i>	10	<i>thirteenth</i>	10
	<i>fourth</i>	10	<i>fourteenth</i>	10
	<i>fifth</i>	10	<i>fifteenth</i>	10
	<i>sixth</i>	10	<i>sixteenth</i>	10
	<i>seventh</i>	10	<i>seventeenth</i>	10
	<i>eighth</i>	10	<i>eighteenth</i>	10
	<i>ninth</i>	10	<i>nineteenth</i>	10
	<i>tenth</i>	10	<i>twentieth</i>	10

After they have all fallen or fled, you alter the controls so as to touch down in the middle of the plaza.

Turn to **88**.

198

You show her the jewel. 'How I love pretty gems!' she sings in a voice like cut crystal. 'Free me of this bell, give me that jewel you have, and I'll guide you out of the labyrinth.'

If you free her, turn to **519**. If you leave her where she is and proceed on your way, turn to **174**.

199

You recognise the demon portrayed from Lord Jadhak's tome, *The Indigenes of the Realms of Demons*. It is Onaka, Lord of the Timeless Wastes, the One who Burns. He is a demon known to be called upon by the True Magi and to whom he owes service.

Turn back to **340**.

200

If any players took some of the coloured crystals, they should turn to **526**. If you left the crystals behind, turn to **469**.

201

Panic unnerves you. 'Bah, you blatant liar!' you snarl at him. 'You Ta'ashim are all the same- sons of merchants at heart, whatever clothing you wear. You would rather the world came to an end than part with a pinch of your expensive elixir, eh?'

'Quiet!' hisses Karunaz, eyes wide with horror at your outburst. But you come to your senses too late - several of the Magi's disciples have appeared at the top of the stairs. These are no mere befuddled

zealots; they are the arch-sorcerers who will preside at the Magi's return to earth. Within seconds they have reduced you and Karunaz to blackened bones with a barrage of occult energy. Your fate is no worse than you deserved.



202

You jump up, but an obsidian-tipped spear catapults from the ceiling directly above you. You manage to twist your head aside, but the spear drives into you just above the collarbone, ripping through the length of your body and killing you instantly. If there is anyone in the party left alive, will you step on the slab directly ahead of you, on the last row (turn to **183**), step forward diagonally to the left, on to the middle slab of the last row (turn to **85**), or step left, to the centre-most slab of the nine (turn to **542**)?

203

If you have a piece of rod that is red, turn to **114**. Otherwise, you open the door and step through. Turn to **51**.

204

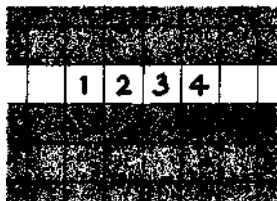
You're half way over when the bat gives vent to a maddened screech and swoops to attack you. You turn to face it. Balanced here on a ramp barely a metre wide, you could not be in a more precarious position!

Giant Bat

Fighting Prowess: 10 Damage per blow: 2 Dice+2
Psychic Ability: 6 Awareness: 8
Armour Rating: 0
Endurance: 77 (less any wounds previously inflicted)

Note: Any time a player is hit, he or she must roll Awareness or less on two Dice to avoid falling off the walkway. A player who falls is lost forever (except for the Sage, who can Levitate back up to the walkway if he or she is knocked off).

If you defeat the bat you can continue safely across - turn to **530**.



205

All players should note the codeword ELEKTRA on their Character Sheets.

(PLAYER SITTING) You watch the glow in the crystal ball in front of you. It gutters like a candle flame, then gives a momentary spurt of radiance before going dim. *[You feel a pulse of psychic power. Some of the globe's energy has flown into you, giving you a single use of the Nemesis Bolt spell. You can release this spell at any time without having to call it to mind or make a roll to cast it. Remember you have only one such use of it, though.]*

Now turn back to **50**.



206

You ascend the stairs. As you near the top it appears that they end in a blank stone wall, but a step shifts under you, and a door-shaped slab of stone rumbles upwards ahead of you. Stepping through into a filthy chamber of natural rock, you are greeted by a hideous sight and an overpowering smell that is utterly foul. Before you is a creature of bubbling slime that continually changes its form before your eyes. It exudes pseudopods, tentacles, chitinous insectoid limbs and huge grasping arms seemingly at random. Glutinous eyes open over its body, and stalks and antennae rip out of it, some with eyes or mouths at their tips, before being sucked back into the amorphous slime that constitutes its being. Gaping maws, lined with teeth or dripping ichor, split open or seal over with a sickening plopping sound. Some orifices emit noxious gasses, others sinewy tongues running with organic juices or coated in vicious-looking rasping spines. You are seized with revulsion. Then, to your horror, the slab of stone behind you slams shut with a thundering crash, and the being scuttles towards you on myriad insectoid legs. You must fight.

Turn to **16**.

207

All players should note the codeword FLITTER-MOUSE on their Character Sheets.

(PLAYER SITTING) The globe in front of you flickers and grows dim. *[You sense that you have acquired a single use of a Flight spell. This will allow you and up to three companions to fly for a short time. If used in combat it allows you to flee without having to move first. Remember that you have only one use of this Flight spell, though, so you must choose the moment carefully.]*

Now turn back to **50**.

208

Moving on to the slab, you are relieved to find you have not set off any trap. You step off the stone grid in front of the dais.

Turn to **303**.

209

You spur the animal by kicking it in the flanks with your heels. It gives a sullen yelp and takes off, soaring away from the platform and circling for a moment until it finds a thermal current on which to rise aloft. It flies you to its eyrie: a high tower built atop a pinnacle which is not connected to the rest of the ruins.

It alights on the roof and you climb off its back. There are no stairs down into the tower from the roof. The only way on from here is a narrow walkway across to another building on the edge of Spyte itself.

If you go along the walkway to the ruins, turn to **204**. If you want to kill the bat, turn to **245**.

210

As you strike down the last of the animals it and all the corpses of the others disappear. Over by the lip of the Cauldron you can see them still resting quietly, watching the rising of the stars. You have been fighting illusions! You walk on to the edge of the crater cursing the hallucinatory properties of the Blue Moon.

Turn to **274**.

211

(PLAYER SITTING) With a crack, the globe releases a scintillant blast of white light that burns your flesh like a thunderbolt. You lose ten to sixty Endurance

points (roll one Die and multiply the score by ten).
Surviving players should turn back to **50**.

212

You place the mask. Nothing happens. In fact, nothing happens no matter what you do with the masks. You rearrange them in all sorts of orders, but it seems you have failed to activate any magic - if there was any to activate. Shrugging your shoulders, you turn and head through the door.

Turn to **188**.

213

(PLAYER WHO IS JUMPING) You hurl yourself out into the fierce upward air current, your cloak billowing about you as you fall. If you are the Sage you can Levitate down without harm. Anyone else strikes the ground with considerable impact despite the braking effect of the updraught, and must lose five Dice Endurance. Armour gives no protection.

Other players now have the option to jump or to use a Potion of Diminution if they have any. They should turn to **121** in the latter case.

If you were killed by the drop but there are surviving players in the chamber above, they should turn to **276**.

Once all players who wish to descend the shaft have done so, they should turn to **546**. Not all players have to descend - but any who stay in the chamber above will be unable to take part in any actions until the party regroups.

214

Which of the following will you use now? The Blood Sword (turn to **23**), a phial containing the Potion of Diminution (turn to **59**) or a handful of diamond

dust (turn to **33**)? If you don't have any of these - or decide against using them - turn to **390**.

215

You press the silver button - click! Nothing happens. Which will you press now? The gold button (turn to **223**) or the copper one (turn to **159**)?

216

If the offering was more than twenty gold pieces or a magical item, turn to **144**. If it was worth less than that, turn to **179**.

217

When you peer into the faceted surface of the crystal bar, you can dimly discern the fragmented image of a face. It is no human countenance, though, but a leering devil face straight out of hell. Now that you concentrate, you hear what it is saying to you: 'Hail, fellow! Free me and I shall undertake to transport you at once to the centre of Spyte.'

'A paltry promise!' calls a second voice. 'Break the bar that is my prison, and I shall immediately transport you to confront the True Magi.'

'Harken, mortal ears!' says a voice from the third bar of the portcullis. These promises are as nothing. If you release me, I shall give you the power to bring your quest to an immediate and satisfactory conclusion.'

Tumid promises are soon forgotten,' interjects the fourth imprisoned devil. 'Grant me my liberty, and in return I shall present you with a gift which is more valuable than gold and yet as plentiful as the waters of the ocean, a gift which is neither weapon nor potion and yet which might conquer a titanic foe.'

If you decide that freeing any of the four devils

would be too risky, you can go back the way you came and find another way into the ruins - turn to **448**. If you break one of the crystal bars, will it be the first one (turn to **287**), the second one (turn to **355**), the third (turn to **272**) or the fourth (turn to **387**)?

218

The automaton lies shattered at your feet. Its head falls apart, and two golden orbs roll out. You take them - they are gold, and each you judge to be worth about twenty gold pieces. Note them down. Beyond the automaton is a set of stairs leading upwards. If you take them, turn to **412**. Otherwise, you can go back to the cellar if you haven't already been there (turn to **345**) or go back and take the door to the right of the entry hall (turn to **340**).

219

You put the green mask on the third face. An expectant hush seems to fall in the chamber. Was it your imagination or did Heimdall move?

If you wish, you can abandon your mask-placing and leave (turn to **188**). Otherwise, which mask will you put on the last face? The blue one (turn to **237**) or the white one (turn to **57**)?

220

You say that you agree. Instantly you stagger, as you suddenly feel weak and listless. Some of your life energy has been taken. Everyone must lose five Endurance regardless of armour. This cannot be healed. 'Now, rasps the Oracle, 'give me something else of power, and I will speak for you.' You curse it, saying you have paid the price, but it is adamant. You try to attack it, but nothing can harm its insubstantial form.

If you throw it an item (which you must cross off your Character Sheet), turn to **171**. If you refuse, turn to **56**.

221

You are magically subdued by the axe. You immediately drop your weapon and allow the masked riders to lead you over to the tree, putting up no resistance as the noose goes around your neck. You are hanged beside the refugee, and there you are left as food for the carrion-birds.

Your adventure ends in failure.



222

(ENCHANTER) Immediately the spell is energised you detect a strong source of illusion-magic nearby. But it seems not to be coming from any hidden assailant or trap - the source is Emeritus himself! Even as you step forward to act, he gives an unhuman wail of thwarted rage. The image of your old friend wavers and dissolves. Instead, in his place, you now see a spongy purple creature with a hideously ugly octopoid head.

Turn to **112**, but you have one free Round before normal combat begins because your spell gave you the jump on it.

223

There is a loud clicking sound and then a grinding, crushing noise. A section of the shrine springs

open, but to reveal only crushed glass. Drops of liquid spatter, on to the rocky ground. It seems you have pressed the wrong button. Shrugging, you decide to continue your barge journey upriver.

Turn to **282**.

224

The faltyn casts the armour down into the Cauldron. You gasp in irritation: 'Why take what you do not want?'

'Why not?' it replies fecklessly. 'Humans do so all the time. But in fact I shall fetch the armour later.' Flicking a switch, it brings the mechanical bird to a halt in mid-air. 'Return the switch to the upright position when you wish to land,' it says. 'Now, farewell. With Doomsday and the final dissolution of the mortal world scant hours away, I doubt if you will encounter me or others of my kind again . . .'

You watch it vanish back to its fay world.

Turn to **197**.

225

Which mask will you put on the first face? The yellow one (turn to **57**), the green one (turn to **22**), the red one (turn to **336**), the blue one (turn to **212**) or the white one (turn to **342**)?

226

(PLAYER(S) STUNG BY SCORPION) The scorpions' venom is in your bloodstream. You feel a momentary wave of dizziness and have to steady yourself against a spear-rack. The venom is continuing to sap your strength: each time you turn to a new paragraph, lose one more Endurance point. Write **POISONED** across the top of your Character Sheet(s) to remind you of this. The only way to cure

the poison is to get magical healing of some kind; a healing potion would do, or the Sage's healing power. If you cannot get magical healing in time, you are doomed to a slow death.

Turn to **512**.

227

(AFFECTED PLAYER) Roll Psychic Ability or less on two Dice: if you succeed, you have been saved from being psychically subdued by the sorcerous power invested in the blade. You may now flee into the woods (turn to **353**). If you failed, then you must remain standing here until the riders from the city reach you. They will hang you when they arrive on the scene. Any other members of the party, however, may flee to **353**. If you have a Warrior in your party, he or she may carry an ensorcelled party member to safety.

228

You cannot immediately spot any way of getting back up the shaft. With a shrug, you decide to investigate the stone face in the rear wall of the room. Perhaps it conceals a secret stairway leading to the chamber above ...

Turn to **350**.

229

You feel a sense of trepidation as you ascend the majestic staircase, but this time there is no sign of the Cataphract that materialised to do battle with you before. Reaching the top, you push with all your might against the heavy bronze doors. They are still cold, but no ice forms this time. Slowly they swing open.

Turn to **58**.

230

You sink to your knees, howling in agony, as your mind begins to splinter. A chasm, a maw, a vast void of Stygian blackness seems to open up before you, and you fall into it, turning in illimitable emptiness as you plummet through aeons of darkness. And all the time you are alone, so alone. Soon you are completely mad, wandering aimlessly the corridors of Spyte until the Magi come to claim you as their own. Your adventure ends here.



231

'The chambers of the Plague Star,' chirps the homunculus. 'A foul place, ridden with disease and the undead - indeed, beware the walking dead that can infect you. Also, do not hesitate to rob the dead if you can!'

Turn to **150**.

232

Tiny flakes of coloured crystal spill out. When they touch the blade of the Blood Sword they ignite, filling the brain cavity with a pungent white smoke. Choking, you retreat rapidly and take the passage leading to the thorax.

Turn to **469**.

233

The warrior materialises as before. Any wounds

you may have inflicted on him have been healed. At least you are forewarned this time, and have a Round in which to act before he gets to strike back.

Turn to **513**, remembering that each player gets to strike once before normal combat procedure begins.

234

The task I have in mind for you involves your journeying outside Spyte and returning here with a statuette that you will find in a castle on a high ridge near here called Blackridden Edge. You will return and place it at the missing point of this pentagram.' He gestures and a beam of white light illuminates an area apparently beyond the walls of the corridor, where a frozen crystal with a human figure stands inside a pentagram etched into the floor. 'Place the statuette at the missing point and then depart. You will be rewarded well.'

Before you can protest that you have no knowledge of this castle or this ridge, and that the plain of Spyte is as flat as a frozen millpond for miles around without so much as a molehill to break its monotony, the room begins to whirl around and around in a kaleidoscope pattern and the vision of the old man begins to fade.

Turn to **74**.

235

You moor the barge to some iron railings that have been set into the rock of the island. As you walk on, you realise that the interior of the island is a low bowl or depression which cannot be seen from the lake. An old dilapidated hut stands near you, beside a small shrine consisting of a carved stone pedestal to some forgotten god.

Will you investigate the hut (turn to **72**) or the

shrine (turn to **459**)? If you decide to return to the barge, turn to **282**.

236

You have more sense than to place any offering on the altar of a pagan god. You trust in the Almighty to protect you in this, the last hour of recorded time. And your devotion is repaid: though you sense a lurking evil in the depths below, it does not dare emerge to confront your pious might!

Turn to **144**.

237

You put the mask on the last face. A sudden stillness settles on the room. You notice a flicker of movement from the figure of Heimdall on the Rainbow Bridge. You jump back startled as he turns and hands you the Horn of Heroes, turns back, and freezes into immobility again! Note that you have the Horn of Heroes. Amazed, you continue on through the door ahead.

Turn to **188**.

238

Do you want to drink the potion or throw it at your opponent?

If you drink it yourself, turn to **195**. If you throw it at the warrior, turn to **271**.

239

The faltyn reaches through a fold in thin air and pulls out a large silk-bound book. After briefly consulting the first few pages it gives a thoughtful hum and motions for you to get on to the bird's back. When you are safely in place, it flits up beside the bird's head and twists one of the knobs.

The bird gives a metallic squawk and spreads its wings. With a sickening lurch it takes a series of jerky steps towards the edge of the Cauldron. You have an instant of terror in which you are sure you're about to plunge to your doom, then the bird's wings start to sweep up and down. The faltyn moves several of the levers and you feel the bird rise swiftly. For a moment you cannot see anything because of the clouds of steam rising out of the chasm below you. Then you are above the clouds. A last ray from the setting sun flashes on the bird's metal flanks. The ruins of Spyte are below you, and the faltyn is guiding the bird down for a landing on a large open plaza beside the central citadel.

Suddenly there is a shout from below. You see figures milling about. You count about twenty of them: disciples of the True Magi who have gathered here tonight for the reincarnation of their unholy masters. And you are about to land directly in their midst!

If you tell the faltyn to alter the control settings so that the bird hovers here in mid-air above the plaza, turn to **126**. If you decide to land and fight it out, turn to **78**.

240

You spin around to see the man you thought was your old friend Emeritus is fading. His image dissolves away before your eyes. In his place stands a creature whose body consists of many pulsating sacs topped by a hideous purple brain-case. It is a Dissembler - a creature of ancient myth that looks into the minds of its victims to find people whom they trust, then invultuates these by means of illusion-magic.

As it lumbers forward to attack, it distracts you by

creating images or sounds from your own memory - so that at one moment you might look into the faces of your parents, the next you hear the voice of Icon or smell the perfumed scent of Fatima's garden. All players except the Warrior must reduce their Fighting Prowess and Awareness by one for the duration of this combat because of the disorientation caused by these illusions.

Dissembler

Fighting Prowess: 8 Damage per blow: 3 Dice
 Psychic Ability: 9 Awareness: 12
 Armour Rating: 0
 Endurance: 56

Note: As well as striking with its horny beak, it also knows several spells. Roll a Die each Round to decide what it does:

1-2: Fights with its beak.

4-6: Calls to mind or casts a spell.

The spells it knows are Servile Enthralment, Ghastly Touch, Sheet Lightning and The Vampire.

If you kill it, turn to **483**.

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241

No matter what you try, the door of Blue Moon will not open. Turn to **119** and choose again.

242

There is a loud clicking sound and then a grinding, crushing noise. A section of the shrine springs open, but to reveal only crushed glass. Drops of liquid spatter on to the rocky ground. It seems you have pressed the wrong button. Shrugging, you decide to continue your barge journey upriver.

Turn to **282**.

243

You remember the words of the homunculus. Fear is an illusion. You repeat this to yourself and thus you are able to regain some courage. Go back to **315** and fight on, but you are affected by fear only on a throw of one.

244

The whole of the floor is beginning to shake and heave and you are trembling like a reed in the wind with the effort of holding the screeching gem. However, weakened by the vibration, the stones blocking up the archway in front of you collapse as you approach. Through the dust behind them you can see a set of stone steps winding up into the darkness.

Turn to **295**.

245

It is taken by surprise: you get one free Round before it starts to fight back.

Giant Bat

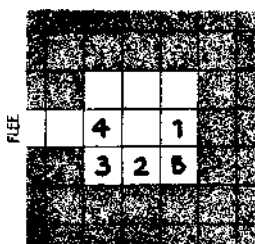
Fighting Prowess: 10 Damage per blow: 2 Dice+2

Psychic Ability: 6 Awareness: 8

Armour Rating: 0

Endurance: 77 (less any wounds previously inflicted)

If you win, turn to **125**. If you flee along the walkway, turn to **204**.



246

With all the dragon's hoard to choose from, you could be wealthier than any monarch. But you long ago ceased to care about earthly riches. It is only your quest to destroy the evil of the True Magi that matters now. You search the pile of treasure for items to replace the arms and armour you lost when you passed through the dimensional portal. Each player can kit himself or herself in mithril mail (Armour Rating four). Mithril does not impede an Enchanter's spellcasting. As for weapons, you can take your pick from a dozen lustrous steel swords. Manufactured in ancient times, these swords retain a sharpness that cannot be achieved by modern weaponsmiths: add one to damage scores when using them. By experimenting with the swords you discover that *one* of them is enchanted and adds two to the wielder's Fighting Prowess. (In a multi-player party you must use some means such as drawing lots to decide who gets this sword.)

You also find two shields. A player who wears one of these is partially protected against any attack (including arrows and Blasting spells). Any time he or she is hit, a Die is rolled and on a roll of one the shield absorbs the full force of the attack. If the Die

roll is a six, however, then this indicates the shield is destroyed - smashed, split in two, melted, or whatever. You will then have to discard it. Note that a Warrior wearing a shield will not be able to fight with a weapon in his or her left hand.

Just as you are about to leave, you notice a pouch of pale leather. You have an unpleasant feeling that it could be cured human skin. On a hunch you open the pouch and discover that it contains a handful of diamond dust. Note this on your Character Sheet if you decide to keep it - along with any armour, swords or shields you have taken. Then turn to **433**.

247

(SAGE) You perform the exorcism quickly and efficiently. The ghost manages a hoarse attempt to plead with you before emitting a shriek of horror that fades away into some unknown distant place as it disintegrates before your eyes. There is nothing else to do but go up the stairs.

Turn to **206**.

248

Steeling your nerves, you crawl gingerly between the titan's gaping mandibles. Instead of the rank odour of decay you were expecting, there is just a slight mustiness in the air here. It reminds you of frankincense.

You proceed with caution. The throat is a tunnel in which you can almost stand upright. It is seemingly composed of interlocking rings of hard shell or chitin. There is no trace of decayed flesh: the creature must have died a very long time ago.

Reaching a bulbous cavity inside the throat, you are presented with a choice of routes. If you go up a narrow dorsal passage that could lead to the brain

cavity, turn to **414**. If you take the wider tunnel down toward the thorax, turn to **469**.

249

You try to outdistance the Hundred-Eyed Beast, but it knows the layout of the maze too well. Soon you are trapped in a dead-end and have no choice but to turn and fight.

Turn to **501**.

250

If you have the codeword **TOKEN**, turn to **77**. If not, turn to **422**.

251

You go on searching and eventually come across a magic bow and a magic javelin. Arrows shot from the bow do double the usual damage. The javelin can be used once in any combat; you can throw it up to three squares and retrieve it after the battle is over. If it hits (indicated by a roll of Fighting Prowess or less on two Dice), it scores three Dice damage.

You are certain there must be other enchanted items here, but you do not have the time to go on looking for them. Turn to **14**.

252

A wave of madness seeks to take you along in its rush to oblivion, but you manage to fight off its dreadful grasp. Shaking your head to clear it, you step forward and take the blue rod. It has the number 50 engraved into it. Note in on your Character Sheet, *and make sure you note the number beside it*.

You leave and retrace your steps back to the chamber of doors. Turn to **119**.

253

You drop to the floor, but a single large metre-long barbed javelin explodes from the wall fifteen centimetres above the floor and embeds itself in your thigh. (If there are more than one of you, determine the victim by random Die roll.) Drawing it out will cause further damage but must be done. Whoever is hit loses seven Endurance (no armour). If this takes him or her to zero Endurance or less, a Sage still has the chance to try a Healing before death ensues. Will you step on the slab directly ahead of you, on the last row (turn to **208**), step forward diagonally to the right, on to the middle slab of the last row (turn to **85**), or step right, to the centre-most slab of the nine (turn to **542**)?

254

If you have the codeword CYCLOPS, turn to **285**. If not, turn to **300**.

255

Leaving the cellar behind, you re-enter the darkened hall at the entrance of the keep. Will you go deeper into the shadows of the keep (turn to **377**) or go through the door to your right (turn to **340**)?

256

You've had enough of this unnerving place, and the last thing you want to deal with now is a bunch of crazed imbeciles who revere the foul Magi as though they were gods! Your blood boils. With a howling scream of battle-mad frenzy, you charge at them, brandishing your sword. Some of the peasants give a yelp of fear and turn tail, running for their lives. Turn to **152** and fight them, but note that

the fifth and sixth disciples have fled and will take no part in the combat.

257

You take it - it is a Torque of Reanimation. If there is only one person in the party, it will be of no use. However, if in a multi-player party someone is killed, the torque can be placed around that player's neck. He or she will come back to life, but as a zombie, obedient only to the person who placed the torque. The zombie can be used only in combats, as an extra fighter. It cannot make decisions, or act as its old character (for example, if it was a Sage, it cannot turn to Sage paragraphs). It cannot cast spells, and all its abilities will be at —1, save for Endurance, which is at +10. It will be immune to psychic spells.

Gingerly, you step away from the Undead Queen's corpse, half expecting it to rise up with grasping talons and staring eyes. But nothing happens. You leave the cavern of Plague Star and go back to the chamber of doors.

Turn to **119**.

258

The corridor opens out on to a deep chasm spanned by a thin stone bridge. A cold blast of air, fetid and damp, wafts up from the crevasse. The sound is the sound of crumbling stone, for even as you watch chunks of rock fall from the bridge into the chasm where they whistle away into silence. The bridge starts to collapse utterly. Will you head back to the chamber of doors or run on to what bridge there is and leap out in a desperate attempt to reach the other side? Choose now - your chance is fading!

If you leap, turn to **103**. If you head back the way you came, turn to **291**.

259

No matter how hard you try, the door won't budge. Turn to **119** and choose again.

260

You are now climbing into an area of gloom unilluminated by the torch fires burning on the cavern walls below. As you get higher, the metal stanchions that hold the staircase to the wall begin to groan in protest at the unaccustomed burden. Every so often the whole structure shifts sickeningly under you, throwing you against the flimsy banisters. The cavern floor is far below now, but to judge by the worked stone of the walls you have entered one of the towers of Spyte. Peering up, you dimly see black shapes moving to and fro in the gloom of the rafters. They give the impression of being like great bats or cadaverous crows. You see their eyes turn towards you, shining pale yellow in the darkness like guttering oil-lamps. A chill runs through your bones at the sight of those glaring eyes.

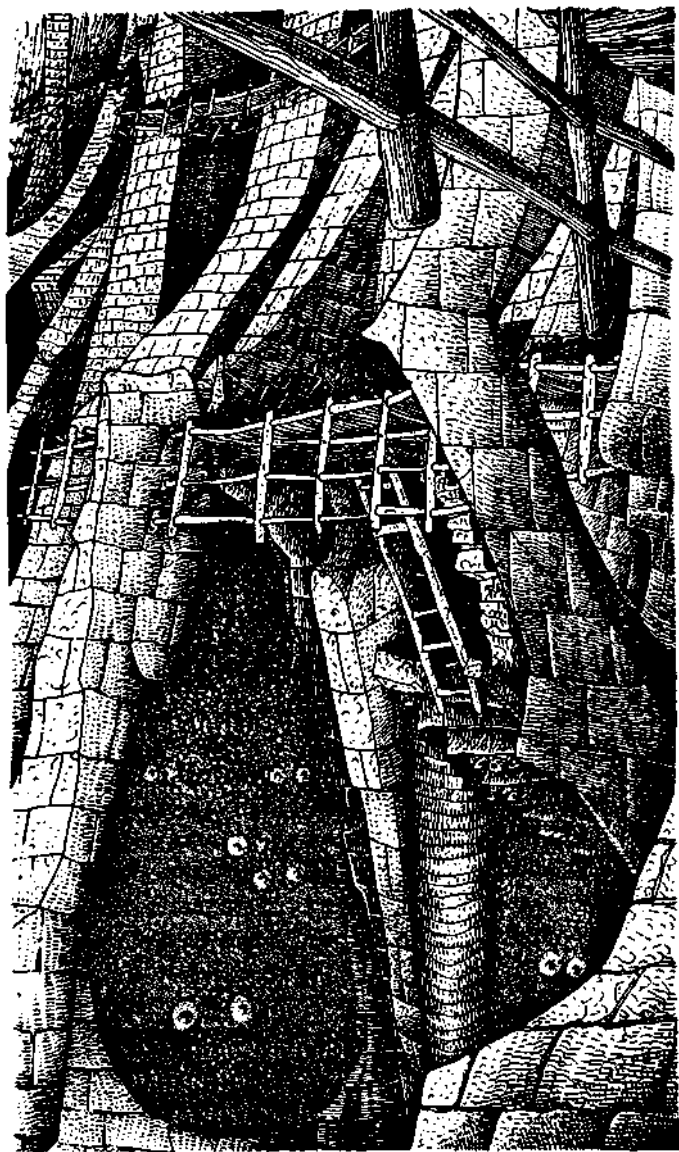
If you want to prepare an item, turn to **214**. If you advance boldly up the stairs, turn to **284**. If you start to retreat, turn to **39**.

261

'Ah, the chambers of Blue Moon - a dangerous place indeed. Nevertheless, you must go thither, noble lord - you must explore beyond every door if you wish to succeed in your quest. Beware, much is illusion beyond the blue door. At all costs, resist every temptation that your greed may lead you to. Also, do not believe what you feel.'

Note down the codeword BILE on your Character Sheet.

Turn to **150**.



262

There is a bank of small levers and knobs behind the statue's head. It is not difficult to guess that this is one of the incomprehensible mechanical marvels that the Magi are said to have created. Not only that, but from the very fact that it was fashioned in the shape of a bird you can easily imagine that it might be a flying machine. Just the job for getting you over to the ruins - if you are prepared to risk it.

If you decide there's too much danger in trying to operate a device you don't understand, turn back to **448** and make another choice.

If you climb on to the bird's back and pull a lever, turn to **502**.

If the Enchanter is here and wants to summon a faltyn, he or she should turn to **75**.

263

You step out into a huge circular chamber, fashioned from large blocks of dressed stone. There are five doors set into its walls all around, save for the way you have entered. Each is marked with the astrological symbols of one of the shooting stars of the True Magi, and adorned in patterns and sigils in appropriate colours - red for Red Death, blue for Blue Moon, white for White Light, sickly green for Plague Star, and gold for Gift Star. In the centre of the room a circular block of gleaming steel has been set, almost two metres in diameter. At its centre is a large irregular hole that looks like a huge keyhole.

Which door will you go through? The red door, the door of Red Death (turn to **203**)? The blue door of Blue Moon (turn to **99**)? The green door of Plague Star (turn to **264**)? The gold door of Gift Star (turn to **354**)? The white door of White Light (turn to **330**)?

Alternatively, if you have a homunculus with you and wish to consult it, turn to **82**.

264

If you have a green rod, turn to **65**. Otherwise, the door swings open and you step through - turn to **292**.

265

You are prepared for the wrenching sensation as you enter the dimensional gateway and dematerialise. What you are not prepared for is to find that when you rematerialise within the walls of Spyte you are stark naked! Every item of equipment possessed by all players has been lost - with the single exception of the Blood Sword, which you still have. You are standing in a high-roofed hall, one wall of which has fallen out into the chasm. Looking back towards the lip of the chasm, you can see the blue shimmering of the dimensional portal in the evening air. The pile of equipment next to it is now explained: the belongings of adventurers like yourself who stepped through the dimensional portal to enter Spyte.

This turn of events is unfortunate, but at least you have managed to cross over to the ruins without too much trouble. Now your first priority must be to get some new arms and armour. (Remember that non-Warriors who have to fight bare-handed deduct two from damage rolls and Fighting Prowess.) Advancing through an archway off the far end of the hall, you move towards the centre of the ruined city. Soon you find yourself at the entrance to a labyrinth. In an alcove to one side of the passage are five caskets - of copper, silver, bronze, gold and iron.

If you want to open one of these caskets, turn to **63**. If you press on through the labyrinth, turn to **2**.

266

You step through the door into a corridor of clean grey stone. The floor is covered with a red carpet edged with gold.

If you want to go down the corridor, turn to **398**. If you want to head back to the large chamber and choose another door, turn to **119**.

267

The pod ruptures easily, and tiny crystalline flakes spill out around your feet. They glisten with a rainbow of colour, like an oil-film on a puddle. A pleasant aroma wafts up from them. You can take some of these crystals if you wish. Remember to record them on your Character Sheet(s) if you do; a handful of them counts as one item for encumbrance purposes.

Turn to **200**.

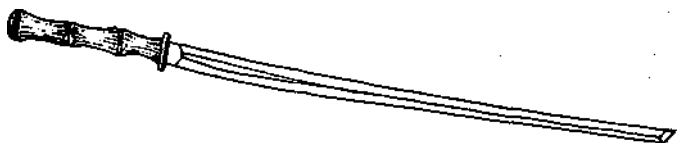
268

(BLINDED PLAYER) If you are on your own, this is the end of your adventure. Without your eyesight, you would not survive half an hour in the labyrinthine ruins.

If you are accompanied by other players, they will be able to guide you around. In combat, reduce your Fighting Prowess by six (down to a minimum score of two). You cannot shoot, throw or use Blasting spells unless another player is next to you and can direct your aim. You can only move one square per Round on tactical displays. You may still be of some use to your comrade(s) if you have the special powers of an Enchanter or a Trickster's cunning,

but if you are a Warrior you will be able to do very little. If your sighted companion(s) get killed, your adventure will end immediately.

Assuming you are in a multi-player party, turn to **50**.



269

You toss the cloak over the glass bell that imprisons her. 'Oh!' you hear her moan. 'The light has gone . . . Free me . . .'

Her voice is getting weaker. If you free her, turn to **519**. If not, leave the cloak here and proceed by turning to **305**.

270

You run over to help the refugee. The black-masked riders turn their horses around when they see you coming.

Black Riders

Fighting Prowess: 7

Damage: 3 Dice

Psychic Ability: 7

Awareness: 7

Armour Rating: 4

Endurance:	<i>first</i>	25	<i>third</i>	25
	<i>second</i>	25	<i>fourth</i>	25

Horses

Psychic Ability: 5

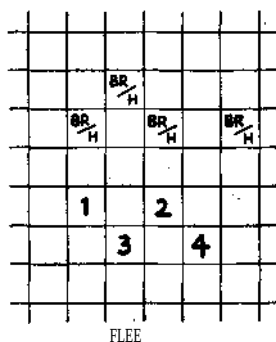
Armour Rating: 3

Endurance:	<i>first</i>	30	<i>third</i>	30
	<i>second</i>	30	<i>fourth</i>	30

It is possible to direct attacks (including spells) at the horses rather than the riders. If a horse is slain, then the rider will be thrown into the square immediately in front of the horse and take two Dice damage, without armour protection.

Any player struck by a Black Rider's axe should note positions on the tactical map and then turn to **314**.

If you flee into the woods, turn to **353**. If you win, turn to **549**.



271

The potion splashes into the Cataphract's face, but freezes almost at once on the hard icy visor of his helmet. Cross off one phial from your Character Sheet. The player who threw the potion has wasted his or her first Round; combat now proceeds normally.

Cataphract

Fighting Prowess: 8

Psychic Ability: 8

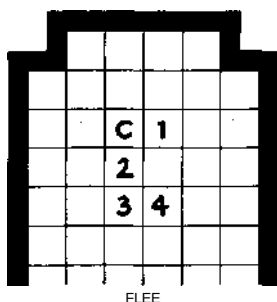
Armour Rating: 5

Endurance: 90

Damage per blow: 6 Dice

Awareness: 8

If you flee back down the steps, turn to **278**. If you defeat him, turn to **48**.



272

It is the work of but a moment to break the crystal bar. This is accompanied by a flare of golden light and an eruption of brimstone-tainted mist, which clears to reveal a capering devil in black and yellow livery.

'Greetings and felicitations, says the devil. 'How happy I shall be to return to the Pit after the arduous decades I have spent in confinement. And it is you I have to thank for my freedom - but mere words possess the value of broken horseshoes, so instead I must thank you by fulfilling my promise.'

He takes a large drinking-horn from behind his back. The brew it contains is yellow-grey and gives off a vile reek, but he takes a huge gulp from it and makes a great show of smacking his lips. Then he holds it out for you. The devil is urging you to drink.

If you do, turn to **391**. If you refuse, turn to **64**.

273

You mount the steps to the flat roof of the tower, where a large area has been marked out for some sort of summoning. In the centre of an inscribed

pentacle you can see a group of terrified captives cowering inside a circle of many-coloured flame. At each point of the pentacle stands a robed wizard - these five are the supreme disciples of the Magi, and you can be sure that their occult powers are great. They glance at you with hatred in their eyes, but make no move to attack. 'You are too late to stop us,' screams one, 'It is the end of the world; the era of the Magi is at hand!'

They begin a low chanting. Instantly the shrieking wind drops, enveloping the roof in dead silence. Then you hear an eldritch melody joining the chant. It sounds to be coming from far off, but it is getting nearer. A flicker of rainbow light shines down on the area of summoning. You look up into the sky. The Five Stars hang right above the tower, each aligned with one of the points of the pentacle. They seem so close you could almost reach up and touch them. The unearthly music comes from them - the music of the spheres, the celestial harmony, knowledge of which has turned the last of the Magi into gods!

'We must hurry!' says Karunaz, seizing your sleeve. 'The summoning is not yet complete. However, we must take care not to kill the disciples after they have stopped chanting, as their deaths then would only serve to add power to the sacrifice.'

Turn to **196**.

274

You are on the very edge of the Cauldron. Looking down, you can just make out a few licking sulphurous flames thousands of metres below where the single basalt block upon which the ruins of Spyte are built emerges from the dense cloud of belching steam. The stench of hellfire is overpowering and

you step back, covering your nostrils with your robes. You cast around for ways across the chasm as you slowly make your way around the vast perimeter of the Cauldron.

Turn to **448**.

275

Will you hurl the salt over the ice-covered doors (turn to **31**), on to the Cataphract's spear (turn to **135**) or on to the Cataphract himself (turn to **54**)?

276

You can now enter the garden of dry plants (turn to **386**), search the body beside the air shaft (turn to **106**), look at the shaft itself (turn to **445**), go up the wooden trelliswork stairs (turn to **327**) or take the wide ceremonial stairway (turn to **403**).

277

The gem is throbbing like a living thing in your hands, and the keening noise it is producing keeps on getting louder. You watch the sections of vaulting crash down from the darkness far above. If you step out into the banqueting-hall you risk being crushed - but are you really any better off where you are? Across the hall you can just make out the shape of an old archway. It appears to have been bricked up at some time in the distant past, but perhaps if you could break through you might find a way back up to the citadel.

If you remain here in the fireplace, turn to **427**. If you try to make a dash back to the bottom of the air shaft, turn to **296**. If you head towards the bricked-up archway, turn to **244**.

278

Hearing no sounds of pursuit, you turn and look back when you near the bottom of the staircase. There is no sign of the ice-clad knight, and the frost has melted away from the bronze doors. Was the whole scene just another of Blue Moon's invidious illusions?

If you go back up the stairs, turn to **233**. If you look around the chamber for another way on from here, turn to **276**.

279

In a flash you teleport across the remaining distance to the ruins. You are now standing on the cracked marble flagstones of a pillar-lined avenue. You have escaped the acid fumes and the giant lice - but doubtless Spyte holds terrors of its own.

Your objective must be to find a way into the citadel at the centre of Spyte. You investigate several nearby buildings but in most cases the entrances are buried under tonnes of fused rubble. Eventually you are able to dig through to the ground floor of a partly collapsed pavilion. Finding a wide set of stairs that lead under ground, you start to descend.

Turn to **376**.

280

The Razor Birds hurtle towards you at terrifying speed, the Basilisk slowly turns its eyes towards you, and the quills of the Ice Bear are erect as it comes lumbering forward.

Basilisk

Fighting Prowess: 6

Psychic Ability: 8

Armour Rating: 1

Endurance: 24

Damage per blow: 2 Dice

Awareness: 6

Note: Anyone who looks the Basilisk in the eye will be frozen to death at once. The chance of this is one-third (that is, a roll of one or two on one Die) if you are adjacent to the beast, one-sixth (a roll of one) if you are not. Make this roll at the end of every Round. You can avoid meeting its gaze by closing your eyes, but this requires you to use an extra Die for your fight rolls and prevents you from attacking with spells or missile weapons.

Ice Bear

Fighting Prowess: 8	Damage per blow: 4 Dice
Psychic Ability: 5	Awareness: 6
Armour Rating: 2	
Endurance: 38	

Note: Because of its sharp spines, anyone striking the Ice Bear in melee takes one Die +1 damage. (If you are the Warrior and hit it twice a Round, you will take damage from the spines twice.) Armour protects from this as normal.

Razor Birds

Fighting Prowess: 9	Damage per blow: 1 Die
Psychic Ability: 6	Awareness: 7
Armour Rating: 0	
Endurance:	
<i>first</i> 2	<i>fourth</i> 2
<i>second</i> 2	<i>fifth</i> 2
<i>third</i> 2	<i>sixth</i> 2

Note: You need to use an extra Die for any fight, shoot or throw rolls against the birds because of their small size and high manoeuvrability. Their beaks are so sharp that you should discount any armour when figuring the damage you take for being hit by one of them.

You can only flee in the first Round of the combat-

that is, before they reach you. If you decide to do so, turn to **393**. If you win, turn to **210**.

			R ₆		
R ₅		B		I	
					R ₄
	R ₁	R ₂	R ₃		
1	2	3	4		

FLEE

281

You go barely a dozen paces before blundering into a blind alley. Cornered, you turn to face the Night-shrieker. Saliva dribbles across its long fangs and spatters the floor. It is eager to drink your blood.

Turn to **175**.

282

You pole your way up the dark riverway. The slapping water echoes all around you, and you eye the murky, oily waters distastefully. Is it your imagination or did you notice something moving in the depths? A little way ahead, the tunnel mouth looms invitingly. You begin to feel vulnerable and exposed on the open water. Nameless fear begins to rise in your heart.

If you docked at the island and put an offering on the shrine there, turn to **216**. If you saw the shrine but did not leave an offering, turn to **236**. If you didn't dock at the island, turn to **144**.



283

If the Sage is here, he or she should turn to **397**. If not, turn to **424**.

284

The flying monsters launch themselves from the rafters with caws of maddened hatred. Their eyes loom like dazzling beacons, but even as they swoop to attack you can still make out only their wings and bodies as patches of lighter shadow against the deep darkness.

You have one Round in which to act before they reach you. If the Enchanter is here, he or she could call a spell to mind or cast one that was already prepared. Any player who is able to make a shoot or throw attack could also do so. If you want to spend the Round getting an item ready, turn to **214**. Otherwise, turn to **390** for the battle, but remember you get one free Round to act before they reach you.

285

(PLAYER SITTING) The globe in front of you is dark now, but you reach forward to try willing it to release another pulse of mystic energy. Abruptly there is a flare of light and you scream in pain as you clutch your hands to your eyes. When you lower

them your vision has gone - all you can see is a uniform grey haze. You have been struck blind!

If you are a Sage, turn to **436**. If not, turn to **268**.

286

You must fight each other. You may choose your targets at will if you are deluded. If you are sane, you may attack only those that attack you. Deluded characters always seek to attack to kill. Sane characters can attack to kill or try to subdue their friends. Subdual is done as a normal fight, save that damage is lessened by one Die, and all points inflicted in this way are only a temporary loss. Any character who reaches zero Endurance from subdual damage is knocked unconscious.

If the sane characters win, all unconscious characters can be revived and they will then be back to normal. The spell of Servile Enthralment will also cure a character (this can be used to cure someone during combat). When you are ready, turn to **401**.

If the crazed characters win, there will be only one left, after the fight to the death. He or she should turn to **230**.

287

There is a thunderous boom as your blow breaks the crystal bar. The next instant a squat devil with skin the colour of red gold is prancing up and down in front of you. 'Some there were who suggested I'd not remember my promise to you,' he cries.

You cannot help flinching at the overpowering stench of his breath, but you manage to reply with a gasp: 'Let us now go directly to the centre of the city, then.'

'You may go there,' he replies with a crooked grin, 'but I shall take myself down to the bottom of the

Cauldron. It may be hot and rank, but it is altogether preferable to the tomb of cold rock that awaits you!

The last thing you see is a puff of violet smoke and flame. Then you cannot move or breathe or see, and your only sensation is one of mounting claustrophobia. The devil has transported you directly to the centre of Spyte, indeed: into the stone foundations of the inner keep! How foolish of you to trust the word of an unholy creature.



288

(SAGE) You drift easily up the shaft as though your body had no more weight than the motes of rock dust blown by the shrieking air current. You allow yourself to resume your normal weight as you float up to alight on the rim of the shaft.

If other players are still below waiting to ascend, they should turn to **115**. If all (surviving) players are now here, you can press on - turn to **276**.

289

You trip attempting to dodge the minotaur as it smashes through the door. You clutch at the balustrade around the landing behind you, but the wood is rotten and breaks in your hand. As you pitch over the side, your last glimpse of the walkway tells you that the minotaur was not real after all. You are

falling to your doom because you tried to dodge *an illusion* . . . !'

Surviving players (if any) should turn to **421**.

290

(PLAYER SITTING) Images arise from the dully glowing globe the moment you are seated. You see phantom faces contorted in silent laughter and clutching fingers that pass through you like mirages. Of course, you realise that the things you can see have no reality - they are just illusions. Even so, you find them distracting and, worse still, they persist even after you have got up out of the chair. By concentrating hard you can tell reality from illusion, but the flickering images will remain with you for the rest of the adventure and will continue to distract you at vital moments. Therefore reduce your Fighting Prowess by two and your Awareness by four to represent this.

Now turn back to **50**.

291

The bridge collapses in entirety, leaving nothing but stark black emptiness between you and the other side. You retrace your steps back to the chamber of doors.

Turn to **119**.

292

The first thing that strikes you is the malodorous stench of dead and decaying organic matter. Then you notice you have stepped into a huge natural cavern, lit by a greenish glow that radiates from the ground. You look down, and your gorge rises in disgust. The floor is covered in rotting slime, a putrescent soup in which you can still see the

remains of human bodies in various stages of decomposition. Legs and arms protrude from it at all angles, skeletal hands clawing desperately at the empty air as if in a mute plea for aid.

Towards the centre of the cavern you can see something large. Gingerly you set off across the slime.

Turn to **372**.

293

You turn tail and flee back into the chamber of coloured doors, slamming the white portal shut behind you. If you re-enter that door, the Biophage will have regenerated any wounds it might have.

Turn to **119**.

294

You throw off the beguiling call of the Stygian void that threatens to engulf your mind. If anyone failed their roll, you must turn to **286**, for they have been driven mad and are about to attack you. If all are safe, turn to **401**.

295

The keening of the gem is now so high-pitched that it has become a continuous hum that rattles your teeth in their sockets. It has done its job now, anyway - you cast it back into the crumbling hall. Hurrying up the steps, you emerge through a hidden doorway into the cavern from which you originally descended the shaft. (If there are any players waiting here they can now rejoin you.)

Turn to **276**.

296

A huge section of vaulting gives way, unable to

support the weight of the fractured roof any longer. You have just time to look up in horror as a hundred tonnes of masonry topples down on to you. You are crushed to death, entombed in the lowest chamber of Spyte.

Any players who had remained at the top of the air shaft, or who escaped before the ceiling caved in, can proceed with the adventure by turning to 276.

297

You throw the dust at the nearest ores. They stagger back, coughing and retching. Moments later they fall to the ground, quite dead. The others are disconcerted, but they are still coming at you . . .

Ores

Fighting Prowess: 5 Damage per blow: 3 Dice

Psychic Ability: 6 Awareness: 5

Armour Rating: 2

Endurance: *first* 25 *third* 25
 second 25

If you kill them, turn to **193**.

		O ₁	1		
			O ₂	2	4
				O ₃	3

298

You rush to attack the disciples before they can recover their wits. For the first two Rounds of combat they can take no action at all, even to defend themselves.

Disciples of the Magi

Fighting Prowess: 5

Psychic Ability: 9

Armour Rating: 0

Endurance: *first* 15 *fourth* 15

second 15 *fifth* 15

third 15

Damage per blow: 1 Die

Awareness: 7

Each time you kill one of them, put a cross on your Character Sheet. Do the same if they kill one of the players - or Karunaz, if he's here. This will give you a record of the fatalities in this battle. After five Rounds or after you've killed them all (whichever comes first), turn to **407**.

			D ₁			
			1			
D ₅				3	2	D ₂
				4		
				5		
	D ₄				D ₃	

299

The villagers have an archaic way of speaking, but welcome you openly enough. Soon you are sitting before the village elders, where you are given food and medicines to heal your wounds. (You can use these medicines now or later. Each player is given a package of herbs and salves which will restore two Dice of lost Endurance. The package counts as one unit of encumbrance.)

The villagers show no surprise when you tell them about the black-masked riders. 'Thus the way of things is, here now in these latter days,' says one

of the elders in a wistful, lilting voice. 'We must endure our lot, as the legends say, for in the hearthside tales of old it is foretold that not until the statue of Our Lady of Time is taken from Blackrid-den Castle up there on the bleak fells will the rule of the Black Riders be ended. What mortal, even a hero of myth, would brave the dangers that lie between us and the statue: the sleeping giant Snorrid and the flint-hearted wadwos that infest the castle? Not for our poor sakes, I think.'

'Do not be too sure,' you reply. 'What if a hero's interests coincided with your own, after all? But continue - what more can you say about the giant, and the guardians of the castle?'

He tells you that Snorrid lies across the path into the hills. Nearby, a witch set a pile of boots whose tread would wake him, so that any traveller who takes a pair of fine new boots from this pile is sure to meet a sticky end very soon after. The castle itself is the den of some ogres who daily defile the holy image of the Lady of Time. It seems that only the holy powder entrusted to the village elders will protect you from becoming part of the contents of the ogres' larder.

You surprise the elders by asking for some of the powder. 'None before has come who would dare to venture into the castle,' one says, handing over some of the powder wrapped in a dockleaf. 'Cast it at their faces, and they will choke on it as wholesome beasts would choke on a poison.'

After thanking the villagers for their hospitality, you set out towards the range of hills you can see beyond the forest.

Turn to **69**.

300

All players should note the codeword CYCLOPS on their Character Sheets.

(PLAYER SITTING) The globe set in front of the chair pulses with light for a moment, then fades to blackness. *[You sense it contained great power which it conveyed into you when you sat down. Much of the power was lost because your untrained mind did not know how to utilise it. However, you have gained a single use of a spell called Presentiment. This is something like the regular Enchanter spell Prediction, but it is both more accurate and of shorter focus. When you decide to use the Presentiment spell, you can read all the entries for all the options you are presented with at the time, then choose which of these 'possible futures' to take. Remember you have only one use of Presentiment - use it when you are confronted with a wide range of challenging and potentially critical options.]*

Now turn back to 50.

301

(SAGE) You have an uneasy feeling about the carcass in general and these protuberances in particular. A book you once read - you think it was Philomenes' *Zoology* - hypothesised that for some creatures death is just part of the life-cycle. Thus, it may be that at some time in the distant past, changes in the climate forced the insectoid titan to enter a rather drastic state of hibernation in which the soft living tissues of its body died and decomposed. Its exoskeleton now awaits recolonisation by the dormant genetic material within these pods.

A nightmarish concept, typical of Philomenes at his most fanciful. Turn back to 414 and decide what to do.

302

You turn to run back the way you came, but to your astonishment you are now teetering on the brink of a bottomless pit. Thousands of metres below, you can see a roiling blanket of sulphurous vapour, but the edges of the pit stretch even beyond that.

The rearmost player in the battle order must roll two Dice. If you get equal to or less than your Awareness, you have managed to catch yourself before you stepped back into empty space - turn to **338**. If you score higher than your Awareness, turn to **534**.

303

The dais is plain and uninteresting, but the staff that rests upon it is far from that. The quarterstaff is of hard ash, bound in iron at each tip, and with bands of iron along its length. Runes of power are etched into the wood. If there is a Sage in the party who wishes to examine it, turn to 458. To anyone else, it feels as any other staff would, but is obviously of great value.

When you have finished here, you turn your attention to the great double doors. They swing open easily at a touch. Turn to **165**.

304

The door opens on to a small gallery that overlooks a large banqueting-hall. As soon as you step out on to it you are greeted by the raucous sounds of merriment. Looking over, you see a long oaken table heaped with fine viands and flagons of golden wine. Seated at the table are many revellers, their faces smiling and flushed with wine. They are dressed magnificently, but in clothes of a style that would denote great antiquity - indeed, it seems a

mixture of styles and cultures. All of the talking, laughing celebrants are fair to look upon, each enjoying the full bloom of youth. There are about fifty of them, and at the head of the table sits a sumptuously dressed man who wears a golden crown on his head. Serving men and women dart about like bees at a flower, constantly tending to the needs of the guests. No one has noticed your arrival.

Will you go down the stairs that lead to the banqueting-hall (turn to **319**) or head back through the portrait room to the entry hall of the keep (turn to **402**)?

305

The further you go, the more unshakable the feeling that you are hopelessly lost in the labyrinth. You think of the Magi's disciples, doubtless scheming even now for the return of their unearthly masters to the sublunary world. You must hurry - but turning after turning leads you to dead-ends or endlessly diverging corridors.

Suddenly you step forward on to a hidden trap door which opens beneath you. Before you can catch hold of something, you are careening down a long chute. You land with a sharp jolt on the floor of a glittering cavern - each player loses one Endurance point. You get to your feet and look around. The glittering comes from an enormous pile of gems and gold. In the pile you can see jewelled crowns, imperial sceptres, diadems, ruby rings, burnished shields and swords of bright steel. And atop the pile lies a dragon with armoured scales the colour of red gold. At first you didn't see it, as it almost seems part of the treasure hoard. You begin to back away as quietly as possible, praying that it will not wake . . .



The dragon opens one eye and glares at you. What will you do now? Try to back away and leave the cavern (turn to **17**), speak to the dragon (turn to **116**), attack it (turn to **524**) or use an item (turn to **442**)?

306

You retrieve the items carried by your fallen comrade(s). Suddenly the flesh on the corpse(s) rips open and a few small scorpions emerge. Apparently the larger scorpions had a chance to lay eggs before they died!

Each player has one small scorpion attached to him or her. Every Round they sting you on a roll of 1-2 on one Die, and each sting inflicts one Die damage (with armour giving no defence). A single hit will kill them, but, as before, you must roll Awareness or less on two Dice to avoid hitting the person the scorpion is attached to for half damage.

If you kill the scorpion(s), turn to **133**.

307

Myorg leaps up in surprise and joy. 'You have done it!' he shrieks insanely. I cannot believe it - I am free at last - free!' At this point his voice rises to a crescendo of madness, his eyes wild and staring. Then he calms down, and says tensely: 'Well, what are you waiting for! Put the statuette into the pattern. Go on, hurry!' Beside you on the floor is a strange pattern of pentacles and arcane symbols. At its centre is a small circle of silver into which the statuette will fit perfectly.

Will you put the statuette in the circle (turn to **476**) or head down the corridor towards the door at the other end which you can now see, ignoring Myorg (turn to **388**)?

308

(ENCHANTER) 'Oh, very well,' says the faltyn when it realises you are not going to part with the Blood Sword. 'I am prepared to accept your armour instead.'

If you (the Enchanter) are wearing armour and are willing to give it up, turn to **224**. If not, the faltyn leaves you to your fate - turn to **78**.

309

The dragon's eyes open wider as it gazes on the key you are holding. 'Events now take a turn that I had not expected,' it says. 'With that key you will be able to unlock the chain fettering me to the cavern wall. At last, after centuries of captivity here, I shall be free.'

You can indeed see (if you had not noticed already) that the dragon's back leg is secured by a long iron chain. 'It represents the bonds of avarice,' says the dragon, rattling the chain resentfully and spilling crocodile tears on to its treasure-pile. 'Thus am I punished by the residue of demerit I built up in my mortal lifespan.'

If you unlock the chain, turn to **178**. If not, you can attack the dragon (turn to **524**) or leave right now (turn to **17**).

310

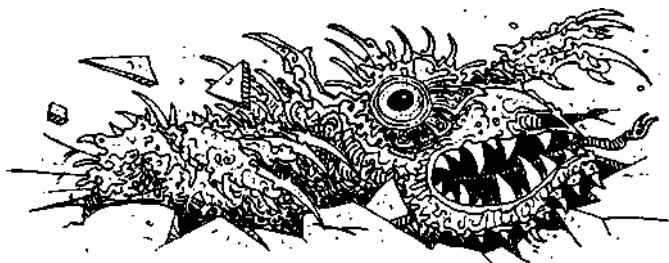
The gems suddenly become blood-red scorpions that cling to the players who were carrying them. Roll a Die for each one at the beginning of each Round. On a one or two, it injects a poison that causes the loss of two Dice Endurance (with armour no protection).

You can strike back at the scorpions. Any successful hit is enough to kill one, but the player striking

must roll Awareness or less on two Dice to avoid some of the force of the blow carrying on to the person the scorpion was attached to. Failure to make this roll means that the scorpion is killed, but mat the player it was stinging takes half the blow's regular damage.

The scorpions have a Psychic Ability of five. If spells are used to kill them, there is no danger of harming the player(s) they are attached to.

If you manage to kill the lot, turn to **312**. If the scorpions kill the player(s) they're attached to but there are other players who are not being stung, turn to **83**.



311

A wise decision, great one,' he prates, 'but that is only to be expected when dealing with such an exalted mind as your own! Such enlightened lord of creation, such astounding intellect, such . . . '

'Enough!' you bellow.

'Forgive me, lord,' replies the homunculus meekly. 'About which door does the great one wish to be illuminated?'

If you wish to learn about the red door, the door of Red Death, turn to 356. If you wish to hear about the blue door, the door of Blue Moon, turn to 261. If you want to hear about the white door, the door of

White Light, turn to 66. If you want to hear about the Plague Star door, turn to **231**. If you want to learn about the Gift Star door, turn to **455**.

312

All the scorpions shrivel up like empty chrysalises when they are killed.

If any player was stung by them, he or she should turn to **226**. If not, turn to **512**.

313

The bat loses interest in you as soon as its precious collection of jewels is no longer threatened. You turn back after running a dozen metres or so to see it crouched over the jewels, licking them protectively. By the time you have got your breath back it has flown off again in the direction of the city.

Turn to **448**.

314

Roll two Dice, trying to score equal to or less than your Psychic Ability. If you succeed, turn back to **270** and resume the fight.

If you fail, turn to **221** if you are on your own, or to **181** if you are with one or more other players.

315

You must fight the three Harbingers of Red Death.

Harbingers of Red Death

Fighting Prowess: 8 Damage per blow: 5 Dice

Psychic Ability: 6 Awareness: 8

Armour Rating: 5

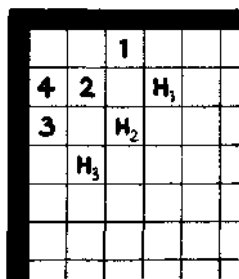
Endurance: *first* 35 *third* 35

second 35

Note: Every time you wish to act, roll one Die. On a

one or a two you are paralysed by fear and can do nothing this .Round. You cannot flee for there is nowhere to go.

If you have the codeword **SWORD** on your Character Sheet, turn to **243**. If you kill them, turn to **335**.



316

The five sections fit together perfectly to make a large key, with the blue one at the end. You step over to the circular slab of steel and insert the key. It disappears from sight, and you leap back as a deep rumbling noise sounds below you. The steel circle begins to rise upwards, revealing itself to be a huge pillar of metal embedded in the floor. Up above, in the ceiling, a round hole appears. The pillar of steel rises right up to cover the hole. At the base of the pillar a door slides open, revealing a spiral staircase that travels up the interior of the steel edifice. You step in and start to wend your way up.

Turn to **540**.

317

You go over and inspect the airshaft. A stiffish breeze blows upwards ruffling your hair, and blowing your cloak up over your face. You gingerly

look over the edge only to step back rapidly: there is a drop of many hundreds of feet below. It may be that the force of the air will buoy you up and allow you to drift slowly down the shaft. You experiment by throwing over a back pack full of stones. It shows that the air current does break the fall of the pack to some extent, but it is difficult to tell how much exactly as the floor below is lost in shadow.

If you are prepared to risk throwing yourself over the edge, turn to **213**. If you have any Potions of Diminution and wish to make use of them now, turn to **121**. If you want to take another look around the chamber you're in, turn to **276**.

318

The thing falls, a ruin of shattered bone. The pectoral ceases to glow. You take it - it is a Torque of Reanimation. If there is only one person in the party it will be of no use. However, if in a multi-player party someone is killed, the tore can be placed around the player's neck. He or she will come back to life, but as a zombie, obedient only to the person who placed the tore. The zombie can be used only in combats, as an extra fighter. It cannot make decisions or act as its old character (for example, if it was a Sage, it cannot turn to Sage paragraphs). It cannot cast spells or use other character abilities, and its only options in combat are move, fight and flee.

The Torc of Reanimation can be used only once, as it must be left on the reanimated zombie in order to keep it 'alive'. You leave the cavern of Plague Star and go back to the chamber of doors.

Turn to **119**.

319

You reach the bottom of the stairs before you are

noticed. A sudden pall of silence descends like a sodden blanket. People turn to stare at you in surprise, but the crowned man at the head of the table merely smiles a slow smile of greeting. Instantly, the rest of the guests break into loud chatter, laughing and calling greetings to you all. Just then, a torch in a bracket beside you on the wall, sputters, causing a brief surge of bright light to flare before your eyes. In that brief instant it seems to you that the people in the room take on the appearance of old and doddering age, but then all is as it was - a trick of the light, no doubt.

Turn to **451**.

320

Which of these items are you going to use? A stone mallet (turn to **516**) or a black cloak (turn to **475**)? If you don't have either of these, turn to **175**.

321

You stagger free of the debilitating grip of the pillar of coruscating blue, gasping for breath. When you have recovered you notice an archway in the wall of the far side of the cavern. No other exit is there. You head towards it.

Turn to **432**.

322

The Biophage lies dead before you. There is a white rod set into the wall behind its carcass which you instinctively grab for. It comes away in your hand. Note it on your Character Sheet and that is has the number 16 engraved upon it. Further on from the corridor ahead you hear a crumbling roar of falling

masonry. You hurry down it, curious as to what caused the sound.

Turn to **258**.

323

'Now that I come to think of it,' says the devil, 'the gift I was going to give you is not really a gift at all. You have it already - or as good as. How about something else instead? This flask of Satanic Polychrest, a potion that cures all ailments? Or this Trefoil Dagger, which can be thrown with unerring accuracy and fatal force? Or what about this Specular Diadem, which reflects hostile spells back at the caster?'

If you choose the flask of Satanic Polychrest, turn to **326**. If you choose the Trefoil Dagger, turn to 137. If you choose the Specular Diadem, turn to 86. If you insist on getting the gift he originally had in mind, turn to **384**.

324

You whip out the mallet just seconds before the Argus closes to attack you. The player wielding the mallet must deduct four from his or her Fighting Prowess because it is badly balanced for use as a weapon. It scores normal damage when it hits. If you roll double one ('snake-eyes') for your fight roll while using the mallet, turn at once to **101**. (You can put the mallet away and switch back to your usual weapon, but this will take one Round.)

Argus

Fighting Prowess: 9

Damage per blow: 3 Dice+3

Psychic Ability: 9

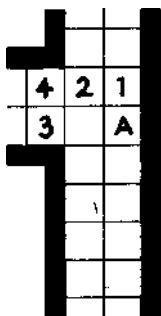
Awareness: 6

Armour Rating: 3

Endurance: 54

The creature's multiple eyes make it a dangerous opponent: it is able to strike at up to four opponents simultaneously. Resolve the combat normally, but when it is the Argus' turn to act it will make fight rolls against all players adjacent to it.

If you win, turn to **27**.



325

'A superb gem,' declares the dragon as you hold it up. 'It will make a fine addition to my hoard.'

You don't like the greedy glint that has appeared in those reptilian eyes, or the hot smoke that suddenly curls up from its flared nostrils.

Turn to **524**.

326

You take the flask containing the potion he describes as Satanic Polychrest. You can drink this potion at any time during the adventure except when you are engaged in combat. To find out what it does, turn to **141**. Write down the number of the entry you're on at the time before doing so, as **141** will not guide you back there. You will need to record on your Character Sheet: 'Flask containing Satanic Polychrest potion - see **141** for effect'.

After giving you the item, the devil vanishes in a flash of brimstone fire. Turn to **362**.

327

You make your way up through shadows that hang like drapes from the cavern roof. Looking up, you see that there are landings at erratic intervals up the staircase. The walls show signs of carving as you ascend - in contrast to the unworked rock of the cavern floor - and sometimes you pass archways that lead off the stairway. The top of the staircase is completely enveloped in gloom, though.

The further you go up, the more the wooden structure seems to heave in the air currents howling up from the depths below. On one of the landings you stumble into a dead body. It is lying with its arm twisted beneath it at an angle which gives the impression that it fell from high above.

If you want to inspect the body, turn to **351**. If you step over it and continue to ascend, turn to **260**. If you go back down and try another route, turn to **276**.

328

(SAGE) You'll have to help Emeritus in spite of himself. As you begin to summon up your mystic power of vision, you decide that Emeritus needn't know unless you actually have to step in to save him from a trap. However, you are totally unprepared for the shocking sight that does meet your eyes. Not only can you see a door at the back of each curtained alcove, but the human form of your old friend disappears to be replaced by a hideous unhuman monstrosity. It has a wheezing, spongy body and a purple-veined head like a giant octopus. You recognise it from an old bestiary you read in the

scriptorium on the island of Kaxos: it is a Planetor Mutabilis, a rare creature that was said to roam the hills of Asmulia before the founding of Selentium. It has the power to read men's minds and present itself in the illusory guise of someone known and trusted.

Turn to **112** to give battle, but you have one free Round before normal combat begins because you are forewarned of its imminent attack.

329

You dash forward. The disciples regard you with looks of black fury, but the ritual is too far advanced for them to risk breaking it off to attack you.

'Mercy, mercy,' wails one of the captives. His eyes are filled with tears of terror, but the heat of the flames dries them even as they run down his cheeks. 'Do not slay us!'

You tear off your robes and use them to beat furiously at the flames. The pain is terrible, but you are damned if you will allow the disciples to harm innocent souls. Simple determination allows you to beat the flames down enough to let the captives escape, but each player loses one Die Endurance (no protection from armour) due to wounds. The captives flee across the roof and down the stairs. Note the codeword DELIVERANCE on your Character sheet(s).

The rite is now complete. The disciples stop chanting, but the ethereal music emanating from the Five Stars continues to grow in strength. 'Now you will die!' rasps one of the disciples. 'Let there be no unbelievers here to witness our lords' return from the heavens.'

Sainted ancestors! They really do think of the evil Magi as Messiahs. Such blasphemous madness can

be rewarded only with violent death.

If you have the Horn of Heroes and want to use it against them, turn to **437**. Otherwise, turn to **404**.

330

If you have a short rod of white steel, turn to **147**. Otherwise, the handle of the door turns easily and you step through. Turn to **79**.

331

You drop to the floor, but a sharpened wooden stake bursts up out of the slab. Determine randomly by a Dice roll whom it strikes, if there are more than one of you. Luckily, you avoid being disembowelled by centimetres and the stake only gashes your side. Lose seven Endurance, no armour. You stagger to your feet and step forward towards the dais, safe at last.

Turn to **303**.

332

Desperately, you swim for the tunnel mouth, hoping against hope that the Kraken will not notice you. You dive deep to evade its sight. Suddenly, a strong current seizes you and sweeps you to the tunnel. A stroke of good fortune indeed!

Turn to **144**.

333

You smash the glass bell with one tap of the mallet. 'Now you are free,' you say to the diminutive maiden in full expectation of her gratitude. She merely returns your words with a mischievous smile.

Turn to **519**.

334

The redivivus titan takes hold of the edge of the Cauldron and begins to clamber up from where it has lain lodged for so many centuries. It is oblivious to you clinging to the segments of its mighty tail. Each player must roll a Die. On a roll of 1-3 you lose your grip on the carapace and fall off into the Cauldron; on a roll of 4-6 you manage to hold on until the titan has scaled the chasm's rim.

Surviving players should turn to **151**.

335

The last Harbinger of Red Death topples to the ground with a crash. A chill runs up your spine as you notice that inside their armour there is naught but empty air. Their weapons are too heavy to carry, and their armour too large, but the three doors at the far end open on to three stone cupboards, like upright coffins in which the harbingers resided, who knows for how long. In one alcove you find a ruby-red rod, with the number 50 inscribed upon it.

Note it down on your Character Sheet, *and make sure you note the number beside it.*

Turn to **93**.

336

You place the red mask over the first face. Nothing happens. Which mask will you place over the second face?

The blue one (turn to **57**), the white one (turn to **212**), the green one (turn to **22**) or the gold one (turn to **430**)?

337

Gingerly you edge on to the slab. A thrill of horror seizes you as the slab shifts beneath your weight.

There is a whirring click at the bottom of the wall, just to your left. You must act now! Will you throw yourself to the ground (turn to **253**) or leap up into the air (turn to **466**)?

338

'As you see, it is not that easy to escape Myorg of Farantar!' he exclaims with a sneer. 'I would advise you to carry out my simple request. The penalty for refusal should by now be clear. The rewards . . . Well, the rewards may be, shall I say, adequate.'

Turn to **234**.

339

As soon as the last person drinks from the fountain, they both dry up and no more liquid gushes forth. A wave of nausea washes over you - you have been cursed. Everyone suffers from a modifier of one to all Die rolls made in the next two combats (that is, subtract or add one to all your Die rolls in combat, whichever will work against you). There is nothing else for you here, so you go up the stairs.

Turn to **206**.

340

You go through the door to your right. It opens on to a long room, well lit by ornate silver lanterns, hanging from the ceiling. The walls on either side are hung with many portraits of people who appear to be ancestral lords of Blackridden Castle. At the other end of the room is another door. One picture is particularly interesting, for it depicts a black-robed figure seated on an iron throne. His face is hideous - a demonic visage of twisted features and bristling fangs which seems to radiate an uncanny baleful evil. Its maw gapes open as if in a silent

scream. From its robes, four chitinous arms extend skywards.

If there is a Sage in the party, turn to **199**. If there is an Enchanter who wishes to try something, turn to **495**. Otherwise, turn to **406**.



341

The last mound of quivering slime falls with a wet splash to the noisome floor of the cavern, to add its organic rot to the cesspool. Shuddering, you move on to examine the tomb. It is a large slab of stone, the top of which is carved to represent a queenly woman dressed in robes, wearing a pectoral and holding a short rod or sceptre in her hands. Around the edge many symbols and hieroglyphs are carved, mostly meaningless, even to a Sage.

If you wish to open the tomb, turn to **62**. If you wish to examine it more closely first, turn to **166**.

342

You place the mask. Nothing happens. In fact, nothing happens no matter what you do with the masks. You rearrange them in all sorts of orders, but it seems you have failed to activate any magic - if there was any to activate. Shrugging your shoulders, you turn and head through the door.

Turn to **188**.

343

If you are alone, turn to **49**. If there are two or more of you, turn to **89**.

344

As soon as the last person drinks from the fountain, they both dry up and no more liquid gushes forth. A wave of well-being washes over you — it is a blessing. You all receive a bonus of one to all Die rolls you make in combat for the next two combats (that is, subtract one or add one to any Die rolls you make, whichever is beneficial). There is nothing else for you here, so you go up the stairs.

Turn to **206**.

345

You descend the stairs. They open out into a low cellar lined with several large oaken barrels. If there is a Trickster in the party, he or she can try to make an Awareness roll on two Dice -1. If you do not have a Trickster, the person with the highest Awareness can make the roll, but in this case on two Dice +1.

If you are successful, turn to **110**. If not, turn to **255**.

346

Emeritus cautiously pushes aside one of the curtains to reveal a stout oak door. 'There, you see?' he says, wiping a few beads of sweat from his brow. 'No trap on this one. If I'm right, this is the doorway that leads to the crypt.' He pulls at it, but it does not budge. 'The hinges are rusted,' he grunts. 'Give me a hand, will you?'

If you step up to the door to help him, turn to **15**. If not, turn to **24**.

The music emanating from the Five Stars builds to a crescendo, becoming so high-pitched that it is as though a knife were being driven into your brain. You grit your teeth to stifle a cry of fear and pain.

Suddenly the noise is gone. You look around you. Tall beings who were once of this earth stand at the five points of the pentacle. Each wears robes that give off a halo of scintillant colour, but at the heart of their forms is an impenetrable blackness.

'We have returned,' they say. 'Eternity is ours.' Their voices sound distorted and, although they speak in unison, there is a slight disharmony. The Five have become manifest, but are not yet fully energised. While they are drawing power from the cosmic flux, you have your last, slim chance to destroy them.

The True Magi

Fighting Prowess: 12 Damage per blow: 8 Dice

Psychic Ability: 6 Awareness: 12

Armour Rating: 0 vs the Blood Sword

3 vs other weapons

Endurance: *Red Death* 55 *White Light* 55

Blue Moon 55 *Plague Star* 55

Gift Star 55

They can hurl magical Power-Bolts that count as Blasting spells, inflicting seven Dice damage (less armour) on a single target. They do not have to roll to cast these. Naturally they will concentrate their Power-Bolts on a player holding the Blood Sword, but if this player is a Warrior he or she will take only half damage from the bolts.

Each Round, add one to their Psychic Ability and ten to their Endurance.

If you lose, the coming millennium will be an

endless hell for all humanity... You *must* win. If you do, turn to **550**.

			RD			
SM		4		1		GS
		5				
		3		2		
	WL				PS	

348

You are utterly exhausted by your headlong flight from Snorrid. In the distance you can see him making a grisly meal of your erstwhile companion(s). After half an hour of running you enter the courtyard of Blackridden Castle just as darkness begins to settle over the land. Suddenly the gates crash together behind you and you see dark shapes rushing at you from the shadows of the battlements. They are on you before you have a chance to flee. You are surrounded by a band of slaving ores, their yellow-fanged mouths emitting a foul odour that you cannot mistake.

Ores

Fighting Prowess: 6 Damage per blow: 3 Dice

Psychic Ability: 6 Awareness: 5

Armour Rating: 2

Endurance:	<i>first</i>	25	<i>fourth</i>	25
	<i>second</i>	25	<i>fifth</i>	25
	<i>third</i>	25	<i>sixth</i>	25

If you have some holy powder that you wish to use on them, turn to **297**. If you win, turn to **193**.



349

The abdomen consists of three major chambers and a number of subsidiary ones. You soon find a route through to the oviduct that leads along the articulated tail to the titan's egg-injecting stinger. Crawling along this on your hands and knees, you break through the chitinous bulb at the end and emerge into open air. You are standing at the very edge of the ruins, where the titan's tail is wedged into a huge breach in the city wall. When you glance back, it makes you shiver to see how precariously the giant carcass spans the chasm. If you had dislodged it while making your way across, it would have become your tomb . . .

This is not the time for such thoughts. You must find a way into the inner citadel which dominates the centre of the ruins. You start to investigate the nearby buildings for a way in. Most of the porticoes have fallen in long ago, but you find one whose entrance you are able to clear of rubble. Inside, there is a wide stairway leading underground. Reasoning that there ought to be subterranean passages linking with the inner citadel, you descend.

Turn to **376**.

350

The face occupies the entire wall, and its open mouth constitutes a wide fireplace. It is from this opening that the booming voice you heard seemed to greet the long-dead Magi. Do you want to climb into the hearth to search amid the cold embers of yesteryear? If so, turn to **428**. If you want to return to the bottom of the air shaft, turn to **115**.

351

Hardened though you are by years of adventuring,

you almost cry out in horror when you turn the body over. The flesh of its face is crystallised, retaining an expression of ghastly fear even though the rest of the skin long since dried and turned to dust. The crystalline effect is particularly centred around the eyes, which are wide open. It seems strange to meet the frozen stare of a man who might have died a century ago.

A book is clutched in the corpse's skeletal hand. If you take this, one of the players should note it on his or her Character Sheet. You can open the book and read it at any time except in the middle of a combat. If and when you do so, turn to **493** to find out what's written inside it. First note down the number of the entry you're reading at the time, though, as **493** will not direct you back there.

After making sure there is nothing else of interest on the body, you begin to advance up the stairway. Turn to **260**.

352

(SAGE) You drift easily up the shaft as though your body had no more weight than the motes of rock dust blown by the shrieking air current. You allow yourself to resume your normal weight as you float up to alight on the rim of the shaft.

If other players are still below waiting to ascend, they should turn back to **396** and decide what to do. If all (surviving) players are now here, you can press on - turn to **276**.

353

You run for an hour or so, just managing to keep ahead of the Black Riders, whose course through the woods is impeded by the thick growths of vines and brambles and overhanging branches. You lose

one Die of Endurance during this time from scratches and falls. If your Endurance drops to zero, then you have collapsed through fatigue and the black riders have caught up with you. In this case they will show you no mercy.

Eventually you come to a clearing where you can see a small hamlet of wooden thatched houses. One or two villagers can be seen tending the fields in the vicinity.

If you wish to go and speak to the villagers, turn to **299**. If you just want to skirt the village and press on, turn to **60**.

354

You approach the door marked with the Gift Star symbols. Gift Star denotes luck, both good and bad, and the power of the Oracle.

If you have a gold rod, turn to **259**. Otherwise, you try the handle and the door opens easily - turn to **266**.

355

You take a swing at the crystal bar, shattering it easily. There is a flash of light and then a gold-skinned demon is standing in front of you. His first act after his long period of imprisonment is to let out a tremendous fart which leaves you close to fainting.

'Ah, that's better,' he grunts. 'You'd hardly guess how many centuries I've been pent up in there. Now - you're looking a bit green around the gills. Are you ready to meet the Magi?'

'Y . . . yes,' you gasp, wafting away the sulphurous stench. 'And please be quick!'

'How short a step it is between the quick and the dead,' chortles the devil, seizing you bodily and

hurling you high into the night sky. You spin helplessly up beyond the air, right up into the ether-filled vault of heaven. The five twinkling lights of the Magi are level with you, but you cannot summon your energy to do battle - you cannot even breathe! As you die gasping for breath, your last thought is of the irony: a few moments ago you were gagging on the devil's flatulence, but now you would heartily welcome a lungful of even that tainted air ...



356

The chambers of Red Death lie beyond that door,' says the homunculus. 'It is a place of dread and suffering. You will meet terrible beings that will fill you with an overpowering fear. However, always remember that it is but simple fear. Have courage and you will overcome. Prepare for it - forewarned is forearmed, as they say.'

Note down the codeword **SWORD** on your Character Sheet.

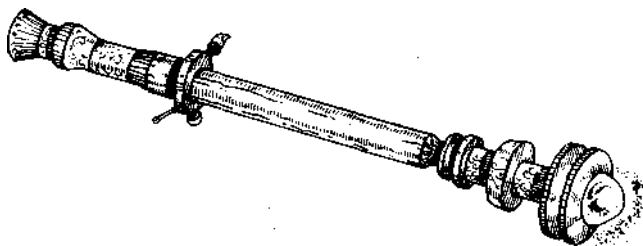
Turn to **150**.

357

The rustling sound gets louder and louder as you go deeper into the maze-like garden. Thankfully there are no more snakes. Suddenly you distinctly hear the crunch of someone's footsteps on one of the piles of dry leaves to one side of you, but looking

over there, you cannot see anything. What do you want to do.

If there is a Sage who want to try Paranormal Sight, turn to **9**. If you wish to Flee, turn to **32**. If you want to draw your weapons bring spells to mind and remain where you are, turn to **94**.



358

You have been wounded by one of the foul things - streaks of its rotting flesh are lodged in your wound.

Roll one Die. If the number you roll is even, turn to **395**. If odd, turn to **498**.

359

You are under attack from unseen creatures. The feel of them, as they brush against you, is of gigantic insects with sharp proboscises extended to seek your life blood. Your skin crawls as you summon the courage to fight back.

Invisible Creatures

Fighting Prowess: 7

Psychic Ability: 6

Armour Rating: 0

Endurance: *first* 17

second 17

third 17

Damage per blow: 1 Die+2

Awareness: 7

fourth 17

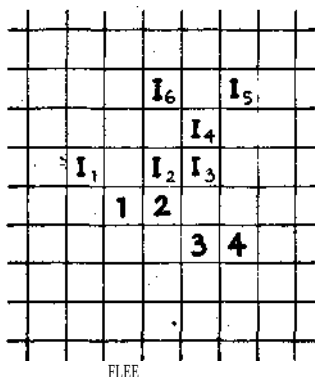
fifth 17

sixth 17

Because they are invisible, you must make your

fight rolls against them on three Dice instead of the usual two Dice. This does not apply to the Sage, though, as he or she can use Paranormal Sight to tell where the creatures are.

If you flee, turn to **32**. If you kill the creatures, turn to **52**.



360

The door opens on to a staircase that leads upwards. It is long and winding and, as you near the top, windows appear on either side. They look out on to the night sky of Spyte. You cannot help but notice that the stars of the Five Magi are in conjunction. Fear grips your soul as you realise midnight is less than an hour away. Feverishly you drive yourself onwards - there is little time! Eventually, the stairs level out.

Turn to **263**.

361

'Wait!' cries Karunaz as you step over the stunned disciples with sword poised to strike. 'If we slay them here, their life force will be drawn into the sacrificial spell they have just cast. Even in death,

they would continue to serve the Magi by energising the ritual of reincarnation.'

'How can we prevent that?' you ask. You now have to shout because the keening melody of the Five Stars has become deafening.

In answer, he rolls one of the disciples off the roof. The man gives a faint cry as he realises what is happening, but is too dazed from the horn's blast to save himself. Karunaz's action strikes you as rather cold-blooded, but these disciples are, after all, would-be tyrants of irredeemable evil. You help him dispose of the others in like manner.

Turn to **190**.

362

With one of the bars of the portcullis broken, you can now squeeze through. You make your way along the tunnel beyond and step into a wide plaza. High above the central citadel, the Five Stars glitter menacingly out of the night sky. You must find a way into the citadel as quickly as possible, as it is there that the Magi will resume earthly form.

A quick search of nearby buildings shows that most of them collapsed years ago. However, you find one building whose thick-pillared colonnade has only partially caved in. Clearing the entrance of rubble, you enter to find a wide set of stairs leading down into the depths of the earth. There must be subterranean passages within the rock on which the city stands. It is more likely that you will be able to enter the citadel this way than by picking your way through the debris-strewn streets. You descend the stairs.

Turn to **376**.

363

You can easily find any number of swords, bows,

arrows and suits of plate armour (Armour Rating four). None of the suits is of silver, so cannot be worn by an Enchanter without preventing him or her from using spells. All the items are of fine workmanship, but they are not magical.

The racks of equipment stretch off along the hall. It is possible there are enchanted weapons here, but it could take you a year to find them!

If you want to search for such articles, turn to **154**. If the Enchanter wants to cast a spell, turn to **479**. If you decide to leave the armoury now, turn to **14**.

364

'He lives only in our imagination,' says Karunaz. Our minds are his gateway to the world! If we die before he can convert his illusory self into reality, he will be destroyed.'

If you do what Karunaz seems to be suggesting, turn to **45**. If you're not prepared to sacrifice yourself without a fight, turn to **44**.

365

As he becomes ever more hysterical, a strange thing happens. His form begins to shift and blur, changing into a monstrosity with a spongy purple body and a grotesque octopus-like head. It was not your old friend at all, but a mind-reading demon with the power to assume different forms!

It realises that in its anger it has forgotten to maintain the illusion. With a hissing growl, it lumbers towards you.

Turn to **112**.

366

You step hesitantly on to the platform, fearing that the giant red bat you slew might have a mate.

However, there is no sign of another of the creatures, so you may help yourself to as many of the gems as you want. Each is as big as a child's fist, counting as one item for encumbrance purposes. They are probably worth at least a thousand gold pieces each.

When you have as many as you want, you can go to the dimensional portal (turn to **532**), to the gold bridge (turn to **420**), to the giant's cadaver (turn to **417**) or to the white metal bird (turn to **262**).

367

The bird veers away from the ruins and begins to fly south! If you stayed on its back you would be carried right across the tundra until you finally reached the wooded foothills of the Drakken Range. You have no alternative but to jump off, landing painfully several hundred metres from the edge of the Cauldron. Each player loses five Dice Endurance, with armour giving no protection.

As you are walking back towards the Cauldron, you are annoyed to see the metal bird change direction again. It flies overhead and alights where it was before!

If you want to try again making it fly across to the ruins, turn to **262**. If you want to take a closer look at the mouldering giant lying in the chasm, turn to **417**. If you investigate the dimensional portal, turn to **532**. If you go over to the pile of red gems at the edge of the Cauldron, turn to **42**. If you start to cross the narrow gold bridge, turn to **420**.

368

Suspecting some kind of trap, you carefully edge your way on to the right-hand slab nearest the left wall. Suddenly you feel the slab shift under your

feet and there is a sharp click in the wall on your right. You have a split second in which to act. Will you leap backwards (turn to **172**) or drop to the floor (turn to **504**)?

369

The king smiles politely, but he appears agitated for some reason as you begin your tale. He seems bored until you mention the painting of the demon in the hall of portraits. His eyes narrow in hate, and one or two of the guests curse under their breaths. 'That is Onaka, the demon Lord of the Timeless Wastes,' mutters the king, 'the One who Burns. A traveller once told us of a charm that is said to be efficacious against him, but it is too late for us. It went like this:

'He who is by Quotidian Time unbounded
Of amaranthine wastes, Exarch
Aoristic Onaka, his might impounded
By Void; of all demons, Autarch.'

His face clouds for a moment, and then something seems to snap in his mind. 'Enough of this,' he shrieks, leaping to his feet. 'I command you to eat!'

He stands, quivering with rage, staring at you, fingering a broad-bladed knife at his belt. The rest of the guests fall silent, save for a few who mutter darkly: 'Yes, eat, eat the food of the Banquet of Eternal Dreams!'

Will you eat and drink (turn to **122**) or attack the king and attempt to subdue him (turn to **544**)?

370

The thing swings its balled fists like a pair of maces, and bolts of energy leap from its eyes to strike you.



Its ebon body is like steel, and it moves with unnatural speed.

Ebon Automaton

Fighting Prowess: 9

Damage per blow: 3 Dice

Psychic Ability: 12

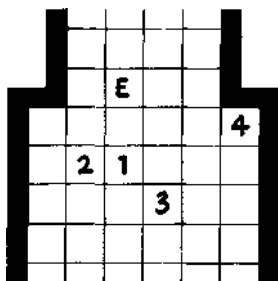
Awareness: 12

Armour Rating: 7

Endurance: 70

Note: Every other Round, instead of attacking, the automaton will release bolts of energy from its eyes at the character furthest from it. This works as for archery, save the automaton can (and will) shoot even if in close combat. A bolt does three Dice damage (armour counts).

The automaton is too quick for you to flee. If you destroy it, turn to **218**.



371

'First, I must introduce myself. I have the honour to be Karunaz Ustad Husain, youngest son of the Grand Master of the Marijah Assassins. My father . . .'

' . . .is Hasan-i Sabbah.' You nod. 'He was there when the Blade of Life was recovered.'

'So he has told me,' answers Karunaz. 'On that

occasion he meted out Allah's justice to the evil Prince Susurrien. Subsequently you took the Blade of Life, and my father acquired the Blade of Death - this very weapon that I now wield.' He holds up his sword for you to see. It is indeed the Blood Sword's dark twin.

'When we last met, he hinted we might meet again.'

Karunaz shakes his head sadly. 'It is not to be. My father had been planning our cult's opposition to the Magi for many years - even before you began your quest. However, two years ago he was grievously wounded in battle against Jomo Mahadur, leader of the Pansigar Assassins. As this wound proved incurable it has slowly taken its toll on my father's health. He is many centuries old, as you may know, and his age is much more apparent now. He could not undertake this quest himself. Thus he charged me with the task of infiltrating the secretive disciples of the True Magi, and since I have mastered the techniques of *takhmin qaba* - 'the concealment of thoughts' - I was able to fool even the haughty seeress Zara, who made it her duty to interrogate all among the disciples.'

You detect a note of bitterness in Karunaz's voice. Obviously, as a Ta'ashim he would resent having to keep up the pretence of subservience to a woman. Ta'ashim society is very much male-dominated.

'Thank you for slaying her,' you say, remembering that his swift action probably saved your life. It reminds you of the way, swift and silent as a snake, his father killed Prince Susurrien that night more than two years ago.

He bows. 'My pleasure, I assure you. But this is no time for us to be exchanging courtesies - only minutes remain before the fateful conjunction of the

Five Stars. You and I have travelled here to oppose the return of the Magi, who exist in my faith as devils just as they do in yours. Tonight is the eve of the End of All Things, as we know from our sacred books. It is time for Ta'ashim and Gatanadean, easterner and westerner, to stand together against those who would bring about damnation for all mankind.'

You join your voice with his. 'Aye, Karunaz. For too long the madness of the Holy War has led our two peoples to live in conflict when instead they should embrace each other as brethren. History's last few grains of sands are now running to the bottom of the glass. If we are to die, let it be against a foe whose evil is absolute and whose destruction is richly deserved.'

Together you raise your swords in a death-vow: 'God grant us the strength we need to slay the last of the Magi!'

Turn to **389**.

372

As you near the centre you can see that a large sarcophagus lies in the middle. Before you can reach it, a sound causes you to turn. A horrific sight greets you. Three humanoid shapes, dripping putrid flesh, hobble towards you, leprous arms reaching out. Their faces are ruins of warped flesh, their bodies exude an odour of putrefaction that sickens you. Greenish pus suppurates from a thousand cankerous wounds, maggots writhe and flesh sloughs off to fall to the ground with a glutinous slap. They are Undead Lepers, and you must fight them.

Undead Lepers

Fighting Prowess: 6

Damage per blow: 3 Dice

Psychic Ability: 6

Awareness: 5

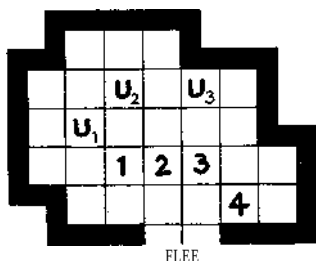
Armour Rating: 3

Endurance: *first* 30 *third* 30
second 30

Note: If you are wounded by one of these foul creatures, turn to **358** *unless* you are carrying the Blood Sword.

You can flee by running out of the cavern back to the room of doors - turn to **119**. (If you come back here later, all surviving lepers will have regenerated, but those you destroy on this occasion will remain destroyed.)

If you kill them all, turn to **341**.



373

You close the door behind you, shutting out the terrible screams, the awful heat and its hellish flames. Breathing a sigh of relief in the cool air, you turn to see where you have arrived. You are in a long hall, seemingly of wood. Shields emblazoned with simple designs hang upon the walls. Facing you are a hundred or more warriors, armed with shield and axe, the ones nearest you also with suits of fine

chain. They are mostly blond or brown-haired, with pigtails or hairbuns. Almost all are bearded, and scarred by many battles. They look to be hardened warriors of some skill. Just as you are fearing for your lives, they all utter a cheer - they seem to be praising you! Somehow they believe you to be their leader. Just then, the three large doors at the far end of the hall burst open, and all goes quiet. Through them step three awesome figures, armoured from head to toe in outlandish steel plate that fairly bristles with spikes and barbs. One wields a great halberd, as red as blood, another a huge battleaxe, dark as coal, the last a great barbed sword of shining steel. The warriors wheel and, as one, surge forward to attack them. However, the three intruders carve a swathe of blood and bone with great sweeps of their weapons, and smashing blows of shattering potency. The carnage is awful as they kill their way towards you. The sight of them slaying all who face them fills you with dread, and you are rooted to the spot as they draw near, ever nearer, their passage marked by a trail of bloody dismembered corpses. Your terror grows as the three harbingers of death howl in triumph as the last warrior falls beneath their inescapable weapons.

Turn to **315**.

374

You flee in terror. The undead thing hobbles after you, but it is painfully slow. You dart out, slamming the door to the Plague Star cavern and wedging it shut. Nothing can get out.

Turn to **119**.

375

The spectre rolls higher than you. Immediately, you

accuse it of cheating, and prepare to attack. It merely laughs, a dry, cracking sound, and fades from view taking your item of gold with it (cross it off your Character Sheet). Cursing, you realise there is nothing you can do. Searching the room reveals nothing else, so you take the stairs up to your left.

Turn to **206**.

376

You enter a vast natural cavern that stretches upwards into the darkness as far as you can see. The opposite walls are lost in gloom, and the only illumination comes from sudden flares of yellow sulphurous flame that flicker around crevices in the rock walls. You are, you think, on the foundation rock of the ancient city of Spyte. Beyond the rock walls around you is the howling pit of the Cauldron, and above the route that leads up to the citadel. Even in these lower regions of their fortress the Magi have made their presence felt. A strange desolate garden of desiccated plants and crumbling statues occupies the centre of the chamber. Here the gases seeping through the wall crevices create an eerie rustling noise, unpleasantly reminiscent of a den of rattlesnakes. The centre of the garden is lost in gloom where brittle-leaved cypresses rustle their withered boughs. Next to the garden you can see a deep pit cut into the floor of the cavern. A roaring gale hurtles upwards from this hole, occasionally throwing up heavy bits of debris: whole chairs, ornate shields, boulders. These whirl around in the upper region of the cavern like Autumn leaves before falling back to the cavern floor with a crack. You can dimly make out a prone body lying by the hole, its black cloak flapping incessantly in the air

current. To the south you can see a shadowy trellis work of rickety wooden stairs, zig-zagging up into the darkness' above. Occasionally the structure groans with the buffeting of the wind. On the north side of the chamber there is a wide set of ceremonial stairs leading up to a bronze door.

What do you want to do? Investigate the garden? If so turn to **386**. Search the body lying by the air shaft? If so, turn to **106**. Take a look over the edge of the air shaft? If so, turn to **445**. Go up the rickety set of stairs to the south? If so, turn to **327**. Go up the wide set of stairs to the north? If so, turn to **403**.

377

Further into the depths of the keep you find another door. Beyond it lie some stairs up, which will lead to the main chamber at the top of the keep. You must go up them to finish your quest.

Turn to **412**.



378

(SAGE) Emeritus seems to guess what you're thinking. 'Pish, tosh!' he cries. 'I don't need any of that jiggery pokery to find the right door. The real magic, my friend, is knowledge itself - and I have done my research before coming here, I can assure you.'

Since he seems rather petulant about your intervention, perhaps you should let him find the safe

route on his own. If so, turn to **346**. If you decide to utilise your Paranormal Sight regardless of whether this hurts Emeritus' feelings, turn to **328**.

379

You stand, saying that you have made an error, time presses and you must leave. Many of the guests smilingly implore you to stay, and the king says, 'No, my friends, I insist. Enjoy the feast and share our joy,' and he smiles coldly, a smile that barely masks its implicit threat.

Will you still attempt to leave (turn to **5**) or sit once more (turn to **67**)?

380

If you have the codeword FLITTERMOUSE, turn to **97**. If not, turn to **207**.

381

Which item will you use? A handful of rock salt (turn to **275**), a handful of diamond dust (turn to **4**) or a Potion of Diminution (turn to **238**)? If you have none of these, turn to **513**.



382

(SAGE) The illusions of Blue Moon no longer bother

such an old campaigner as you. The animals are merely images: the real animals remain staring impassively at the rising stars, oblivious of the presence of humans. Reassuring your companions (if you have any), you walk on to the edge of the chasm.

Turn to **274**.

383

(PLAYER(S) WHO DRANK THE POTION) You drink the potion and your body dwindles to a tenth of its normal size. Suddenly the cavern in which you stand seems vast, an overturned chair near you looks as large as a toppled giant! You hesitate no longer and throw yourself into the raging air current.

Because you are so much lighter than normal you are wafted down the air shaft like a feather and land softly hundreds of metres below. There your body slowly resumes its normal size.

Other players now have the option to jump or to use a Potion of Diminution if they have any. They should turn to **213** in the former case.

Once all players who wish to descend the shaft have done so, they should turn to **546**. Not all players *have* to descend - but any who stay in the chamber above will be unable to take part in any actions until the party regroups.

384

'It is already lying at your feet,' says the devil, indicating the chunks of grey crystal scattered around the balcony. 'My prison was made of rock salt for, as you may know, hellions abhor salt.'

You pick up one of the pieces of salt. It feels moist in your hands, and you easily break it between your

fingers. 'This? This is the gift you make in exchange for your freedom?'

The devil sneers. 'You are dissatisfied. You would not be if you knew how little benefit you would have gained from any of the other gifts you were offered. My advice to you is that you should not look a gift horse in the mouth . . .'

With this, he opens his mouth in a huge gaping yawn. Suddenly he gives a vast belch that makes his belly quiver, and the odour is so overpowering that you momentarily pass out. When you recover your senses there is no sign of the devil. You can take some of the rock salt if you wish - each chunk counts as one unit of encumbrance.

When you are ready to proceed, turn to **362**.

385

Snorrid, the size of a hill, is a formidable opponent indeed.

Snorrid the Giant

Fighting Prowess: 11 Damage per blow: 20 Dice

Psychic Ability: 11 Awareness: 11

Armour Rating: 10

Endurance: 950

You can flee by turning to **348**. If you win, turn to **547**.

		5		
	1		2	
		3		
		4		

FLY

386

You enter the garden through the crumbling gate. The rustling of the brittle desiccated leaves seems to grow in intensity as you do so. Broad pathways lead off in various directions, and they are overhung by trellises of the same brown, dead leaves. You notice spores, not unlike dandelion heads being blown round in circles on the floor by the wind. Do you want to back out now and take another route from the chamber? If so, turn to **276**. If you want to penetrate further into the garden, turn to **71**.

387

You easily break the bar. Even before the chunks of crystal have fallen at your feet, there is a noise like a thunderclap and a blinding flash, and in front of you is standing a golden-hued devil with eyes like black smoke.

'Free at last!' he booms. 'How that confinement vexed me these past centuries - and yet I could never truthfully have called my prison unsavoury. Is that not a riddle worth ruminating on?'

If the Trickster is here, he or she should turn to **46**. If not, turn to **323**.



388

You turn and head for the door. 'No!' howls Myorg. 'Where are you going? Come back!' Then he growls in rage, and a bolt of lightning flashes from his hand to strike you. However, the statuette flares once and absorbs his power. 'No!' he cries again. 'Don't leave me - please! I'll be trapped forever.' His cries for mercy grow fainter as you open the door at the end and step through. Shutting the door behind you closes out all sound and blots Myorg from your life forever. You continue.

Turn to **360**.

389

Add Karunaz to the battle order. You will need to make a note of his characteristics, which are:

Karunaz

Fighting Prowess: 13	Damage per blow: 9 Dice
Psychic Ability: 10	Awareness: 11
Armour Rating: 0	
Endurance: 100	

These values include the effect of the Sword of Death (which, like the Blood Sword, gives +3 to Fighting Prowess and +2 Dice to damage). Also like the Blood Sword, it slays any undead creature it hits if the creature fails to make a Psychic resistance roll.

If Karunaz gets killed and you have to take the Sword of Death yourself, turn at once to **40** to find out what it does. Make a note of this across the top of the Character Sheet you have filled out for him. Before turning to **40** you will have to mark your place in the book, as **40** will not guide you back there.

Now turn to **440**.



The gaze of these flying creatures is deadly. At the start of each Round, roll one Die to see if you inadvertently look into their eyes; each player makes this roll separately. If you score a six you have met the gaze of one of the creatures and you are instantly killed. *However*, a player who is armed with the Blood Sword is immune to their death-gaze.

You can close your eyes while fighting them if you wish. This means you have no chance of looking into their eyes, but you will have to make your fight rolls against them on three Dice instead of the usual two Dice. A player with his or her eyes closed also cannot target spells or missiles at them, and must limit any move to one square per Round to avoid falling over the balustrade.

Angels of Death

Fighting Prowess: 8

Damage per blow: 2 Dice

Psychic Ability: 8

Awareness: 10

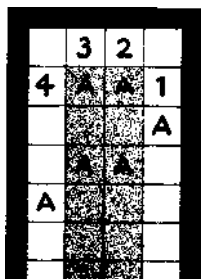
Armour Rating: 0

Endurance: *first* 21 *fourth* 21

second 21 *fifth* 21

third 21 *sixth* 21

It would be pointless to try to flee. They would have dropped down on your back before you had gone a dozen paces. If you win, turn to **108**.



391

(FIRST PLAYER) You quaff the liquid and drop instantly dead at the devil's cloven feet. If you were on your own, that is the end of your adventure - immediate, as promised, and satisfying from the devil's point of view. If other players are still alive, they should turn to **129**.

392

You continue on your way. After a while the ground underfoot becomes rather springy, and you sense a deep tremor moving up from the earth. You hurry until you reach solid ground again. There the freezing moorland puddles and the sharp flinty rocks make you wish you had taken new boots. Each player loses one Endurance point.

Turn to **457**.

393

As you flee, you sense rather than hear the silent flight of the Razor Birds pursuing you. Suddenly you feel a pressure across your back as if someone had drawn a fine quill across it, then a sudden warm wetness which cannot be sweat given the icy cold all around you. You make it safely to the edge of the Cauldron. The birds fly over you, cawing menacingly. Pressing your hand to your back it comes away covered in blood: your own. You have taken three Dice of Endurance damage from one of the slashing wings of the Razor Birds! If you are still alive you may look around you: turn to **274**.

394

Which item will you use? A stone mallet (turn to **324**), a faceted jewel (turn to **503**) or a black cloak (turn to **6**). If you don't have any of these, you can

flee (turn to **249**) or stand and fight (turn to **501**).

395

Nothing happens. Return to **372** and fight on.

396

Seeing that you will surely be crushed if you remain where you are, you make a dash for it. Chunks of masonry rain down all around you, but somehow you manage to dodge them. Behind you, the wailing of the magic gem - magnified by the cavity of the fireplace - sounds like the lament of a furious ghost.

The flagstones are tilting under your feet, allowing a sulphurous yellow gas to cough up from the depths of the Cauldron. You might have only a few moments before the entire banqueting-hall falls through into the abyss below the citadel.

If you have some phials of the Potion of Diminution, turn to **184**. If you have access to a spell called Flight, turn to **7**. If you are a Sage, you can rise up the shaft by means of Levitation - turn to **352**. If none of these options is open to you, turn to **296**.

397

(SAGE) *[The mortal remains of your comrade(s) have a reddish cast to them. You surmise that the scorpions impregnated them with eggs before dying. Certainly it is inadvisable to risk touching the body/bodies even to retrieve any items.]*

Turn to **424**.

398

You walk forward. Suddenly the ground opens beneath you and a section of carpet and floor gives way - a pit! Roll one Die. On a one, three or five,

turn to **463**. On a two, four or six, turn to **545**.

399

You adopt a solid fighting stance and wait to meet the minotaur head-on. Its shadowy shape grows larger beyond the door until it fills the frame. Then you hear a crash as the glass shatters, and you shield your eyes from the thousands of flying fragments. Each player loses one Die Endurance owing to minor cuts. You realise that you are probably about to be swept off the walkway by the unstoppable force of the minotaur's charge, but instead nothing happens. When you look up, you discover that there is nothing there. All that lies beyond the now-shattered door is an empty passage. The minotaur was just some sort of optical illusion enchanted into the glass pane.

Turn to **405**.

400

Alarmed at being wounded while airborne, it descends with you to the platform. You are ready to resume the battle there, but it only waits with its wings folded and head hung low. Subdued, it seems to know who is the master now.

If you want to look for another route across the Cauldron, turn to **448**. If you are prepared to risk climbing on the bat's back to see if it will take you across, turn to **209**.

401

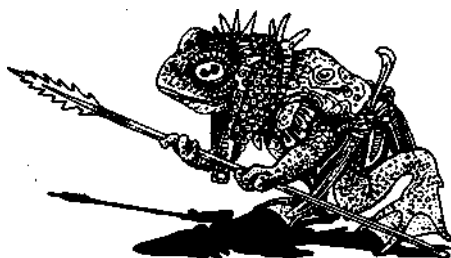
You step forward and take the blue rod off the platter. It has the number 50 engraved into it. Note it on your Character Sheet, *but make sure you note the number beside it*. There are no other exits, so you head back to the chamber of doors.

Turn to **119**.

402

Passing through the hall of portraits you walk back to the dark and shadowy entrance-way of Blackrid-den Castle.

Will you go deeper into the shadows of the keep ahead of you (turn to 377) or go down the stairs to your left if you have not already explored that way (turn to 345)?



403

If you have the codeword GELID, turn to 229. If not, turn to 153.

404

Remember to adjust their numbers and Endurance scores to take account of any fatalities/wounds you have already inflicted.

Disciples of the Magi

Fighting Prowess: 5

Psychic Ability: 9

Armour Rating: 0

Endurance:	<i>first</i>	15	<i>fourth</i>	15
	<i>second</i>	15	<i>fifth</i>	15
	<i>third</i>	15		

Damage per blow: 1 Die

Awareness: 7

Each time you kill one of them, put a cross on your Character Sheet. This does not apply in the

case of any you may have killed previously - only those that you kill from now on. Also put a cross for any player they manage to kill from now on - including Karunaz, if he is here.

After five Rounds, or after you've killed them all (whichever comes first), turn to **407**.

			D ₁			
D ₅			2			D ₂
		1		3		
			4	5		
	D ₄				D ₃	

405

You step through the shattered remnants of **the** glass pane and into a long corridor. Demonic faces with inverted leers are engraved all along the stone walls, seeming to watch your progress. At the end of the corridor you find a massive iron-bound portal of red wood. It is difficult to push open because, beyond it, a fierce wind is raging. You step out on to a balcony from which a bridge extends over to another of the ruined towers. The wind buffets you as you advance, forcing you to grip the balustrade with all your strength to avoid being blown off into the gulf below. Above, you can see low pearl-grey clouds drawing back like curtains from the crystal black vault of the night sky. Five small stars shine down on Spyte - the Five Magi, awaiting their return to the world they left two centuries ago. The sight of them gives you a renewed sense of urgency. Reaching the end of the bridge, you open the door

into the tower and rush through, swinging the door shut behind you to block out the shrieking gale.

Turn to **447**.

406

The portrait seems very ancient and remarkably lifelike.

If any player wishes to examine it more closely, turn to **536**. If not, you can only go through the door at the far end of the room. Turn to **304**.

407

On your Character Sheet you should have a note of the total fatalities on both sides since the summoning ritual was completed. Each soul will add to the energy of the spell. Roll one Die for each fatality. (For instance, if three disciples and one player died since the ritual was completed, you would roll four Dice.) The Dice score is the Sacrifice Strength; record it on your Character Sheet.

Subtract one Die from the Sacrifice Strength if you scattered salt across the pentacle earlier.

When you have done this, turn to **464** if you have the codeword DELIVERANCE and to **434** if not.

408

You notice that the three eyes of the Kraken, of gold, copper and silver, are in fact buttons. Tapping the shrine reveals it to have a hollow section at the back, below the buttons. It looks like there is a safe inside the shrine, opened by pressing the buttons. Which will you press first? The gold one (turn to **28**), the copper one (turn to **242**) or the silver one (turn to **215**)?

If you just want to go back to the barge and head upriver, turn to **282**.

409

The last disciple falls dead. You proceed on through the corridor at the far end. It opens out on to a square chamber. There is a door in the opposite wall, but the right-hand wall is more interesting for it is a huge mural. On the other wall hang five coloured masks.

Turn to **29**.

410

Biophage

Fighting Prowess: 8

Damage: absorbs 3 Dice per blow; armour does not count against it

Psychic Ability: 9

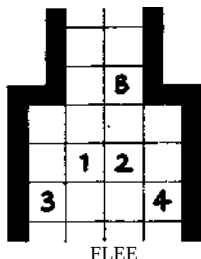
Awareness: 7

Armour Rating: 4

Endurance: 30

Note: The Biophage absorbs energy from you each Round. Each combatant must make a Psychic Ability roll to resist its effects. If failed, you lose one point of Fighting Prowess (or Psychic Ability if an Enchanter) for the duration of this combat only.

If you flee, turn to **293**. If you kill it, turn to **322**.



411

Which item will you make use of now? Choose

carefully, as the fate of the world literally hangs in the balance. The Horn of Heroes (turn to **477**), a chunk of rock salt (turn to **413**) or the Blood Sword itself (turn to **439**)? If you have none of these, or decide they would do no good, you can either free the captives (turn to **329**) or attack the evil disciples (turn to **96**).

412

You come to a small landing, through a secret door at the top of the stairs. There are no other ways out, save through a set of large double doors of beaten copper. You try them and they swing open easily on oiled hinges.

If you have two eye-sized golden orbs, turn to **415**. If you do not, turn to **87**.

413

You know that salt is often used to ward against the black arts. Breaking up the chunk, you scatter it across the lines of the pentacle. This provokes glares of hatred from the disciples, but they cannot break off their ritual to attack you now. In fact they cannot even fight back or defend themselves.

Disciples of the Magi

Psychic Ability: 9

Armour Rating: 5

Endurance:	<i>first</i>	15	<i>fourth</i>	15
	<i>second</i>	15	<i>fifth</i>	15
	<i>third</i>	15		

(They are not really so heavily armoured as the Rating given here suggests, but the defensive spells they have prepared beforehand have the effect of armour.)

Note that one player must spend the first Round

casting the salt down. After three Rounds, note your position and current wounds and then turn to **543**. If you kill them all before three Rounds are up, turn to **190**.

			D ₁			
D ₅			2			D ₂
		1		3		
			4	5		
	D ₄				D ₃	

414

You crawl up the aperture on all fours. The interior of the skull consists of a series of thin-walled chambers in a spiral arrangement, resembling the shell of a nautilus. In each chamber there is a protuberance on the inner wall of the spiral. You examine one of these and are reminded of an egg - or perhaps a seed-pod.

If the Sage is here, he or she should turn to **301**. If not, you can break the pod open (turn to **168**) or go back the way you came and descend into the thorax (turn to **469**).

415

You step through the double doors. You come into a large baronial hall, its walls hung with emblazoned shields and crossed weapons. At the far end of the hall is a huge iron throne, on which sits a hideous black-robed figure. Its hood is thrown back revealing a twisted demonic visage of Stygian horror, a nightmare face of glowing eyes and glistening

fangs. From its robes four chitinous arms extend out, and as it stands you notice hooved feet. Behind the throne, in an alcove set into the wall, you notice the refulgent glow of the statuette of the Lady of Time.

The apparition on the throne whispers, in a voice like the whistling wind: 'Ah, guests. I am Onaka, Lord of the Timeless Wastes, and I have been set here by the True Magi to guard this idol. You have come to wrest it from me, as your thoughts, so easily rifled, tell me.' He laughs horribly. 'Prepare to die, then!' Onaka leaps towards you. You must fight him.

Onaka

Fighting Prowess: 8	Damage per blow: 4 Dice (spit for 3 Dice+6)
Psychic Ability: 9	Awareness: 9
Armour Rating: 4	
Endurance: 40	

Note: Onaka will do one of three things each Round, depending on a Die roll:

1-2: Attacks nearest opponent, with two of four arms. This counts as two separate attacks against one target, each doing four Dice if hit, each with a Fighting Prowess of 8.

3-4: Spits acid at randomly determined target; works as archery save doing 3 Dice +6 damage (armour counts).

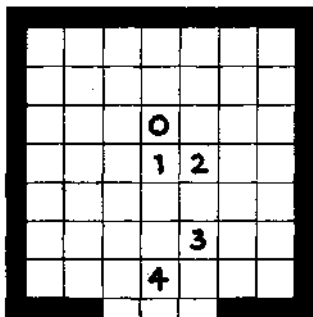
5-6: Casts a spell - Onaka does not need any preparation time, and is considered to have whatever spell he likes already in mind. Roll a Die to determine the spell and then target (if applicable):

1: Nighthowl

2: Swordthrust

- 3: Mists of Death
- 4: Sheet Lightning
- 5: Nemesis Bolt
- 6: Servile Enthralment (order to attack comrades).

If you have a magic gold ring, and an Enchanter in the party, note the number for this entry and then turn to **454**. You cannot flee. If you win, turn to **120**.



416

All players must try to roll equal to or under their Awareness on three Dice (except for the Trickster who, if he or she is here, makes this roll on *two* Dice).

Players who fail the roll should turn to **289**. If everyone makes the roll successfully, turn to **421**.

417

You scramble down a ridge of rock towards the dead titan. The closer you get, the less humanoid you see it to be. It is really like the carcass of a huge bipedal insect or crab. Its segmented jaws are the size of a cave. Since the carcass is wedged across a narrow part of the Cauldron, with the creature's tail resting in a gulf in the ruined city wall, you could enter the

jaws and cross to the city through its innards. Inside the exoskeleton, you would presumably be protected from the chlorine and sulphur gas rising out of the volcanic pit below . . .

No doubt it makes logical sense, but the idea of making your way through the inside of the carcass is still revolting. If you do it, turn to **248**. If you want to choose another route, turn to **448**.

418

The Kraken thrashes at the barge with a huge tentacle. Its front end is stoved in like matchwood, and the aft is flung upwards into the air, spilling you into the cold, dark waters. Another driving blow and the barge is naught but driftwood and sunken copper. You are left floundering in the waves, struggling for breath and to regain your wits. You are at the mercy of the Kraken. Each player must roll four Dice and try to score equal to or less than the sum of their Fighting Prowess and Psychic Ability.

If any players fail, they should turn to **70**. If all players succeed with the roll, turn to **332**.

419

(SAGE) You recognise the Biophage from Claudio Fiorillo's *Forgotten Bestiary*. It is a legendary creature that feeds off all life forms by absorbing the essence of life into itself, starting with thought patterns, nervous energy, etc. until the victim is drained and inert. Then it absorbs the physical body. They can be killed, but it must be done as quickly as possible. They are known to be susceptible to heat. The spells Volcano Spray and White Fire will do one Die extra damage against it.

Now turn to **410** and fight.

420

If you have the codeword IMPERIUM, turn to **186**. If not, turn to **510**.

421

The door bursts into a thousand fragments. Your skin is lacerated by tiny glass shards - lose one Die Endurance - but miraculously you escape serious injury. You are braced to dodge the minotaur's juggernaut charge, but at the last moment you stop yourself. There is no sight of the bull-headed monster, nor any vibration of pounding footsteps: the passage beyond the shattered door is empty. The only sound is the forlorn wailing of the wind through the rafters above you. So the minotaur was merely an illusion - more of Blue Moon's trickery. Had you evaded it, you might well have ended up falling off the walkway to your death!

Turn to **405**.

422

All players should note the codeword TOKEN on their Character Sheets.

(PLAYER SITTING) You watch the globe in front of you gradually go dim. *[As it does, you feel yourself acquiring magical knowledge. You now have a single use of a Blade Sharpening spell. This can be applied to any sword, axe or javelin. It has the effect of increasing damage scores with the weapon by one Die, and the effect will last for the rest of the adventure. Since you can use the spell only once, be sure to use it wisely.]*

Now turn back to **50**.

423

At last the thing falls quiescent. Taking no chances, you hack it into small pieces. Amid the foul-

smelling blubber, you find a short golden rod with the number 100 engraved on it. Note it down on your Character Sheet, *and make sure you record the number 100 beside it*. There is no way out of here, save that you notice a small hole in the slab behind you. Inserting the rod once and pulling it out again seems to activate the mechanism and the slab slides up once more. You retrace your steps uneventfully back to the main chamber of coloured doors.

Turn to **119**.

424

You can now retrieve items from the dead body (or bodies) (turn to **306**), investigate the contents of the armoury (turn to **363**) or leave and proceed deeper into the ruins (turn to **14**).

425

You watch in horror as the masked riders hang the refugee from the tree. One of them makes a remark which makes the others laugh cruelly as the body twists and turns at the end of the rope. Sickened by the sight, you are just backing off into the wood behind you when you step on a dead branch. The loud snap of the breaking wood makes the riders whirl around. They see you immediately, and spur their horses towards your hiding-place. You have no option now but to run as fast as you can into the woods.

Turn to **353**.

426

(SAGE) You are convinced that all your former companions are conspiring to strip you of all your hard-won knowledge and then slay you. You also know them to be iconoclasts and bookburners,

hoarders of secrets and destroyers of knowledge - all those things you abhor. You must destroy them. Take your quarterstaff to them until they are dead!
Turn to **286**.

427

Huge blocks of stone crash down from the ceiling. Suddenly there is a sickening lurch as the floor detaches itself from the citadel of Spyte and plunges you over the edge into the sulphurous hell of the Cauldron.

You are lost forever to the world of mortal men. If all players were here in the banqueting-hall, the adventure ends - there will be no one to oppose the return of the Five Magi to middle-earth. If any players are still safe at the top of the air shaft, they can look down in horror at what has happened to their comrade(s) and then proceed with the adventure by turning to **276**.

428

To your surprise you find that the back of the hearth has been hollowed out into a primitive voice box. It is from here that the voice is coming. Peering inside the hollow, you see a small red gem. This seems to expand and contract with the booming and fading of the voice. It looks as though you could pull it out of its cavity quite easily.

Do you want to remove it? If so, turn to **13**. If you want to return to the air shaft, turn to **115**.

429

You hurry back out of the garden. Somehow its lifeless trees and dry dead bushes seem less threatening now you have seen the splash of hope at its centre. You feel as if your spirits have been

completely reinvigorated for the coming battle with your arch-foes, the Magi.

Turn to **276**.

430

You put the yellow mask in place. Is it your imagination or is something tingling in the air? Which mask will you place on the third face? The green one (turn to **219**), the blue one (turn to **342**) or the white one (turn to **57**)?

431

(ENCHANTER) You turn to focus on the ruined city. The titan shifts its huge bulk under you, throwing you off into empty space. You have time for *one* attempt at the spell if you already had it in mind. Make your roll to cast it: you must score Psychic Ability or less on one Die +2.

If you fail, or if you hadn't previously prepared the spell, you plummet right down to the deadly fires at the bottom of the Cauldron. You (and your companions, if any) are lost forever to the land of mortal men.

If you manage to cast the spell in time, turn to **494**.

432

The archway leads to a small room, at the far end of which is a low altar covered in blue cloth that is lined with silver. Upon that rests a silver platter, and in the platter is a rod of purest blue, ending in a strange shape that you suspect would fit the hole in the steel circle of the chamber of doors. As you step carefully forward, something indefinable happens.

If there is only one character in the party, turn to **525**. If there are more than one, turn to **124**.

433

You leave the cavern and find yourself in another part of the labyrinth. The walls here are sheets of beaten copper hanging from the ceiling on short links of chain. You tap one, and it booms like a giant gong, but even though it is not fixed to the floor it is too heavy for you to push aside.

You wander on for some time. Then, hearing a high-pitched squeaking that sets your teeth on edge, you advance around a corner to find yourself face to face with a Nightshrieker. These powerful carnivores are flightless predators, related to bats in the same way that ostriches are related to normal birds. The Nightshrieker squints its tiny black eyes at you as it rushes forward, emitting a high-pitched screech that enables it to pinpoint your location and movements sonically.

If you want to give battle, turn to **175**. If you want to use an item, turn to **320**. If you turn tail and run, turn to **281**.

434

The bonfire in the middle of the pentacle flares up. There is a hideous wail from the captives as they are consumed by fire. The odour of burnt offerings wafts to your nostrils on the night breeze. Add five Dice to the Sacrifice Strength to take account of these captives' souls.

Then turn to **464**.

435

(PLAYER(S) WHO HAVE DRUNK THE POTION)

You shrink to minute size. Once you are no bigger than an ant, the air current sweeps you aloft. It feels as though you are borne up in the hand of a giant. Almost as soon as you alight in the chamber above, you begin to grow back to your normal size. This is

quite a relief - you wouldn't want to encounter any monsters while ant-sized!

You glance down into the hall. There is a deep rumbling as the walls there shudder and steam shrieks through vents in the flagstones.

If other players are still in the hall waiting to ascend, they should turn to **115**. Once all players have ascended the shaft, turn to **276**.

436

(BLINDED PLAYER) You can continue to function without your eyesight by using your Paranormal Senses continually. These mystic ways of seeing are not as clear as true vision, though, so you must reduce your Fighting Prowess and your Awareness by one.

Now go back to **50**.

437

The blare of Heimdall's horn knocks them to the ground, stunned. The note resounds throughout the Nine Worlds and makes the very heavens overhead shake like a dome of fragile crystal. It occurs to you that in pagan belief Heimdall was supposed to blow this horn at Ragnarok. In your own faith there is to be a Last Trump - have you just sounded that fateful trump yourself? It gives you a sense of destiny that invigorates you for the coming battle.

If Karunaz is alive and with you, turn to **361**. If not, turn to **298**.

438

By dint of tremendous luck and courage, you succeed in destroying the demon's earthly form. It vanishes. From what you know of demonology, it will not be able to manifest itself in the mortal world

again for another hundred years. Of course, if your quest ends satisfactorily, then no demon will be able to appear in the mortal world *ever* again.

All players should write the codeword **IMPERIUM** on their Character Sheets. You can now proceed to the end of the bridge. Turn to **520**.

439

The disciples stare aghast as you brandish the blade. Obviously they recognise it and fear its power, but they are too far into the ritual of summoning to break off and attack you now. In fact they cannot even fight back or defend themselves.

Disciples of the Magi

Psychic Ability: 9

Armour Rating: 5

Endurance:	<i>first</i>	15	<i>fourth</i>	15
	<i>second</i>	15	<i>fifth</i>	15
	<i>third</i>	15		

(They are not really so heavily armoured as the Rating given here suggests, but the defensive spells they have prepared beforehand have the effect of armour.)

After three Rounds, note your positions and current wounds and then turn to **543**. If you kill them all before three Rounds are up, turn to **190**.

			D ₁			
D ₅			2			D ₂
		1		3		
			4	5		
	D ₄				D ₃	

Karunaz takes you along the gallery to another flight of stairs leading up to the roof of the tower. As you proceed, he fills you in on what he knows of the Magi's plans: 'My father discovered that the cataclysm which destroyed Spyte was no accident. Piecing things together from some documents found at the Magi's castles, it seems that five of them planned a disruption in one of the ancient rituals. The demon god which was being summoned by the ritual was slain, unleashing a blast of unholy energy that cracked the very walls of Spyte. The five did not transform themselves into stars to flee this disaster, as is often supposed - it was the energy given off which enabled them to *become* stars. That was their intention all along.'

'Become stars? To what earthly purpose?' you ask. You are tensely alert to danger, feeling and fighting the fear that is beginning to gnaw at your insides.

'No *earthly* purpose,' whispers Karunaz in answer. 'It allowed them to listen to the music of the spheres, which no mortal ear has ever heard. The secrets they have garnered under the eaves of heaven have increased them far beyond the power they wielded as mortal men - and, heaven knows that power was great indeed! If they succeed in returning to earth now, they will reincarnate themselves as beings nearer to gods than to men.'

You have reached the bottom of the last flight of stairs. Up on the roof above, you hear the sound of low, eerie chanting. The Magi's disciples have begun the ceremony of reincarnation!

Karunaz opens a compartment in his ring and takes a pinch of aromatic snuff from it. '*Kaif!*' he whispers to himself. (If he was wounded, those

wounds now disappear and he is restored to full health.) He sees the look in your eyes and says: 'Regretfully;'! cannot give you any of this powder. It is the sacred *charas* of our cult, but its effect on outsiders is rarely beneficial.'

If you demand some of the powder, turn to **201**. If you accept his explanation, turn to **273**.

441

(PLAYER FIGHTING BAT) It plummets towards the chasm - taking you with it! Roll a Die. On a roll of three or more you manage to leap back on to the platform where the gems are lying. You twist your ankle badly, however, and can move only three squares per Round during combats from now on. On a one or two, you misjudge the leap and follow the bat's carcass down into the unfathomable depths of the Cauldron.

Surviving players should note the codeword **CHIROGRAPH** on their Character Sheet(s) and then turn to **366**.

442

Which item do you propose to use? A stone mallet (turn to **176**), a faceted jewel (turn to **325**) or a large key (turn to **309**)? If you don't have any of these, turn back to **305** and choose again.

443

Even as Onaka screams, 'Your thoughts reveal to me your real purpose!' you have moved to the attack. Turn to **20** to conduct the fight, but, in the first Round of combat only, neither the automaton nor Onaka can take any actions.

444

The enormous beast sinks into the dark water,

staining its surface with a thick blackish ichor. Its death-throes send the waves surging high around you, and your barge is thrown about like a leaf in the wind. But soon enough it ends, and the boat remains upright.

Turn to **144**.

445

If you have the codeword UPHEAVAL, turn to **131**. If not, turn to **317**.

446

You are seized by crazed delusions. If you are a Sage, turn to **426**. If you are a Warrior, turn to **470**. If you are a Trickster, turn to **11**. If you are an Enchanter, turn to **511**. Each player in the party should note the paragraph number appropriate to his or her character type, then read them in the order given here (that is, Sage first, and so on).

447

The room in front of you is filled with a drifting cloud of white haze. Waving the vapour aside with your hands, you step forward. You seem to be in a long robing chamber. Various cloaks hang from pegs on the wall, but these disintegrate like the ashes of burnt paper when you touch them. You are passing along this room when you see a figure approaching you through the mist from a side passage. Just as you are about to call out, you recognise the features of your old friend, Emeritus of Quadrille. He starts when he sees you, and then a broad smile of recognition lights up his face.

'Praise the Saviour!' he cries joyfully. 'I have sought you over all the land of Krarth these last twelve months; but I had no news of you, so I journeyed here by myself, knowing that I alone

might stand between human kind and the return of the despotic Magi. Now you are here to aid me! My prayers could not have been answered in better fashion.' So saying, he embraces you and you smell the familiar odour of herbs and salves which you associate with his profession. 'Now,' he says, 'we have little time to lose, for I have just discovered the resting-place of the mortal bodies of the Five Magi: a crypt whence their acolytes dragged them after their colleagues were slain at the Blasting. It lies down this corridor. But caution,' he adds, 'for the way is full of ancient traps.'

You follow him down the side passage to a small chamber. There are five curtained alcoves in the far wall. He steps forward and immediately an arrow flies out of a hidden slot to one side of the room and carooms off the stone wall by his ear. He wipes his brow and steps forward again gingerly.

If there is a Sage in the party, turn to **146**. If there is an Enchanter in the party, turn to **535**. If there is neither, turn to **346**.

448

You stand on the lip of the Cauldron and consider the features surrounding it. There are five, arranged equidistantly around the pinnacle on which the ruined city stands. If the Sage is here, turn to **506**.

On the edge of the chasm is perched a large statue of a bird fashioned in sparkling white metal. If you want to investigate it, turn to **262**.

Below, through the clouds of steam, you can see the mouldering cadaver of a titan. If you clamber down into its mandibles, turn to **417**.

A narrow gold bridge stretches across to the ruined city in the centre of the Cauldron. If you want to cross it, turn to **420**.

You see a blue shimmering in the air nearby. It has the look of a dimensional portal, and on the ground in front of it is a pile of weapons, armour and equipment. If you want to investigate, turn to **532**.

There is a pile of red gems strewn on a platform that juts out over the edge. Each gem is the size of an egg. If you want to take a closer look, turn to **42**.

449

You make an offering of some gold or any item you choose. Note what it is you have laid as an offering (but remember that you no longer possess it). Nothing appears to happen.

Will you examine the shrine closely (turn to **408**), examine the hut, if you have not already done so (turn to **72**), or board the barge and continue upriver (turn to **282**)?

450

You trudge on. Eventually you come to a door that opens on to a large room.

Turn to **360**.

451

The man at the head of the table stands and speaks in a deep, bass voice: 'Welcome, traveller, to our home, welcome. Please, join us in what we fondly call the Banquet of Eternal Dreams.' Several of the celebrants smirk or titter into their hands at this stage. 'I am King Vorto, lord of Blackridden Castle, and it is our custom to freely invite all wayfarers who visit at this time to join us. Come, sit, make merry and tell us your tale.' Several servants rush forward and prepare places near the king, laying out plates of enamelled gold and utensils of patterned silver. You realise how hungry you feel as the

delicious smells of the banqueting-table waft to your nostrils. The food looks spectacular.

Will you sit with King Vorto (turn to **508**) or say that you cannot tarry and take your leave, going back the way you came (turn to **5**)?

452

The music emanating from the Five Stars builds to a crescendo, becoming so high-pitched that it is as though a knife were being driven into your brain. You grit your teeth to stifle a cry of fear and pain.

Suddenly the noise is gone. You look around you. Tall beings who were once of this earth stand at the five points of the pentacle. Each wears robes that give off a halo of scintillant colour, but at the heart of their forms is an impenetrable blackness.

'We have returned,' they say. 'Eternity is ours.' Their voices sound distorted and, although they speak in unison, there is a slight disharmony. The Five have become manifest, but are not yet fully energised. While they are drawing power from the cosmic flux, you have your last, slim chance to destroy them.

The True Magi

Fighting Prowess: 12 Damage per blow: 8 Dice

Psychic Ability: 8 Awareness: 12

Armour Rating: 0 vs the Blood Sword
3 vs other weapons

Endurance:	<i>Red Death</i>	75	<i>White Light</i>	75
	<i>Blue Moon</i>	75	<i>Plague Star</i>	75
	<i>Gift Star</i>	75		

They can hurl magical Power-Bolts that count as Blasting spells, inflicting seven Dice damage (less armour) on a single target. They do not have to roll to cast these. Naturally they will concentrate their

Power-Bolts on a player holding the Blood Sword, but if this player is a Warrior he or she will take only half damage from the bolts.

Each Round, add one to their Psychic Ability and ten to their Endurance.

If by some miracle you win, turn to **550**.

			RD			
BM		4		1		GS
		5				
		3		2		
	WL				PS	

453

If there are more than one of you in the party, determine one player randomly by a Dice roll. He or she should turn to **202**. (If you are alone, turn to **202** also.)

454

(ENCHANTER) You remember the words of King Vorto and chant them hastily:

'He who is by Quotidian Time unbounded
Of amaranthine wastes, Exarch
Aoristic Onaka, his might impounded
By Void; of all demons, Autarch.'

Onaka howls an echoing howl of despair that tails away into a whimper of pain. But then he roars in rage and sweeps to the attack. From now on, Onaka is unable to cast spells. When the Dice say he will,

he will use hand-to-hand combat instead. Turn back to the previous entry.

455

'The chambers of Gift Star,' squeaks the honmnculus. 'A place of random happenings and pure chance. There are three doors. The left-hand door leads to a left-hand blessing. The right-hand door leads to an encounter with chance. The other door leads to an Oracle, of great value if you can pay the price. Beyond these is the guardian.' He makes a grimace of disgust at the mention of the guardian. You ask for more information, but he replies: 'I cannot say more, save that you must destroy it to achieve your quest.'

Turn to **150**.

456

You come to a long hall. At the far end is a dais upon which rests an iron-shod quarterstaff that glows with a faint radiance. Beyond it are huge double doors adorned with two demon faces, wrought in gold. Between you and the dais the floor is a chequerboard of nine two-metre-square stone slabs. You will have to cross them to reach the dais and the doors. The first three lie before you. Will you step out on to the left-hand slab (turn to **180**), the middle slab (turn to **548**) or the right-hand slab (turn to **368**)?

457

You continue up towards the black ridge as dusk doses in and dark shadows begin to lie over the land. Just at nightfall you enter the courtyard of the castle. Suddenly the gate crashes to behind you, and you see dark shapes lining the shadowy door-

ways and battlements around you. You see the dark, sweaty faces of creatures you believe to be ores. You must fight them. You have no opportunity to flee, as your escape route is cut off.

Ores

Fighting Prowess: 6

Damage per blow: 3 Dice

Psychic Ability: 6

Awareness: 5

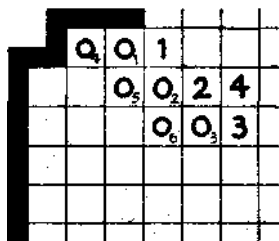
Armour Rating: 2

Endurance: *first* 25 *fourth* 25

second 25 *fifth* 25

third 25 *sixth* 25

If you have some holy powder and wish to use it, turn to **297**. If you win, turn to **193**.



458

(SAGE) You recognise the staff as an ancient artefact that was once wielded by the legendary Great Wizard, and Master of the Lore of Sages, Lord Kashu, Shackler of Demons, Suzerain of the Palace of the Moon, the Sorcerer Supreme. It is the Staff of Might. While you wield it in combat, add one to your Fighting Prowess and one to your damage rolls. It also enables you to cast the Enchanter spell Volcano Spray once per combat. For this purpose it counts as automatically readied for that combat, and is cast with a Psychic Ability of ten. You may or



may not tell your comrades of its power, at your discretion. Note down this paragraph so that you may refer to it if necessary, then turn back to **303**.

459

The shrine has some dried and desiccated food, obviously an offering that has long since decayed. It is carved to represent some gigantic sea creature, a Kraken. It has a long finned serpentine body which rises up to form a humanoid torso from which sprout several arms and tentacles. Its head is a mass of teeth and eyes. Three of the eyes have been picked out in gold, silver and copper.

Will you examine the shrine in detail (turn to **408**), investigate the hut, if you have, not done so already (turn to **117**), or place an offering of your own on the shrine (turn to **449**)?

460

If you want to take a closer look at the stone face at the end of the hall, turn to **350**. If you are ready to go back up the air shaft now, turn to **115**.

461

You must lay an item on the table, or no fewer than twenty gold pieces. You roll the Dice, and then the spectre causes them to roll using some unknown power. This makes you suspect the honesty of the game. Roll one Die. If you score two, four or five, turn to **375**. If you score one, three or six, turn to **162**.

462

It -contains a sparkling many-faceted jewel. You rotate it in wonderment, watching the light glitter from within it. Note this jewel on your Character Sheet if you decide to keep it. If you want to open

another casket, turn to **63**. If you are ready to carry on deeper into the labyrinth, turn to **2**.

463

With a scream you fall downwards. It is not deep, but your fall is broken by rows of sharp spikes. Each person loses two Dice Endurance, and armour counts. If anyone is killed, a Sage (if alive) has only one attempt to heal them before death takes them completely. In any case, you haul yourself out and press on. The corridor ends soon after with three doors: one directly ahead, one to the left and one to the right. They are all of wood, featureless and unmarked. Which door will you go through? The one directly ahead (turn to **531**), the one on your right (turn to **140**) or the one on your left (turn to **100**)?

464

If the Sacrifice Strength is twenty-nine or more, turn to **161**. If it is in the range fifteen to twenty-eight, turn to **452**. If it is in the range seven to fourteen, turn to **347**. If it is six or less, turn to **190**.

465

You walk towards the sound of the door. Moments later you see a tall, powerful figure before you. It is ebon in colour, inlaid with a thin gold tracery, as if of marble, but this is no statue. As its head moves to track your progress, its black skin glitters like metal in your torches. Its face is uniformly perfect, an uncanny beauty that is unnerving in its unnaturalness. The eyes are twin orbs of shimmering gold. The thing speaks, its voice androgynous and toneless. 'I am the castellan of Castle Blackridden. My master has sent me to discover what has disturbed

his rest. This must be you. Identify yourselves, please.'

If you want to attack this strange being, turn to **25**. If you want to tell it that you have come for the statuette of the Lady of Time, turn to **472**. If there is a Trickster who wishes to try something, turn to **76**.

466

You jump into the air as a metre-long barbed javelin explodes from the wall fifteen centimetres above the floor. It hurtles away under your feet and thuds into the far wall, thrumming loudly for a moment. You land on the slab safely. Wiping the sweat from your brow, you continue. Will you step on the slab directly ahead of you, on the last row (turn to **208**), step forward diagonally to the right, on to the middle slab of the last row (turn to **85**), or step right, to the centre-most slab of the nine (turn to **542**)?

467

The spectre laughs, a dry, hollow sound. Slowly it fades from view and is gone, leaving you oddly confused. Still, you examine the room and find nothing of interest. All that is left are the stairs in the left wall.

Turn to **206**.

468

With the last of the lice dead there is nothing to stop you scrambling the remaining distance across the titan's carcass. Its tail is wedged between the pillars of a colonnade on the edge of the ruins. However, the fumes continue to burn you as you make your way there: each player loses two Dice Endurance, with no armour protection.

Stepping off the carcass on to firm ground, you

start to explore. In most cases the porticoes of the buildings have caved in, preventing entry, but you find one whose entrance you are able to clear of rubble without too much trouble. Inside, there is a wide stairway leading under ground. Reasoning that there ought to be subterranean passages linking with the main citadel at the centre of the ruins, you descend.

Turn to **376**.

469

There are small apertures all along the walls of the main passage. They might have served the function of valves, since they are sealed by clusters of chitinous membranes that overlap like flower petals. You cannot guess at the purpose of such things in a living creature.

You reach the upper thorax and crawl through into a spacious cavity which is partly open to the outside. Peering through the gap in the exoskeleton, you can see that you're now almost half way across the chasm. Far, far below, the volcanic fires of hell glimmer redly up through the mist filling the Cauldron.

If you wish to emerge on to the outside of the carcass to proceed from this point, turn to **471**. If you choose instead to follow one of the passages through the abdomen, turn to **349**.

470

(WARRIOR) These people are not worthy of your friendship! They are treacherous vipers who would as soon murder you as look at you! They are without honour and do not understand the way of nobility and chivalry. Know your enemy, and then crush him - utterly. That is the maxim of the Warrior.

They are the enemy and must be destroyed.
Turn to **286**.

471

The vapour rising from the chasm makes your eyes water, but you grit your teeth and manage to crawl along the exterior of the carcass. You will have to endure the pain only for a minute or so until you reach the ruins.

A muffled explosion from the depths is followed by a gush of hot acid smoke. It burns your skin: each player loses 1-6 Endurance points, with armour giving no protection. To make matters worse, several crustaceans resembling giant lice are now gliding towards you across the titan's carapace.

If the Enchanter is here, he or she should turn to **163**. If not, you'll have to fight your way past them - turn to **496**.

472

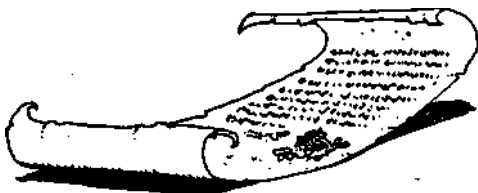
'In that case I must destroy you,' it says. Twin bolts of incandescent energy, of coruscating gold, leap from its eyes at you (if there is more than one player, roll randomly to see who it hits). The target must successfully roll under his or her Awareness (with two Dice) to dodge aside. Otherwise, he takes three Dice damage (armour counts). You must fight on.

Turn to **370**.

473

The door of Blue Moon opens on to a vast natural cavern lit by a bright red glow from a bubbling lava pit at its centre. Beside the pit is a large dais covered in rich cloth-of-gold. On it rests a magnificent jewelled battleaxe of gleaming steel, a quarterstaff shod in silver which glows with might, and a

luminous scroll inscribed with runes of power that even *a* layman could tell are inextricably bound with sorcerous force. As you gawp, the dais begins to move up, inexorably causing the treasure that rests atop to slide ever faster towards the lava pit. Any moment now they will fall away to be consumed forever by the liquid rock. Will you wait to see what happens (turn to **38**), quickly cast a Detection spell if you have an Enchanter in the party (turn to **537**) or dash forward to try to get some of the treasure before it is destroyed (turn to **170**)?



474

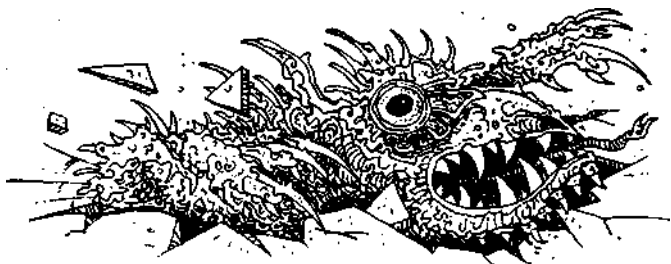
(PLAYER WOUNDED) Roll a Die. If you roll 1-4, you stumble but manage to catch your balance: lose your action for the next Round. If you roll 5-6, you slip and fall off into the chasm - if you're the Sage you can Levitate back to safety (losing one Round's action in doing so), but otherwise you plunge to your doom.

If you survive, turn back to **496** to continue the fight.

475

You throw the cloak over its head. If you were hoping to blind it, bad luck. It 'sees' by listening for the echoes of its shrieks and building up a picture of

the sound-waves around it. These sound-waves are barely impeded by the cloak, and it is still able to fight you. Turn to 175 for the battle, but since its hearing is slightly muffled you should reduce both its Fighting Prowess and Awareness by one from the scores given there.



476

You place the statuette in its place. Instantly there is a flash of bright white light, and the pattern, the statuette and much of your hair disappear into incandescence. Moments later, nothing is left to mark their presence (save your burnt hair!). Myorg howls exultantly, 'Tree - at last, free to avenge myself on the Magi!' Abruptly, he stops in mid-rant. 'Wait, what is happening?' he says. You notice him stagger, and his skin begins to tighten across his skull. His hair is visibly whitening. 'I had not known my imprisonment had been for so long!' he cries. 'I have long outlived my time and now I am paying the price! No! Help me!' he moans. But there is nothing you can do. His hair is lengthening visibly. Even his clothes begin to decay before your eyes. His flesh begins to suppurate and split, shrivelling horribly. He sinks to his knees, barely able to speak. In a hoarse whisper he croaks, 'Even

at the end then, the Magi have crushed me. But I know you seek their doom. Avenge me - I lay this death-command upon you. But I will aid you. All the power that was mine when I mastered the way of the wizard shall now be yours. As I die my strength will pass to you. So have I spoken!' He slumps forward, his eyes melting in their sockets. Hundreds of maggots writhe across his body, feeding ravenously, devouring his substance. His breath wheezes with pain until even his lungs have been consumed.

Suddenly you are struck by some force, as if you had run into a wall full-tilt. Power surges through you. Myorg's words were true and he has bequeathed you his strength. Each party member receives +5 to Endurance. A Warrior also gets +1 to all damage rolls, a Sage +1 to all healing rolls, a Trickster +1 to Awareness, and an Enchanter +1 to Psychic Ability. The maggots still writhe upon the body of Myorg until nothing is left. Then they begin to form cocoons, and moments later a thousand butterflies spring forth from the organic mire that was once Myorg. Colours, rich and varied like the rainbow, fill your eyes in a blaze of glory. A sweet smell lifts your soul, and they flutter away out of sight. After a moment's reflection you press on. The quest beckons. You go through the door at the far end of the corridor.

Turn to **360**.

477

The horn Gjall produces a note that can be heard throughout the Nine Worlds. Crashing against the heavens, it produces an echo like a low peal of thunder. The tower quivers under you and - incredibly - a crack appears across the night sky,

through which the celestial radiance shines dazzlingly.

The disciples gasp and fall to their knees. At the same instant the multi-coloured flames that pent their captives gutter and go out, allowing the captives to flee. Record the codeword DELIVERANCE on your Character Sheet(s).

You are able to attack the disciples as they rise. They are trying to resume the chant to summon their unearthly lords, but the shock of hearing Heimdall's horn so close has unnerved them. They are visibly shaken, and for the first time a glimmer of fear shows behind the fanatical zeal in their eyes.

Disciples of the Magi

Psychic Ability: 9

Armour Rating: 5

Endurance:	<i>first</i>	15	<i>fourth</i>	15
	<i>second</i>	15	<i>fifth</i>	15
	<i>third</i>	15		

(They are not really so heavily armoured, but the defensive spells they have prepared beforehand have the effect of armour.)

The ritual is taking all their concentration, so they cannot fight back or even defend. After six Rounds, note your positions and current wounds and then turn to **543**. If you kill them all before six Rounds are up, turn to **190**.

			D ₁			
			1			
D ₅				3	2	D ₂
				4		
				5		
	D ₄				D ₃	

A crazed battle-cry alerts you to someone lying in ambush at the top of the staircase. You immediately think of the disciples who escaped from you earlier. One of them careens down towards you, heedless of his own safety. 'Die! Die! Die!' he is screaming. Almost disinterestedly, you prepare to do battle. This will but whet your appetite for the night's main event: your clash with the Magi themselves . . .

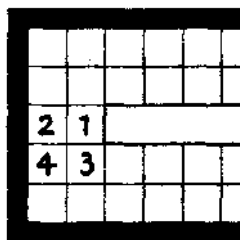
Disciples of the Magi

Fighting Prowess: 6	Damage per blow: 1 Die
Psychic Ability: 6	Awareness: 6
Armour Rating: 0	
Endurance: <i>each</i>	10

Note: The staircase newel obstructs blows struck upwards by a player on the right-hand side of the party. A player in this position must subtract one from his or her Fighting Prowess.

The number of disciples you are facing is the number you have written beside the codeword ROUT on your Character Sheet. They will continue to file down the stairs towards you until you or they are all dead.

If you overcome them, turn to 47.



DEPLOY APPROPRIATE NUMBER OF
DISCIPLES IN FRONT OF PLAYERS 1 AND 2

479

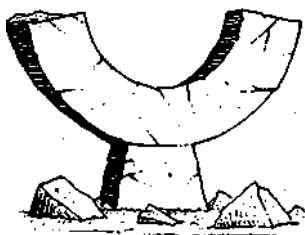
(ENCHANTER) It is not for such as you to scrabble through these items as a common serf might look for an unblemished turnip! You will locate the choicest items magically. Will you cast Summon Faltyn (turn to **8**), Detect Enchantment (turn to **53**) or Prediction (turn to **499**)?

480

Simply finding a few stalks of fresh grass here in the centre of the petrified garden has given you hope. You reach into the water to touch the amulet which, you feel sure, is the source of the life-giving energy. It seems to you that your fingers close around it, but when you try to lift it out of the fountain it slips mysteriously from your grasp. Time after time you try to get the amulet, yet in vain.

If you cannot obtain the amulet, you can at least drink. As you raise a handful of water to your lips, you experience a delicious coolness that no earthly draught could possess. A tingle runs through your veins as any wounds you may have taken earlier in the adventure are miraculously healed. If you are suffering the effects of disease or poison, they are cured also.

If you were originally accompanied by companions who have been slain since you entered Spyte, turn to **185**. If not, turn to **429**.



481

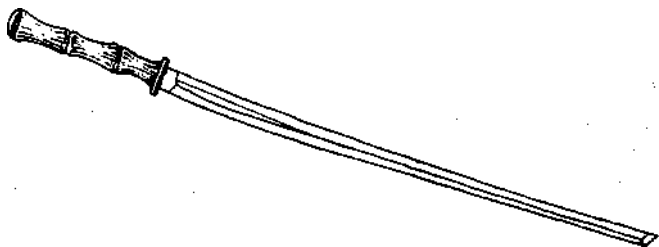
You hurl yourself forward, coming to rest just in front of the dais. A long sharpened wooden stake bursts out of the slab you were just on. Relieved to be still alive, you turn your attention to the dais.

Turn to **303**.

482

There is something familiar about his sword. You saw it before once - when? You don't have time to search your memories now in the thick of battle.

If you surrender, turn to **528**. If you go on with the fight, turn back to **49** - remembering to adjust your opponent's Endurance from the score given there.



483

The creature finally stops writhing, only giving out occasional spasmodic twitches. You can now see that it was carrying a blue gem. One player can take this gem - note it down on your Character Sheet if you do. The gem can be used *once* to create an illusory warrior to aid you in a combat. This phantasm will act just like another party member, and will obey the will of the holder of the gem. Its attributes will be as follows:

Fighting Prowess: 8 Damage: 4 Dice
Psychic Ability: 7 Awareness: 7
Armour Rating: 3
Endurance: 30

(Note the number of this entry next to the blue gem on your Character Sheet so that you can refer back for these attributes when they are needed.) The phantasm will fight in *one* combat only; the gem will disappear after it is used.

When you are ready, turn to **167**.

484

You climb up the stone steps to the doors of the keep, and into a dark entrance hall. The doors shut behind you with a hollow clang - seemingly of their own volition. You hear the fluttering of bats' wings above you in the rafters. Ahead is darkness. To the left is a stairway down to the cellar and to your right a door. Before you can decide on your next move, you hear the sound of a door opening and shutting in the dark ahead. This is followed by the clump of heavy footsteps.

Will you go down the stairs to the left (turn to **345**), go through the door to the right (turn to **340**) or move towards the noise up ahead (turn to **465**)?

485

You enter the pool of light. It makes your skin and clothes seem luminous and oddly coloured. After a few seconds you start to rise up into the air as though the force of gravity were repelling rather than attracting your weight. You continue to ascend for maybe a hundred metres before finally coming to rest beside a balcony. You step across from the beam of light to the balcony, where your normal sensation of weight returns at once - it is like

emerging from a pool after you have been swimming for a while.

A door leads off the balcony. You can also see a narrow bridge leading over to another tower, but you decide against crossing it in view of the wind shrieking between the buildings here. You have no desire to be swept off to your doom! Instead, you open the door and rush through, then force it shut against the gale.

Turn to **447**.

486

(ENCHANTER) Out of the corner of his eye Emeritus notices you beginning the somatic rituals of the spell. He is slightly put out, as your action suggests that you do not trust him to deal with things in his own way. 'Do please desist from such tomfoolery,' he says, turning to you. 'I am not quite so bumbling and incapable as you seem to imagine.'

If you cast the spell anyway, turn to **222**. If you abort it so as not to offend him, turn to **346**.

487

The flesh of your comrade(s) has been turned to cold crystal by the creatures' gaze. Grimacing at the expression of terror frozen forever into the crystalline features, you remove any equipment that you think might be needed later in the adventure. You vow that your comrades' death will not have been in vain - the Magi will be destroyed! After a moment in prayer, you rise and continue up to the top of the staircase.

Turn to **182**.

488

You twist a knob on the end of the panel which has the word *sisto* stencilled beside it. Unfortunately,



this has the effect of de-activating the bird's mechanism altogether: it stops flapping its wings and drops like a stone. You jump clear at the last minute and strike the plaza with bone-jarring force. Each player loses five Dice Endurance, with armour giving no protection. Despite the pain, you are satisfied to see that the bird falls on several of the disciples, crushing them. The rest give a mad roar - a scream of mob hysteria - and surge forward with drawn swords.

Disciples of the Magi

Fighting Prowess: 6

Damage per blow: 1 Die

Psychic Ability: 6

Awareness: 6

Armour Rating: 0

Endurance:	<i>first</i>	10	<i>eighth</i>	10
	<i>second</i>	10	<i>ninth</i>	10
	<i>third</i>	10	<i>tenth</i>	10
	<i>fourth</i>	10	<i>eleventh</i>	10
	<i>fifth</i>	10	<i>twelfth</i>	10
	<i>sixth</i>	10	<i>thirteenth</i>	10
	<i>seventh</i>	10	<i>fourteenth</i>	10

If you win, turn to **88**.

				D ₄	D ₅	D ₆
		D ₁	D ₂	D ₃		
4				1		D ₇
						D ₈
	3					D ₉
D ₁₄			2		D ₁₀	
	D ₁₃					
		D ₁₂	D ₁₁			

489

There is a clearing right in the heart of the garden. Bare trees, trunks turned to stone by the centuries, stand around the perimeter of the clearing like brooding sentinels. You advance towards an old stone fountain set on a pedestal. Four stone gargoyles stare blindly out from the base of the pedestal. From the fountain itself you catch a faint trickling sound.

If you want to take a closer look, turn to **30**. If you just want to get out of the garden as quickly as possible and go on your way, turn to **276**.

490

The shrieking continues despite the fact that you have let go of the gem. Suddenly the entire side of the hearth crashes in on you, causing each player to lose three Dice Endurance.

If you decide to remain in the fireplace, turn to **427**. If you emerge into the banqueting-hall and try to run back to the air shaft, turn to **396**.

491

The ebon automaton leads you up some stairs, past a small landing and through large double doors of beaten copper. You come into a large baronial hall, its walls hung with emblazoned shields and crossed weapons. At the far end of the hall is a huge iron throne, on which sits a hideous black-robed figure. Its hood is thrown back, revealing a twisted demonic visage of Stygian horror, a nightmare face of glowing eyes and glistening fangs. From its robes four chitinous arms extend out, and as it stands you notice hooved feet. Behind the throne, in an alcove set into the wall, you notice the refulgent glow of the statuette of The Lady of Time.

The automaton steps forward and speaks: 'My Lord Onaka,, I have brought these messengers whom you have summoned.'

'I sent no summons,' whispers the demon lord, in a voice like the whistling wind.

You can either try to bluff your way out of this situation (turn to **91**) or attack Onaka and his servant immediately (turn to **443**).

492

Because the Prediction spell has given you a presentiment of various monsters' attacks, you get one free Round against anything that attacks you while you are searching through the armoury. This free Round enables you to make a first strike against the creature(s) or to flee before it can act.

Turn to **154**.

493

Firstly, make sure you have noted down the number of the previous entry. This entry will not guide you back there.

The book is a compendium of Spyte's history, including references to various demonic guardians and the ways of dealing with them. One page in particular catches your notice, having been circled in red ink. 'In the south of the Garden Hall,' it reads, 'there ascends a stairway to a building known as the Tower of the Crystal Gaze. In this tower roost the Death Angels, which are strange flying creatures which behave as docilely as pigeons in the presence of the Magi but which attack any stranger without hesitation. Anyone who looks into the eyes of a Death Angel will surely die. Thus it is best to go blindfolded or carry abrasive dust to cast into these creatures' eyes.'

You flip through the book, but you cannot find anything else that seems immediately useful. You do find the title of the work: *A History of Spyte since the Blasting*, by Hordred, Abbot of Leire Monastery.

Return to the last entry you were reading.

494

(ENCHANTER) There is a galaxy of swirling lights all around. You feel as though you are careening at impossible speed, but since there is neither feature nor air in the void surrounding you it is impossible to tell for sure.

You realise at once what has happened. You have been caught in an interdimensional storm. With the incredible magical energy radiating from Spyte, you should have anticipated the disruption of your spell. Too late to worry about that now - you must concentrate on regaining control of the spell before you travel beyond the limit of returning to the real world.

Roll three Dice. If you score greater than your Psychic Ability, you (and your comrades, if any) are lost forever in this interdimensional void. If you score equal to or less than your Psychic Ability, turn to **37**.

495

(ENCHANTER) You decide to cast a minor detection spell on the painting. It reveals that the portrait is laden with demonic sorcery.

Turn back to **340**.

496

The lice are clustering around you. Each the size of a shield, they are symbiotes whose function is to clear pieces of organic matter off the titan's carapace.

Unfortunately, they obviously include you in that category.

Lice

Fighting Prowess: 6

Damage per blow: 1 Die

Psychic Ability: 5

Awareness: 4

Armour Rating: 0

Endurance: *first* 6 *seventh* 6

second 6 *eighth* 6

third 6 *ninth* 6

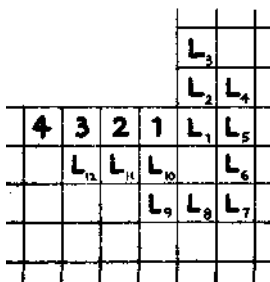
fourth 6 *tenth* 6

fifth 6 *eleventh* 6

sixth 6 *twelfth* 6

Every Round you will lose one Endurance point (regardless of armour) because of the stinging fumes around you. These fumes don't bother the lice. Because you are balanced rather precariously on the massive carcass, you can move only one square on the tactical map each Round.

If any player is hit for a total of more than twelve points of damage in one Round, he or she should turn to **474**. If you win, turn to **468**.



497

A loud crash startles you as several suits of armour are knocked from their stands on to the marble

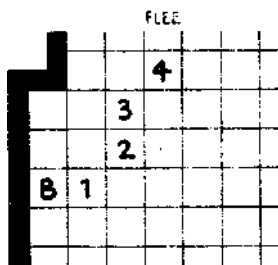
floor. You have disturbed a brontophon which was sleeping behind one of the weapon racks. This creature looks something like a giant acorn on four chitinous spider-legs, with numerous glistening eyes set under ridges in its carapace. It attacks by snapping at you with its horny beak, but its deadliest power is the ability to generate a deep thunderous booming as it fights. This gets steadily louder, and it is said that if allowed to go on uninterrupted it eventually reaches a point where it will crack stone walls and shake a man's bones to jelly!

Brontophon

Fighting Prowess: 8 Damage per blow: 4 Dice
 Psychic Ability: 7 Awareness: 8
 Armour Rating: 5
 Endurance: 40

Note: After one Round, all players adjacent to it lose one Endurance point (no armour protection) due to the noise it is generating. After two Rounds this increases to two points. After three Rounds it increases to four points. After four Rounds, eight points, and so on. (If you don't kill it quickly it can do you a *lot* of damage.)

If you flee, turn to **14**. If you win, turn to **251**.



498

You have been stricken by a vile disease! A rotting pestilence now ravages your body. From now on, every time you come to a new paragraph, before you read it roll two Dice. If you score two ('snake-eyes'), the disease has taken its toll and you lose two Endurance points. This loss *cannot* be healed by a Sage.

Return to **372** and fight on.

499

(ENCHANTER) You predict that in the time spent searching the armoury you would be attacked by a whole series of wandering monsters. It hardly seems worth the bother- although you do glimpse a magic ring that you would be very happy to own...

The future-image fades. If you start searching anyway, turn to **492**. If you decide to leave the armoury, turn to **14**.

500

The giant mandibles are twitching macabrely as you rush back over them and throw yourself on to the security of *terrafirma*. Suddenly the titan throws out its arms and seizes the edge of the chasm in a vice-like grip. It is beginning to draw itself up out of the chasm. Rather than wait here to provide it with its first meal, you run for dear life towards the shimmering blue circle of the dimensional portal. The titan, seeing you, reaches out. You dive for the portal. The titan's massive pincer snaps shut on empty air ...

Turn to **142**.

501

The creature's multiple eyes make it a dangerous

opponent: it is able to strike at up to four opponents simultaneously. Resolve the combat normally, but when it is the Argus' turn to act it will make fight rolls against all players adjacent to it.

Argus

Fighting Prowess: 9 Damage per blow: 3 Dice+3
Psychic Ability: 9 Awareness: 6
Armour Rating: 3
Endurance: 54

It is no use thinking of fleeing now. The monster undoubtedly knows this labyrinth like the back of its claw, so you would soon be cornered. If you kill it, turn to 27.



502

The bird gives a metallic squawk and spreads its wings. With a sickening lurch it takes a series of jerky steps towards the edge of the Cauldron. You have an instant of terror in which you are sure you're about to plunge to your doom, then the bird's wings start to sweep up and down. Allowing intuition to guide you in the absence of any more reliable knowledge, you pull back on the central lever just as the bird reaches the lip of the chasm. For a moment you cannot see anything because of the clouds of steam rising up from the depths, but you can feel that you are ascending. Then you rise out of the steam into the last blood-red rays of the setting sun. You are circling above the Cauldron

with the ruins of Spyte off to one side, and by moving the lever you can control your flight to some extent. Obviously the angels are watching over you! You give a prayer of thanks and try turning the bird towards Spyte.

Roll a Die. If you score four or more (three or more if the Sage is here or you've previously tried this manoeuvre), then you have been successful: the bird changes course towards the ruins - turn to **169**. If you fail the roll, turn to **367**, unless you rolled a one, in which case turn to **105**.

503

The jewel flickers with spangles of colour in the wan magical illumination that pervades the labyrinth. The creature stands swaying in front of you, entranced by the dancing patterns of light as you slowly rotate the jewel. Its many eyes make it particularly susceptible to hypnosis.

You can proceed safely: turn to **27**.

504

You hurl yourself flat on the floor as a volley of small javelins flies from the wall to your left, whistling overhead to clatter harmlessly against the far wall. Heaving a sigh of relief, you get to your feet. Will you step on the slab directly in front of you, still close to the right wall (turn to **104**), step on the slab to your left, still on the front row (turn to **548**), or step diagonally to the left, on to the centre-most slab of the nine (turn to **542**)?

505

The blue twilight fills you with unease. You remember with hideous clarity the events of a single night in the Drakken Woods many years ago - the night

you began your quest. Blue Moon was the first of the True Magi to become aware of you, and his sorcery almost cost you your life. Dwelling thus on the events of your callow youth, you momentarily forget the years of battle experience you have endured since then. A chill runs down your spine.

Suddenly the Ice Bear off to your right screams as if enraged. You turn quickly to see it rear up on its hind legs and stamp the ground frenziedly. The Razor Bird is flapping about, shrieking madly, while the Basilisk's eyes are slowly opening. They seem maddened by your presence. As you back away, they turn and watch. Then the Basilisk lets out a piercing howl and the others take it as a signal. They are coming straight at you!

Is the Sage here? If so, he or she should turn to **382**. Otherwise, you will either have to fight the animals (turn to **280**) or else run for the edge of the Cauldron (turn to **393**).

506

(SAGE) Obviously the five features correspond to the five True Magi. The mechanical bird is a device of White Light. Plague Star must be responsible for the giant's corpse. The golden bridge puts you in mind of the devious stratagems of Gift Star - it seems like a gift indeed, this easy route across, but the gifts of this Magus are rarely as pleasant as they seem. The dimensional portal is obviously connected with Blue Moon. The colour of the gems betrays their association with Red Death.

Now turn back to **448** and decide what you are going to do.

507

As you step aside, an obsidian-tipped spear cata-

pulps from the ceiling, hammering into the stone slab where it shivers into splinters with a crack. Wiping the sweat from your brow, you get to your feet. Will you step on the slab directly ahead of you, on the last row (turn to **183**), step forward diagonally to the left, on to the middle slab of the last row (turn to **85**), or step left, to the centre-most slab of the nine (turn to **542**)?

508

You pull back the finely carved, gold-inlaid chair to sit. As you look up, it seems that you are sitting at an ancient crumbling table of rotted wood, covered in layers of dust and grime. The walls are black with soot, and desiccated skeletons, with grinning skulls draped in long white hair, slump unmoving around you, dressed in decayed fragments of fine robes. Rings and bracelets circle thin bony fingers and skeletal wrists. Hands of pitted bone held together by yellowing leathery ligaments and tendons still grasp cobwebbed goblets as if in macabre imitation of life. A thrill of horror electrifies your spine.

A voice, vibrant and rich with sensuous life, sounds in your ear: 'What ails you, my friend?'

You turn to look into the wide green eyes of a young woman, of breathtaking beauty, sitting beside you. The air is filled with the sound of merriment, and a minstrel sings a happy tune nearby. All around you, people are laughing and joking, and the hall is filled with sound and light once more. You shake your head, unsure as to your senses.

'I thought . . . no, it is nothing,' you reply.

If you wish to remain seated, turn to **67**. If you want to leave, back up the stairs to the hall of portraits, turn to **379**.

509

You walk down one of the empty corridors. It seems to stretch on and on, a featureless tunnel of smooth stone. Will you continue on, or head back the way you came and take the corridor with the old man?

If you go on, turn to **450**. If you head back, turn to **136**.

510

As far as you can tell, the bridge is just a thin strip of gold stretching from the lip of the chasm to the ruins. There do not seem to be any supports, so you cannot tell how it is able to bear its own weight, let alone yours. It is not much more than a metre wide (if you are in a multi-player party this forces you to cross in single file) and you try to keep from looking down as you make your way along it. The drop to either side is dizzying and seemingly limitless. The updraughts of heat rippling into the cold evening air hint at an indescribable inferno raging at the bottom of the chasm, and you know that one false step could spell your doom.

After several agonisingly tense minutes, you reach the mid-point of the bridge. You can now see the outlines of a gate at the far end, just visible through the billowing steam clouds and the gathering shadows of dusk. You are so intent on not glancing down that you fail to notice the pentagonal symbol inscribed in the middle of the bridge. As you step on to it, a golden shimmering appears in the air in front of you. You pause in surprise as a weird figure begins to take shape out of the void . . .

Turn to **95**.

511

(ENCHANTER) Why have you not seen it before?

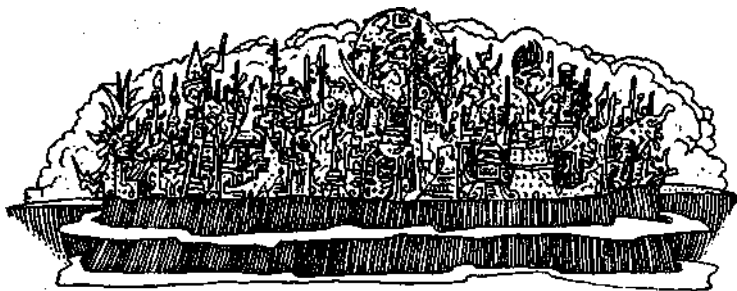


These people, your so-called companions, have always been jealous of your power, the ultimate power of sorcery. Their covetous glares and behind-the-hand sniggers have gone on too long. You will not tolerate it any more! You will destroy them before they destroy you, for it is obvious their greed and jealousy have overcome them and they are plotting against you. Blast them with spells until they are ashes! You'll show them the power of sorcery!

Turn to **286**.

512

If anyone was killed by the scorpions, turn to **283**. Otherwise, you can investigate the armoury in search of useful weapons (turn to **363**) or make your way deeper into the city (turn to **14**).



513

His battle-cry is an unearthly screech which chills your blood. Splinters fly from his icy lance with each titanic blow, but it seems to re-freeze instantly as sharp and strong as before.

Cataphract

Fighting Prowess: 8

Damage per blow: 6 Dice

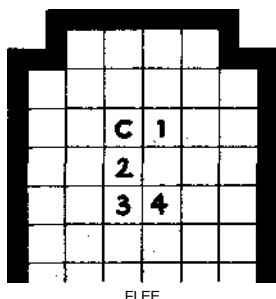
Psychic Ability: 8

Awareness: 8

Armour Rating: 5

Endurance: 90

If you flee back down the steps, turn to **278**. If you defeat him, turn to **48**.



514

Record the codeword **WONDERLAND** on your Character Sheet(s).

You push your way through the buffeting wind by the edge of the air shaft, and roll over the body. You start back when you see that the body is in fact the skeleton of a man and only the grinning skull confronts you as you look down on the long dead corpse. Swallowing your revulsion, you start to search the pockets of the man's cloak. In one of them you find six phials of liquid. You unstopper one and dip your finger into the green water inside. It tastes bitter and immediately you sense a change in your body. It seems to have shrunk to small degree. You try a bit more and again your body contracts. You have picked up six potions of Diminution: note them on your character sheet.

Turn to **276**.

515

You jump backwards, but a volley of small javelins flies from the whole length of the wall. Each character is hit by two javelins that do one Die +2 damage each (armour counts). If you still live, you press on. Will you step on the slab directly in front of you, still close to the left wall (turn to **337**), step on the slab to your right, still on the front row (turn to **548**), or step diagonally to the right, on to the centre-most slab of the nine (turn to **542**)?

516

You strike the copper walls of the labyrinth with the mallet, setting up such a cacophony that the bat-creature can no longer use its echo sense to locate you.

Turn to **175** to fight it, but reduce its Fighting Prowess and Awareness by five each to represent the fact that it's 'blinded'.

517

You take his sword. Suddenly you recognise it-you saw it once before, in the underworld beneath Hakbad, on the night you cast Aiken of Yamato down into Sheol. It is the Blade of Death, the companion to your own Blade of Life. How did it come into this fellow's hands, you wonder. You can hardly credit that he took it from its previous owner by force, since that owner was Hasan-i Sabbah, Grand Master of the cult of Assassins.

Like the Blood Sword, the Sword of Death confers bonuses of +3 to Fighting Prowess and +2 Dice to damage. If it wounds an undead creature, the creature is immediately subject to a Psychic attack which will destroy it if it fails to resist. If you are the Warrior and you are also armed with the Blood

Sword, note the number of this entry and then turn to 40.

You also find a secret compartment inside the man's ring. It contains a small amount of aromatic reddish-brown snuff. If you want to take a pinch of this at any time, turn to **102**. You will have to mark your place in the book before doing so, as **102** will not direct you back there. The ring is so light that it does not even count as a single unit of encumbrance. If you keep it, write on your Character Sheet: 'Ring containing snuff - turn to **102** for effect of snuff.

Now turn to **34**.

518

(PLAYER WHOM IT JUST HIT) The bat seizes you and sweeps its wings, climbing directly up into the air! If you have any companions, they can only watch in horror as you struggle with the monster in mid-air. You catch a sickening glimpse of the dizzying drop below you as the monster's claws rake at your flesh.

Giant Bat

Fighting Prowess: 10	Damage per blow: 2 Dice+2
Psychic Ability: 6	Awareness: 8
Armour Rating: 0	
Endurance: 77	(less any wounds previously inflicted)

If you manage to wound it for more than eight points with a single blow, turn to **400**. If you kill it, turn to **441**. If it kills you but there are other players still alive on the ground, they should turn to **533**.

519

As soon as she is free of the confining bell, the nymph grows to full size (a little under one and a

half metres, but quite heavily built). She gives a triumphant laugh and immediately attacks with a Thousand-Year Sleep spell.

Nymph

Psychic Ability: 11 Awareness: 11

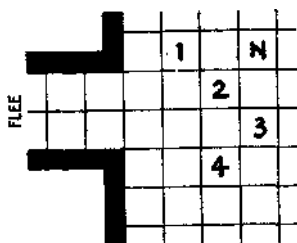
Armour Rating: 0

Endurance: 30

Her action each Round is to cast Thousand-Year Sleep on one player, who must resist this Psychic spell or fall asleep. Trying to rouse a sleeping player takes one whole Round (during which time someone must be adjacent to him or her), and the player will remain asleep on a roll of 1-2 on one Die.

The nymph does not need to call her Sleep spell to mind or make a roll to cast it. She can use it automatically once each Round. Once she has succeeded in putting all players to sleep, turn to **109**.

If you flee (abandoning any players she has already put to sleep), turn to **174**. If you kill her you can wake any sleeping comrades and then leave - turn to **305**.



520

The bridge leads to a balcony jutting out from the edge of the ruined city walls. The only way into the ruins is through an archway at the back of the

balcony. Beyond you can see a short tunnel which opens on to a wide plaza, but you cannot proceed because a kind of portcullis bars the arch. You examine it closely in the twilight. The portcullis comprises four vertical bars, each as thick as a man's arm. These consist of some kind of greyish-white crystalline material. From the look of them you would not have much trouble breaking one - which is just as well, because you will have to break at least one in order to get through the archway and into the city.

Brushing against the first of the crystal bars, you are astonished to hear a voice calling softly to you. You look at it and can just make out a firefly-soft glimmer from within. Then you start back in sudden shock. You distinctly saw a face with slant gold eyes and a fang-filled grin looking back at you out of the crystal!

If you investigate more closely, rum to **217**. If you return along the bridge to find another way into the ruins, turn to **448**.



521

You must roll a Die to determine whether you operate the controls properly. If you score four or more (three or more if the Sage is here or you've



previously tried this manoeuvre), then you have been successful: the bird hovers in mid-air above the heads of the Magi's disciples - turn to **197**.

If you fail to make the bird hover, turn to **78**, unless you rolled a one, in which case turn to **488**.

522

You remember what the homunculus told you about the delusions of Blue Moon. You know the feeling of despair is but a trick.

Turn to **252**.

523

The corridor opens out into a small secret laboratory. Vials and retorts clutter a workbench that lines the wall, but they are dusty and cracked - long since unused. However, a tall jar of nacreous milky liquid catches your eye. Suspended in it is a small winged homunculus. As you approach, it stirs, opening one eye and then leaping to attention, little embryonic hands that fill you with a peculiar revulsion beating at the glass that imprisons it. A thin, bubbling voice squeaks, 'Ah, noble lord! Release me and I will bestow on you treasures beyond your imaginings! Great and wondrous king - long have I awaited your coming!' He continues in a vein of outrageous flattery, and carping, wheedling tones offering all sorts of plainly impossible bargains in return for his release. At last he ceases his ranting, but does maintain a claim to certain knowledge of parts of the citadel of Spyte. Eventually you agree to release the homunculus when and if he provides some information that proves of use to you. Note him down on your Character Sheet. There is nothing else of interest here in the cellar so you return to the main entry hall of the keep.

Turn to **255**.

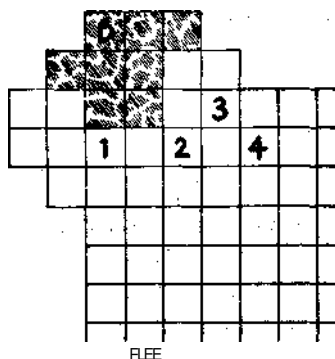
The dragon rears up for a titanic battle. It will not move from where it is atop the treasure-pile. Players charging up the pile (shown as shaded on the tactical map) to attack it can only move one square per Round. This is because the treasure shifts under you, making progress difficult. Movement down the pile away from the dragon is as normal.

Dragon

Fighting Prowess: 8 Damage per blow: 7 Dice
 Psychic Ability: 10 Awareness: 8
 Armour Rating: 4
 Endurance: 150

Every other Round it can breathe flame, inflicting six Dice damage on all players. This requires a hit based on its Fighting Prowess (rolled separately for all players wherever they're standing on the tactical map), but even if it misses a player then he or she still loses two Dice Endurance from the peripheral heat of the blast. In alternate Rounds, while getting its breath back, it will strike with its claws.

If you flee, turn to **17** if it is a Round in which the dragon can use its flame or to **433** if it is not able to do so this Round. If you win, turn to **246**.



525

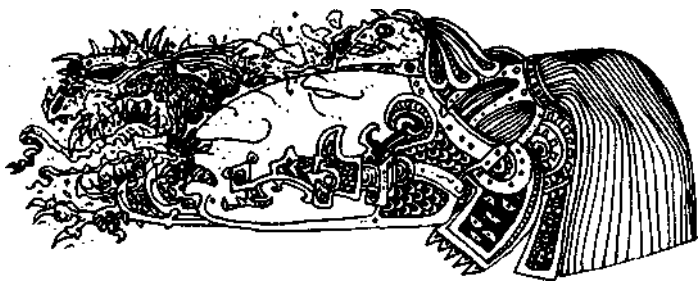
A sense of yawning madness seizes your mind.

If you have the codeword BILE, turn to 522. If not, you must roll two Dice and try to score equal to or less than your Psychic Ability. If successful, turn to 252. If you fail, turn to 230.

526

There is an odd smell in the air. Noticing that your fingers are tingling, you raise them to your face. In the dim light filtering into the titan's carcass you can see that your skin is dissolving, sloughing away from bones which are themselves becoming soft and tumorous. You start to scream in panic, but mercifully your senses whirl and you pass out.

If all players are affected, that is the end of your story. If one or more players did not take any of the crystals, they should turn to 132.



527

The giant reaches out with a snarl at any player who is wearing a pair of new shoes.

'So, little ant with sharp hooves,' he thunders, 'you dare to waken old Snorrid from his hundred-

year sleep, do you? I'll snap your legs off for you and then I'll enjoy a sounder slumber.'

He grabs the nearest player who is wearing new boots taken from the pile, obviously enraged by the sharp heels that dug into his back. Before you can do anything, Snorrid has crushed this player to death as easily as a man would crack an egg.

Surviving players (if any) can flee by turning to **348**. Any surviving player who is foolhardy enough to try fighting Snorrid must turn to **385**.

528

'I don't want your surrender,' he says impatiently. 'I want us to join forces.' He reverses his grip on his sword and sheathes it in one fluid motion. His weaponskill is impressive. Nearly the equal of your own.

Turn to **371**.



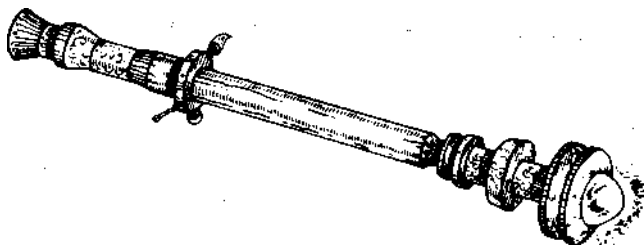
529

(PLAYER WEARING DIADEM) First make sure you have a note of the last entry you were reading. This entry will not guide you back there.

The diadem clamps itself fast around your forehead. You are immediately convinced that you have done the wrong thing in putting it on, but it is too late for second thoughts now: even tugging with all your might, you cannot budge it a fraction.

Worse still, you now become aware of the diadem's power. If you or a companion cast any attack spell, that spell will be reversed so as to strike the player who cast it. When this happens, the diadem will loosen and you can then remove and discard it. So that you do not forget about the diadem's effect, any spellcasting player in the party should write **SPELL BACKFIRE** across the top of his or her Character Sheet in red ink. (Of course, if no one in the party can cast spells, then you have nothing to worry about.)

Now return to the entry you were on previously.



530

The walkway takes you to a balcony leading into a colossal hall. It appears to be an armoury. There are weapons all along the walls - spears, swords and axes arranged in decorative patterns. Typical of the decadent Magi to have treated weapons of war as mere ornaments! All the weapons have a wide-bladed design that makes them look like lethal metal leaves. The suits of armour here are of an antique style with upcurving pauldrons, fluted cuirasses and visors of cacoprosopic design.

If you took any of the large gems that the bat was guarding, turn to **310**. If not, you can investigate the contents of the armoury (turn to **363**) or make your way on from here (turn to **14**).

531

The door leads into an octagonal room with some stairs up at the far end. In the middle of the room is a shallow pit, out of which a golden light billows up. In it a smoky visage forms, a huge glowing face, rippling like water. Its eyes and mouth are mere black rents in a mask of golden vapour. The face speaks, with a voice like the sound of metal rasping on stone. 'I am the Oracle of Gift Star. If you pay the price, I will speak for you.' You ask what the price is, but it merely says: 'Pay the price or leave me be. Choose.' Nothing else you try will get any other response.

Will you agree to pay the price (turn to **220**) or leave and go up the stairs behind it (turn to **206**)?

532

All manner of items lie scattered across the ground beside the dimensional gateway. You search among them and can take what you want from the following:

Three suits of chainmail, Armour Rating 3. (Chainmail cannot be worn by an Enchanter as it would disrupt his or her spellcasting.)

One suit of plate, Armour Rating 4. (This also is useless to an Enchanter.)

Four swords.

Eight flasks containing healing potion. Drinking the contents of one of these flasks restores three Dice lost Endurance.

Six quarterstaves.

Three bows.



Two quivers, each containing six arrows.

One crossbow. This is equivalent to a bow, but can be used by a Warrior or an Enchanter as well as by Sages and Tricksters.

One quarrel-case containing ten crossbow bolts.

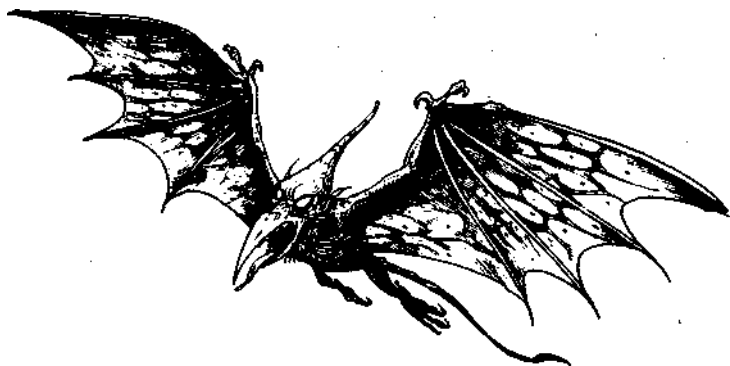
Any items that you take should be crossed off this list. (Obviously, if you return here later, then any items you took this time will not be in the pile.)

Once you have taken anything you want from the pile you can step through the dimensional gateway (turn to **265**) or you can turn to **448** and choose a different route.

533

(SURVIVING PLAYER(S)) You watch aghast as the bat drops your friend's ripped and lifeless form into the Cauldron. With an angry shriek, it begins to swoop down towards you. You have no desire to share your poor friend's fate: you quickly back off to a safe distance. The bat circles above its hoard of gems for a while, then flies off back to its eyrie in the ruins.

Turn to **448**.



534

(REARMOST, PLAYER) You spin down and down into the bottomless void, blown like a rag doll by the fierce crosswinds. Just as you are about to descend forever into the fires at the bottom of the abyss, you suddenly feel yourself plucked from the air, and to your amazement you find yourself standing in front of Myorg again.

Turn to **338**.

535

(ENCHANTER) You sigh inwardly. Emeritus has been an invaluable friend in the past, but despite his resolve he is no adventurer. Obviously, he is totally out of his depth and is likely to be impaled by a javelin-trap or blown apart by a warding spell at any moment. Perhaps a spell of Detect Enchantment will at least help him avoid any magical traps.

If you decide to cast this spell, turn to **486**. If you think there is no need, turn to **346**.

536

(EXAMINING PLAYERS) As soon as you bend forward to examine it more closely, the demonic visage comes to life. You start back in horror, but the twisted face spits a gobbet of smoking black liquid that spatters you. It is a virulent acid and burns like fire. You lose one Die Endurance before you are able to wipe it away. Armour does not count. As you look up, the face fades into immobility once more, and you seem to catch a faint ripple of mocking laughter. You can do nothing now but go through the door at the far end.

Turn to **304**.

537

You mumble a quick Detection spell. Magic pervades the area, especially around the dais. You do not sense any warlike magic, but there is sorcery dealing with the giving of wounds. Will you wait (turn to **38**) or run for the dais and try to grab what lies atop it (turn to **170**)?

538

Boldly, you step to the table, picking up the knucklebones and demand to know the stakes. The spectre whispers dryly: 'You bet something, even gold at a minimum of twenty pieces. If you win a straight throw of the dice, I give you a reward; if you lose, I take your bet.'

If you wish to gamble, turn to **461**. If you refuse or have nothing to bet, turn to **467**.

539

You pick up the statuette. Everything goes black for a moment, and all around you a cascade of whirling colours and blasts of energy fill your vision. Nausea racks you, and fear grips you like an icy hand around your throat. Suddenly you are back once more in a dark corridor, in your own era, in the citadel of Spyte. Before you, seated at the table, is Myorg of Farantar.

Turn to **307**.

540

You come out at the top of the pillar in a large antechamber with a corridor running off at the far end. Several people seem to be waiting for you here - a couple of men-at-arms, several armed peasants and a merchant or two.

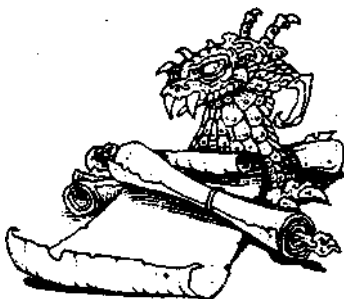
'All foes of our astral masters must perish!'

screams one of the merchants. 'Destroy them!'

If you have a Trickster in the party who wishes to try something, turn to **92**. If a Warrior wishes to try something, turn to **256**. Otherwise, it looks as if you will have to fight these mad disciples of the Magi - turn to **152**.

541

Each rod section has a number on it. Add all the numbers together. The total number is the paragraph you should turn to. If you haven't got all the rods (that is, you have cheated), turn back to **119** and choose again.



542

With great care you cross the central slab, ready for anything. It seems safe, however. Will you step to the slab directly to your left (turn to **337**), the slab directly to your right (turn to **104**), the slab directly ahead of you (turn to **85**) or the slab diagonally forward to your left (turn to **208**) or the slab diagonally forward and to your right (turn to **183**)?

543

The rite is now complete. The disciples stop chant-

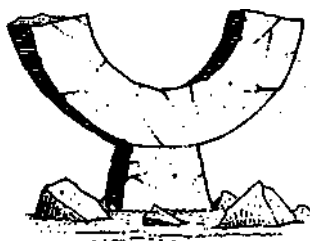
ing, but the ethereal music emanating from the Five Stars continues to grow in strength. 'Now you will die!' rasps one of the disciples. 'Let there be no unbelievers here to witness our lords' return from the heavens.'

They run in towards you, shrieking madly. Turn to **404**.

544

You surge to your feet, shouting a battle-cry, and leap at the king. Suddenly, he disappears and everything is as it was when you saw that brief vision of skeletal guests and dusty, cobwebbed decay. The room is empty and lifeless. Everything is rust and rot. King Vorto is naught but a brittle corpse, his kingdom a miasma of decay and his subjects fleshless bones. You have been caught in some ghostly enchantment or twist of time, but now you gaze upon reality. You notice something that gleams with unsullied vitality. It is a gold ring, on one of the king's fingers. You may take it, for it has magical properties - the wearer of the ring feels a surge of strength and may add one to his Fighting Prowess while he wears it. You also notice a stairway leading upwards, behind the king's seat, previously shielded by an ornate tapestry that has long since rotted away. You decide to go up.

Turn to **412**.



545

By a stroke of remarkable good luck you manage to grab the lip of the pit before falling in. Below you, you see that the floor of the pit is lined with vicious steel spikes. In any case, you haul yourself out and press on. The corridor ends soon after with three doors: one directly ahead, one to the left and one to the right. They are all of wood, featureless and unmarked. Which door will you go through? The one directly ahead (turn to **531**), the one on your right (turn to **140**) or the one on your left (turn to **100**)?

546

All players (whether they descended the shaft or not) should record the codeword **UPHEAVAL** on their Character Sheets. If the party has split into two groups, the group at the top of the air shaft should note the number **276** on their Character Sheet(s). If the group of players who have descended the shaft should all be killed, the others will have to continue the adventure without them by turning to **276**.

For now, players who descended the shaft should turn to **123**.

547

Somehow you manage to defeat the giant, who topples with a gargantuan crash to the ground. Once again, he has become a path - more permanently this time, perhaps, you muse to yourself. You go on up the path and across a bleak moor. You can see the castle ahead.

Turn to **457**.

548

You walk on to the centre stone slab, senses alert for

any trap. Nothing happens. Will you step out on to the slab directly in front of you, the centre-most slab of the nine (turn to **542**), the slab to your left (turn to **180**), the slab to your right (turn to **368**), the slab at a diagonal to you, forward and to the left (turn to **337**), or the slab at a diagonal to you, forward and to your right (turn to **104**)?

549

You have won the battle, but you can see that the fight has been spotted by the guards in the city and that more black-masked riders are even now leaving the city gates and spurring their horses towards you. You run over and try to remove the noose from the neck of the refugee, but he snarls at you as if mad and runs off into the wood with the noose still dangling from his neck. You are somewhat surprised by his ungrateful reaction to you, but you have no time to worry about it as the other horsemen are nearing fast.

If you wish to pick up one of the horsemen's axes, decide who is doing so and turn to **227**. Otherwise, you can flee into the woods - turn to **353**.

550

The Magi have been defeated forever. Your quest ends in victory.

The Last Trump sounds throughout the world as midnight brings the End of Time. All those who have died in all the earth's history are awakening from the sleep of death. All of your companions and adversaries live again. You see the troubadour who gave you the first fragment of the Blood Sword and set you on your quest. He greets you with a smile as he plucks at the strings of his harp, drawing forth a tune of supernatural beauty. In that instant you

know him for who he is - no mere mortal, but an incarnation of the Archangel Abdiel, who forged the Swords of Life and Death. He descended to middle-earth to choose mortals who could undertake the holy quest on behalf of all mankind. And he chose you ...

A golden light spreads up from the horizon. It is not the dawn - or, at any rate, no ordinary dawn. For it comes from all around, and the light it brings to the world will never fade. You feel ecstatic, filled with a vigour and purity of understanding that you have never known. The Creator of All is coming to judge His children - and to be judged by them, for that has been the purpose of all time to this moment. You know that you have done God's will, and Paradise will be your reward. But better than this, you did what *you* knew to be right.

Your knowledge of that fact, and your awareness of your identity in the scheme of things - this in itself is Paradise.





BLOOD SWORD

An Arctic wind freezes your bones, but ahead of you lies a smoking chasm as it goes right down to the glimmering fires of hell. You stand at the top of the abyss which surrounds Spyte, the ruined fortress of the Lords of Krarth.

In the darkening sky above, five ominous stars have come into conjunction for the first time in 200 years. Out of the vault of the sky they cast their baleful influence across the frozen landscape. They are disembodied spirits of the last of the Magi seeing the return to the mortal world at midnight and ushering in a new era of terror.

You wield the sole force in the world capable of destroying the Magi. The Sword of Life is mankind's only hope – but it is no guarantee of victory. The Magi have had two centuries of exile to plan their reincarnation. To stop them you will need greater courage and strength than ever before ...



UK £2.99

ISBN 0-340-49168-X



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